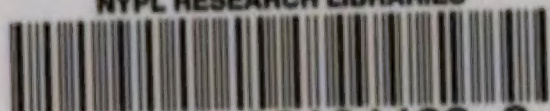


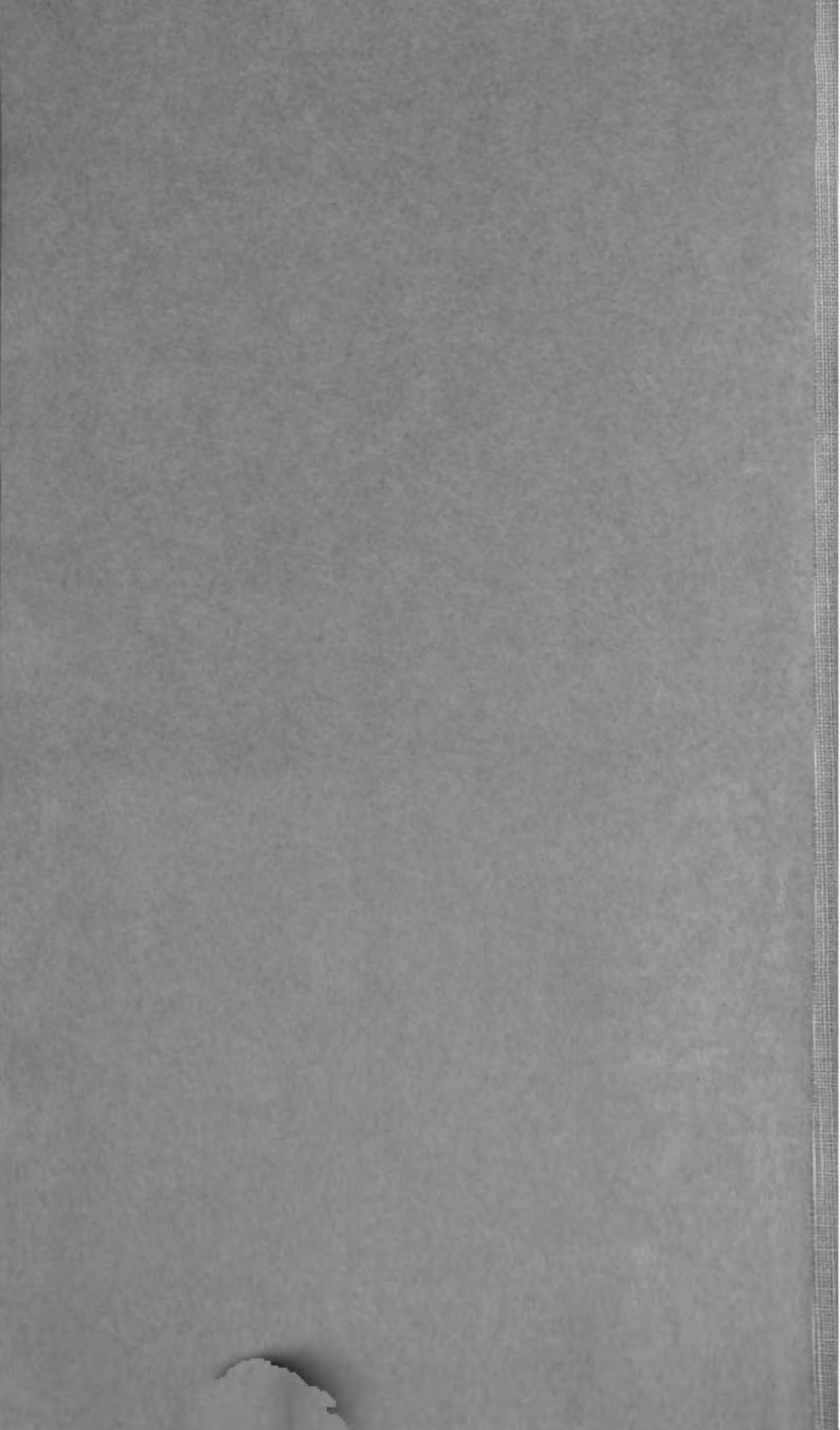
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THE
NEW MONTHLY
MAGAZINE

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H u m o r i s t.

EDITED BY

THEODORE HOOK, ESQ.

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THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

A FRAGMENT OF MODERN HISTORY.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE following narrative is true, in its minutest details—the two persons who sustain the most prominent characters in it, from an easily understood delicacy, decline to place themselves ostensibly before the public. The names of Marcel and Cassan are fictitious—the facts are scrupulously correct.

Every body knows that in the time of *the* French revolution the Chateau of Maulevrier, once the residence of the great Colbert, was burned to the ground, and that the incendiaries danced madly and joyously round the fire which they had raised.

Near the scene of destruction, a young republican officer was seated under an old tree, contemplating, with folded arms, and tears in his eyes, the excesses which his soldiers were committing.

He was thus wretchedly looking at desolation and destruction, which he could neither check nor prevent, when a staff officer galloped up to him and delivered him a letter.

He broke the seal and read the contents—too easily alas!—by the light of the flames which were annihilating a mansion which a thousand associations ought to have rendered secure.

“Tell General Kleber,” said the Captain, “that in less than an hour my company shall be on the march, and that his instructions shall be punctually obeyed.”

The aide-de-camp galloped away again, and the young Captain having buckled on his sword, which lay by him on the grass, walked towards the crowd of revolutionists, who were performing a sort of wild and savage saraband about the falling beams and timbers, which were cracking over their heads, and crackling under their feet, and gave orders to beat to arms.

The roll of the drum instantly collected the soldiers to the point; but they were drunk, and the subalterns were absorbed in that sort of fearful delight which we are told animated Nero, even unto fiddling, while Rome was burning. They reeled under the weight of their arms, and drink—stumbling over the burning embers which lay about them; but the word, “Forward,” delivered in a firm voice, produced a general advance (intended for a march), “*haud passibus equis*,” in the direction indicated by the Captain.

May.—VOL. LVI. NO. CCXXI.

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Whither they were going they knew not—this, militarily speaking, “signifies nothing;” suffice it to say, that they arrived at their place of destination at five o’clock in the morning.

They had sung, almost perpetually on the way, the “*Marseillaise*,” probably to keep themselves in breath; they had sworn, blasphemed, cursed, and done a variety of equally laudable things, by means of which they had, to a considerable extent, overcome their drunkenness. But in the midst of the difficulties which assailed them, from the intricacy of the roads which they were obliged to take, lest they should suddenly come upon the advanced posts of the royal army, the Captain spoke not;—he marched on—watching, as it were, over a herd of debased men, whom his country had committed to his care.

The first word which passed his lips was “HALT!” and the troops were at that moment in front of one of those convenient and charming residences with which the groves of La Vendée are so thickly studded. No wall defied admission; it was surrounded by a simple hedge. Peace seemed to dwell in its confines—all was calm and quiet, as if the asperities of civil war had not yet reached it, and that its owner had nothing to fear from the frantic disturbers of public tranquillity, to whose assaults it might at any moment be obnoxious.

“Shall I beat to arms? citizen Marcel,” said the drummer, who was a few paces in advance of the captain.

“No,” said Marcel. “I have a special duty to perform. I go alone into this house.”

He passed the hedge, and knocking at the house-door violently, cried, “Open—in the name of the Republic—open the door!”

The demand was speedily answered, and an old female servant gave him entrance to the peaceful abode, and led him to a room, not merely comfortably, but luxuriously furnished.

“Citizen,” said the Captain, “General Stofflet and his staff have passed part of the night in this house. If they are yet here, in the name of the law I call upon you to give them up. If they are gone, I command you to tell me whither.”

The old woman turned pale—her lips quivered—her countenance wore an expression of mingled grief and surprise; but her tongue—which a woman can command, when she cannot control her looks—was still, and no word of either wonderment or fear passed her lips.

“Sir,” said she (*she* called him not citizen), “before Heaven I can swear that there is no human being in this house, except those who have a right to be here.”

“Well,” said the Captain, “to prevent worse things happening, let all persons now under this roof present themselves to me immediately.”

The old woman went to do as she was ordered, without betraying any emotion, leaving the Captain to contemplate the delightful arrangements of the *salon* in which he was ensconced.

In about a quarter of an hour an elegant, handsome lady, of about one or two and forty years of age, accompanied by two beautiful young girls, made their appearance.

One word *par parenthese* of Captain Marcel—he was a Parisian born—his father was an obscure workman in one of the most obscure parts of the town, and the son followed the paternal trade; and there he

would have remained till the day of his death, in all probability, had not the revolution called forth his energies in a very different sphere.

He joined the Revolutionists, young, generous, and enthusiastic—his patriotism thirsted not for blood after having been excited by drink. Neither was he one of the *sans-culottes*, who anticipated nothing in the overthrow of a legitimate government and the establishment of a republic, but their own aggrandizement. Marcel was possessed of courage, single-mindedness, simplicity, and nobleness of character. The revolutionary excesses by which Paris was outraged

“grieved his heart.”

His disgust at the bloodshed and executions constantly in progress in the capital, led him to seek his fortunes in the field: he was a volunteer at Valmy—again at Fleurus—an order of the Convention sent him into La Vendée, whither he went full of grief for the calamities which were accumulating upon the people, but still encouraging the hope that he might, to the full extent of his power, lighten their sorrows, and alleviate their miseries. This disposition and this character obtained for him the confidence of General Kleber, and hence the orders which carried him to the house at which we have just noticed his arrival.

The appearance of the lady and her two daughters, their countenances full of solicitude, and the dread which the sight of a military uniform in those days of terror inspired, affected him much. He was conscious of the feelings his appearance in their peaceful abode had excited—it was his anxiety to sooth them.

“Citizens,” said he, in a manner sufficiently respectful to reassure them, and dissipate their apprehensions; “I am merely fulfilling my prescribed duty as a soldier. It is stated that General Stofflet and his staff passed the last night in this neighbourhood—*your* house is pointed out as the only one in which he could have obtained shelter. I am gratified in its having fallen to *my* lot to investigate this matter, as I hope to be able as much as possible to moderate the rigour of the orders which I have received.”

“We are here alone,” said the lady; “my daughters and myself. We live as retired as possible, and wholly apart from the tumults inseparable from a state of civil war. If you doubt my word—there can be no difficulty in searching my house.”

Marcel’s fine countenance in an instant expressed his repugnance to the idea that he was there in the capacity of a spy, or an agent of police. Madame de Souland saw, and appreciated that expression; her unwelcome visiter, however, contented himself with telling her that her statement was of itself sufficient.

“Perhaps,” added he, “under the circumstances, I might venture to ask you to give a few hours’ shelter and some refreshment to the men of my company, who are with me—we have been marching all night, and they require a little rest.”

“These rooms are at their service,” replied the lady; “I will give directions that they shall be accommodated as comfortably as we can manage it. I presume,” continued the lady, “there will be no objection to allowing my daughters and myself to retire to our own apartments during their stay?”

Captain Marcel graciously indicated his accordance with her wishes,

and in less than five minutes after their departure from the *salon*, it was filled by the hungry soldiers of the republic, who rushed into it pell-mell, and lost not a moment in seizing with unmitigated eagerness the abundance of cold meat and wine, which were served to them with an unsparing hand, until they had satisfied their appetites and thirst. One of them, who was universally believed to be a secret agent, commissioned by Carrier and some other representatives of the people, threw himself into a magnificent velvet armed-chair, and stretching his legs, cased as they were in dirty dusty boots upon another, exclaimed, "This is all vastly agreeable, and rather fine into the bargain, and we have made ourselves uncommonly comfortable at the expense of these *ci-devants*; but business must be looked to—the meat and the wine essential to life, don't tell us any thing about Stofflet—your orders are peremptory, Captain—eh?—this suspected house is safe—it ought to be burnt."

"My orders," said Marcel, "are strict enough; but they refer to the finding Stofflet, and it is our duty to sacrifice every thing to get hold of him, and deliver him up to the Republic; but here are three innocent women living in this house—it is quite impossible that they should have answered me in the manner they did, if there were the slightest grounds for the General's information. No—no, they have treated us well—we are all fresh and ready for a start, so let us get into marching order."

"No, Captain, no," said the suspected agent, "not just yet. Do *you* think, Captain, that all this fine breakfast with which we have been so *kindly* regaled, was got ready for a middle-aged lady and her two daughters?—Somebody else was expected—what do you think of *that*, Captain?" At the same time tossing him a letter from the Abbé Bernier to Stofflet, which he had found lying open on one of the tables in the room? "Dated three days since, Captain," added the fellow. "What does it say? that Madame de Souland—the aristocratic 'lady' up stairs would give it to Stofflet himself, the moment he reached her house; what do you think of *that*, Captain? why, that he *was* here last night, and that she *did* give it to him. Perhaps he saw from that window the flames of our last night's triumph, the destruction of the house of his former masters—they served him as a warning—he fled, and he is yet before us. Comrades!—human feelings are not to be considered—the country's welfare is paramount to all. It is our duty to take care that the tyrant shall never again be able to take refuge in this asylum."

The republican soldiers, half-drunk as they were, too aptly comprehended the meaning of this heartless monster's words, and too quickly put his implied orders into execution—in two minutes they were dispersed throughout the whole house—some rushed into the upper rooms, others burst into the cellars—every part of the building was rummaged and ransacked. Oaths the most blasphemous—songs the most vulgar and disgusting, were yelled within its walls. The wretched Madame de Souland and her trembling daughters heard the horrid sounds even in the remote room in which they had shut themselves up; above—below, tumult raged. The daughters who had already witnessed much of the horror of civil war, endeavoured to encourage their exemplary mother to bear up against the dreadful infliction.

"We shall soon be houseless," said the elder one; "but in our wretchedness and exile, we shall have the happiness of knowing that the last

act of our prosperous life was sheltering and saving one of the noblest supporters of the royal cause." Madame de Souland clasped her children to her bosom, while tears streamed from her eyes.

All at once a yell was raised amongst the bloodhounds, and the cry of "Burn the house! Serve it as we served Maulevrier last night—smoke the fox from his hiding-place!" was universal.

In an instant they rushed from the building, and lighting torches made of the broom growing round about it, set fire to it in various places, and having done so, withdrew in such order as to surround it so that no human being could escape from the blazing ruins before them.

The moment the flames curled round the walls, the wretched Madame de Souland rushed into the balcony over the door, her two daughters clinging senseless to her arms, screaming for help—for mercy.

"In the name of Heaven raise a ladder! not for *me*—not for *me*—but my poor children. Oh, save *them*!" and in an agony of despair she lifted up one of her beloved girls as if to excite the compassion of the incendiaries.

The agent of Carrier smiled.

"Captain," said he, "I should like to have a shot at those royalists."

"The man who fires, dies by my hand," said Marcel, in an agony of despair and disgust.

At that moment two shots were heard, and in an instant two of the three victims in the balcony, which had just taken fire, lay drenched in blood.

Marcel rushed to the Man of the People, who had done this deed, and crying out, "Miscreant! you have realized your dreadful intention—I fulfil mine." At which words, placing the barrel of his pistol close to the barbarian's head, he pulled the trigger, and the murderer was a corpse.

This was a desperate step—the coolness and firmness of Marcel, and the sight of the fallen monster, had their effect upon the soldiers—they gazed with astonishment, but murmured not.

"There *were* three," cried Marcel, "two only have been butchered. Citizens, they are women—help me to save the third."

An affirmative shout of willingness was the answer. The balcony was scaled—Marcel leading the party who joined him—he rushed past the bleeding bodies of the poor innocents who had fallen, into the midst of the house; the rafters glistened in the fitful breeze, and the beams crackled under his feet—amidst the dense smoke which still filled the more remote parts of the building, he forced his way—a dreadful crime had been committed, and Marcel had sworn never to leave the burning ruins, unless the unhappy girl, now become an orphan, was the companion of his return. In vain he sought—he could find no trace of her; the flames were towering up; every moment added to the perils of his position. Still he flinched not, failed not, till at the very last instant of hope, at the end of a corridor, of which the flames had only just seized hold, he saw a female figure stretched upon the floor. At one bound, he reached the spot where she lay, she was senseless and cold as death, but she yet breathed: Marcel raised her up, and placing her in his arms, retraced his hurried steps

along the burning floors till he again reached the balcony. His precious burden was happily unconscious of the work of horror going on. The flames were already devouring the blood-stained bodies of her mother and sister over which he had to tread.

The ladder by which he had ascended, was steadied by the men below, and Marcel brought the rescued Innocent safely to the ground. Then did his noble heart overflow—then did gratitude take place of intrepidity, and tears fell from his eyes.

“Let us, my friends,” said he, to the soldiers, “complete this act of expiation which has been so well begun—let us protect this helpless girl who now has nowhere else to look for protection.”

The appeal had its effect—the unfortunate creature was no longer an aristocrat—a royalist; she was an orphan, whose mother and sister had been killed—a countrywoman, whom their captain had rescued from death—the sentiment expressed by Marcel, was unanimously adopted.

The generous-hearted victim to political phrensy, watched over his youthful charge with a fraternal solicitude, and suggested to his comrades the absolute necessity of removing her from the dreadful scene of her distress and bereavement before she recovered sufficiently to be aware of what had happened; expressing his opinion that the right course to pursue, would be to place her in security at the first farmhouse which they might reach—a proposition only rendered questionable by the fact, that the active operations of the revolutionists in advance had left scarcely a farmhouse standing in their line of march. It is true that the houses of the *ci-devant* nobility and gentry had been specially marked for destruction by the levellers, and the axe and the firebrand had amply fulfilled their duty; but when the bettermost dwellings were gone, the mad fury of popular desperation, which no argument can check, or no reasoning control, fell upon the farms and cottages. At Marcel’s suggestion, a sort of litter was constructed, upon which the poor sufferer was gently borne along; nor was it for a considerable time that she evinced any symptom of returning consciousness. The moment at length arrived—the moment which Marcel, who had never quitted the side of the litter, so anxiously expected, and so deeply dreaded.

In that moment a confused recollection of all the horrors to which she had been exposed, flashed into her mind; she raised herself on the litter—she gazed about her—she found herself the prisoner of the men by whom she was surrounded—she gave another wild look around, and hiding her face in her hands, one word only forced itself from her lips.

“Mother—mother!” cried she, in an agony of doubt and fear.

“Young lady,” said Marcel, “assure yourself that you are in perfect safety—compose yourself—be calm.”

“But where?” cried the unhappy girl; “where is my mother—where is my sister.—Oh! give them to me—bring them to me—why am I alone—whither are you taking me—why am I deserted—why unprotected?”

“You are neither,” said Marcel, in a soft and tender voice; “you have a protector near you who, from this day, will never desert you; who will be ever ready to sacrifice his life and his fortunes for you—a friend whom misfortune has raised up to you. I am that friend—do not tremble—you have nothing to fear.”

"But my mother! my sister!" repeated the distracted girl, scarcely conscious who it was to whom she was speaking.

"Alas!" said Marcel, "a heavy blow has fallen upon you—your mother and sister are no more—your peaceful home exists no longer—you have been preserved by almost a miracle. I swore to save you, and I have done it. I have need of all my firmness to keep these men in order—for your own sake do not unnerve me by the sight of your sorrow—dry your tears—suppress your sighs—we have yet many difficulties to encounter—that we conquer them, depends upon your own resolution."

Mademoiselle de Souland was very young, but yet aware of the wisdom of the Captain's advice. She struggled hard to conceal the agonies of grief which she was suffering, but again burying her face in her hands, implicitly yielded herself to the council and conduct of the stranger, who appeared to be so deeply interested in her fate.

The first place at which they arrived, in which he could hope to find any thing like a suitable asylum for his fair charge, was Chatillon-sur-Sevres, which had already been taken and retaken twice by the Vendéans, and the troops of the much-dreaded Westermann. Marcel looked forward anxiously to reaching this point, inasmuch as he had, some time before, been quartered in the house of a widow, one of its most respectable inhabitants.

He lost not a moment in confiding Mademoiselle de Souland to the care of this exemplary woman; and having told her all that had happened, succeeded in creating a warm feeling of sympathy in her heart for the young lady—not the less readily excited by the fact that the widow herself had suffered, sadly and deeply, during the civil war. Here the gallant Marcel left her—nor was it till time developed to the poor young lady all the dreadful circumstances connected with the death of her mother and sister, that she could duly appreciate the noble conduct of her preserver and protector. Time, also, soothed and softened the sorrows of her heart, and the grief with which she continued for some months weighed down and oppressed, was not unfrequently chequered with feelings of solicitude concerning her gallant and disinterested preserver.

Constantly engaged in the various campaigns in which "regenerated France" was perpetually engaged—ordered from one place to another—either to attack or defend—Marcel had no opportunity of seeing the orphan for many years; but she was never absent from his thoughts—the scene of devastation was constantly before his eyes. He contrasted in his mind the death-like paleness of the unhappy girl, as he bore her, at the peril of his life, amidst the crackling ruins of her home, with the graceful gentleness of manner, and sweetness of expression, which distinguished her when she so short a time before, had joined her mother in welcoming him to their roof. In point of fact, throughout all the eventful scenes of his active life, even in the breach, or the battlefield, the thoughts nearest his heart, and dearest in his memory, were those of Mademoiselle de Souland.

Time wore on, and the fortunes of war again brought Marcel into the neighbourhood of Chatillon; but he was no longer a captain—he had risen to the rank of brigadier, the reward of many meritorious services. The moment he had made the necessary disposition of his troops, he hastened to the house of the widow—the asylum of his beloved. In

that humble dwelling, in her simple mourning he found her, more lovely than even he had ever fancied her, ever in his brightest dreams. He approached her with mingled respect and tenderness, and tears filled her eyes as she extended her hand to welcome him.

"Ah!" said she, endeavouring to conceal her emotion, "how truly grateful I am for this visit! it was not until after we had parted that I was fully aware of the extent of my debt of gratitude to you for your noble conduct to me, and your endeavours to save those who are gone; believe me, the recollection is engraved on my heart, and never will be obliterated."

"Those events," said Marcel, "are equally impressed upon *my* mind, and neither time nor space can efface them. In the dark hour of death and danger, I swore to be your protector—that oath is registered in Heaven! You see before you a brother, who desires only to know your wants and wishes, to supply the one and realize the other; all I ask is, that wherever fate or fortune may lead or drive me, your thoughts may be with me; confide to me your sorrows and your hopes, and if fate should deny me the happiness of sharing them, it will be the first object of my life to secure your comfort and tranquillity. The events of that one dreadful day have linked us to each other inseparably."

Tears fell from the bright eyes of Mademoiselle de Souland, and Marcel if he wept not, felt as deeply as she did. She pledged herself to take no step in life without consulting him, and to keep him always acquainted with her circumstances and proceedings. He was delighted with her ready compliance with his wishes, and in the midst of vows and promises of friendship and esteem, forced himself away from her; the impression being strong upon his mind that they should never meet again.

A few days afterwards, Colonel Marcel was ordered to join the army of Italy.

Time wore on, and neither the royalist lady nor the republican soldier forgot their vows. Whenever an opportunity offered, they corresponded with each other; those opportunities, however, grew more rare as the war advanced.

When tranquillity was re-established in La Vendée, the orphan daughter of the murdered Madame de Souland was put into possession of her patrimonial estate; the revolutionary government not having the power to order its sale, inasmuch as she, the representative of her family, had not emigrated. Her suit, however, had been zealously pressed by Marcel, who had become one of the most distinguished officers in the army of Italy, possessing in an eminent degree the favour and confidence of the First Consul, who readily gave his consent to the restitution, which not only placed the young lady at her ease as to worldly circumstances, but promised peace and tranquillity for the rest of her life.

Marcel followed his chief from Italy to Egypt, from Egypt to France; he was honoured, dignified, and decorated, but this elevation did not in the slightest degree weaken or change his feelings with regard to Mademoiselle de Souland.

His efforts to restore her to her property, with all his acknowledged nobleness of heart and generosity of character, might perhaps have been

strengthened by a feeling of a tenderer nature than a mere sense of justice, and he might have looked forward at some future day to share the happiness he had secured for her. Certain it is, that the greatest delight he enjoyed during his long and hard-fought campaigns, was derived from the perusal of her letters, expressive as they were of purity of heart and ingenuousness of mind. Time and absence seemed to have increased and even changed the character of his affection for the amiable orphan, and he resolved the moment that circumstances permitted it, to avow his love for her, and solicit her hand.

That moment arrived sooner than he expected, and after a separation of eight years, he availed himself of a temporary cessation of hostilities, caused by a hollow treaty of peace entered into with the enemies of France, to hasten to the object of his devotion and esteem.

He reached her residence—all was calm and lovely—no vestige of the old house remained—a new and picturesque villa occupied its site—no sign was *there* of death, or blood, with which the scene had from the fatal day, too well remembered, been associated in his mind. The trees were covered with blossoms—the birds sang sweetly—the air was redolent of perfume—all seemed gay and happy.

The moment the name of “General” Marcel was announced, the mistress of the house flew rather than ran to greet and welcome him—she threw herself into his arms, and with an emotion to which sterner hearts than his are liable, he clasped her to his breast.

“I promised,” said he, when he could speak, “I promised to return to you, and here I am; fortune has smiled on me, fate has been propitious—I have risen to the head of my profession—I am rich and prosperous—so am I changed;—but as for *you*,—I am the same as I was when we parted at Chatillon, or as I was in the hour which we must endeavour to forget.”

“And truly worthy,” said Mademoiselle de Souland, “are you of the honours you have acquired. Come—come—sit down in *my* house—the house which you have restored to me, and where your life was risked to preserve mine.

The General placed himself by her side, and gazed with delight upon those beautiful features, to which time had given a sweeter and tenderer expression, as he thought, than they even possessed at an earlier period of her life; he took her hand, pressed it to his lips, and drawing her closer to him, said,

“For eight years I have delighted myself with a bright vision of happiness.—You alone can realize it—my future comfort depends on *you*, for those eight years I have loved you, dearly, devotedly.”

“Oh, General! said Mademoiselle de Souland,” do not deceive yourself—do not mistake the interest which the peculiarity of my circumstances may have awakened in your mind for any other sentiment.”

“Assure yourself,” said Marcel, “mine is Love—pure, honest, and sincere.”

“Oh! do not, do not, say it,” sobbed the agitated girl; “let me love you as a sister, let me think of you as my kindest brother—as you *have* been and *are* my dearest friend—thanks to your interest and power I am rich; my family property is restored to me; but listen—hear me—a cousin of mine to whom I was engaged to be married, in the time of

our prosperity, who fought, and who has bled in the cause of the loyalists, has returned from a long exile, a beggar—he comes to claim me. A few hours before my beloved mother's death, she implored me to fulfil my pledge to him—*then*, little thinking how many years were to elapse before it would be possible for me to do so. Her words still ring in my ear—can I break the promise I made to *her*—the vow I pledged to *him* ?”

“ No !” said Marcel, as firmly as he was able ; his cheeks were pale, his lips quivered, and tears stood in his eyes.

“ Beloved woman !” said he, “ be happy—to secure you that happiness was the object of my life—I *had* hoped to contribute to it—to share it—that is over, let me remain your dearest friend.” Having said which his countenance assumed another expression, and with a forced gaiety he added,

“ But, upon one condition : I must be presented to my rival—your marriage must take place immediately—let me at least have the satisfaction of giving you to him ; let him receive the blessing at the hand of the brother whom Providence has given you.”

The struggle was too much for the generous Marcel, the tears fell from his eyes. Mademoiselle de Souland wept bitterly.

“ Come, come,” said the General, “ do not let us be childish, *my* sacrifice is made—sorrow for me is useless—for *you* there is none. Now, tell me where I can find the happy object of your affections—we must be friends.”

It is not to be supposed that this (heroic, it may be called) request was uncomplied with—Within two hours the distinguished General was at the door of the emigrant royalist.

“ Sir,” said he, as he entered the largest room of one of the smallest imaginable houses, “ I ought not, perhaps, to be entirely unknown to you ; I am General Marcel. Mademoiselle de Souland, whose life I saved in the midst of the horrors and bloodshed in which her mother and sister perished, and whom I love better than my life, tells me that you are betrothed to her ; with *me*, whatever she says is a command. Yes, sir ; even upon this important point, which utterly overthrows my hopes of future happiness and comfort. Here I am, for the purpose of entreating you to decide the question, which if left in suspense I am sure I should not have strength of mind to endure.”

“ Sir,” said the favoured lover, “ your history, so wonderfully and intimately connected with that of my cousin, has been long familiar to me—your noble frankness of manner demands a similar ingenuousness on *my* part. All her letters to you—all yours to her, since my return to France have been read by *me* ; she consulted me ; I advised her, I was charmed with the nobleness and disinterestedness of your affection for her ; what has just occurred only proves the justice of my opinion of you.”

“ Well,” said the General, “ under these circumstances, you can have no wish to postpone your marriage—why was it delayed so long ?”

“ Because,” said the lover, “ till she had seen you, and told you all the circumstances, she did not feel herself at liberty to take so decisive a step without your consent ; will you, indeed, General,” continued he, “ add this blessing to the other benefits you have conferred upon her family ?”

"I will," said Marcel, with great emotion; "but it must be done quickly—I have made up my mind—come with me to her house—*my sacrifice is made*—but I cannot dwell upon it. Come—come—let it be to-day, hear her consent, and I will stay to see it ratified."

They walked together to the house of the lady; nothing remained to the completion of the happiness of the young couple, but the celebration of the ceremony. In less than a week, Marcel led Mademoiselle de Souland to the altar, not as a bridegroom but a brother. He bore it calmly and firmly—there seemed no struggle of feelings in his mind until the pair were married—actually married.

"You will be happy," said he, as the ceremony ended, his heart beating, and his eyes again wet with tears; "you *must* be happy—it is the dearest object of my hopes, the sincerest of my wishes—farewell! I have seen you established—I have seen you united to the man of your choice—adieu!—but sometimes think of the unfortunate Marcel."

Monsieur and Madame Cassan, for Madame Cassan had Mademoiselle de Souland now become, clung round their noble benefactor. He embraced them affectionately, but the sight of their happiness he could not long have endured. He rejoined the army.

Eleven years passed after this noble sacrifice and painful separation. Eleven years of hard fighting. Marcel was every where in the thick of it,—from West to North—from Austerlitz to Saragossa—from Vienna to Moscow—his influence with the upstart usurper gradually increased, and he was named General of Division. The assumption of Imperial authority, by the man who became what he was, by clambering over the ruins of royalty, produced for him, besides his decorations, a title; and the obscure workman, raised into notice at a period when the destruction of the nobility was the first object of the wretches with whom he was linked, became, under the Napoleon usurpation, Count Marcel; during which eleven years, such were the occupations of the ennobled mechanic, that very few letters passed between him and Madame Cassan; those, however, which he did receive gave him great pleasure, as announcing the happiness of the wife, and the gratitude to *him*, of the husband.

All the glories of Count Marcel and his master, however, were destined to be dimmed, and evidently extinguished, by Wellington, the invincible; the British army defeated and defeated over and over again all the array of troops, gallant and experienced as they were, which the *soi-disant* Emperor could bring to face them. What the French call the long unsullied purity of their soil, was violated, and the tramp of the stranger was heard in its plains, its villages, and its cities.

All these reverses agitated Madame de Cassan only inasmuch as they might affect the Count Marcel. She had shuddered at the perils he had encountered amongst the snows of Russia, and in the inclemency of Beresina; but she dreaded much more the effect likely to be produced upon his mind by the overthrow of the Emperor, by whom he had been honoured, elevated, and decorated, but in whose downfall her loyal heart could not fail to rejoice.

The Imperial throne, based on usurpation and injustice, fell; but Count Marcel was one of those conscientious and consistent persons who boldly stuck by the wreck, even while the ship was sink-

ing. He did not quit Fontainebleau, until no Emperor remained in France.

During the eleven years which had passed since the day on which General Marcel made the noble sacrifice which we have recorded, his character had undergone an extraordinary change. Love no longer occupied his heart—his friendship, his esteem, for Madame Cassan were as warm and intense as ever, but the current of his thoughts, the course of his ambition, were changed. He began to feel the approach of age—accelerated by the effects of the wounds he had received; he became grave and thoughtful, and his mind adapted itself to pursuits not purely military; in fact, his ambition was to become one of the leading men in the empire. His hopes were realized, and when his master fell, he was as highly placed as subject well could be.

When that fall occurred, and he unwillingly and tardily quitted Fontainebleau—all his greatness gone—his rank and titles gone, his thoughts reverted to the only two living beings in whom he had any interest. But what had happened? The throne of France was filled by the king whose restoration they had so long and so ardently desired—the head of that house, for which in sorrows and adversity they had suffered even unto the death, had been welcomed to his capital by the cheers and shouts of rejoicing millions, enraptured to be freed from the tyranny inherent in a *liberal* government. Marcel the great, although fallen Marcel, determined never to disturb the quietude and happiness of Madame Cassan and her husband, and resolved neither to visit, or write to her again.

The calm which followed the joyous restoration and return of the Bourbons, was, as every body knows, soon broken by military disaffection, and the escape of Bonaparte from his burlesque exile at Elba. It may easily be imagined that Count Marcel, favoured as he had been, by the Corsican chief, flew to welcome the arrival of his eagles again on the shores of France.

In the mean time, and before Bonaparte's escape—if it could be called an escape from a place in which he never was watched—Monsieur de Cassan, the husband of Marcel's love, had been sent for to Paris; and by an impulse of gratitude, not always felt by very great personages towards very small ones, had been rewarded for all the sufferings he had undergone, and all the fidelity he had evinced, by a somewhat important office in the capital. Then came the hundred days—then came the glorious triumph of England, under Wellington, at Waterloo—then followed the surrender of General Bonaparte and his consequent banishment—then what happened to General Count Marcel, wounded and conquered like his master—who, however, was conquered without being wounded?—Count Marcel was suspected and accused of having been concerned in a conspiracy, to the nature of which we need not here refer, but the effects of which France may long lament.

The moment that Madame de Cassan heard that her protector—he to whom she owed her life and fortune, was compromised, her heart told her how to act. Her husband was established in his responsible office in Paris, she was living in the country, engaged in the education of her children, regardless alike of the troubles or pleasures of the capital. But her dearest friend—the man to whom she was indebted for her

existence, her competence, and her husband, was in danger. All thoughts—all considerations, gave way to her resolution to save him at all hazards. Quitting her tranquil home, and tearing herself away from her beloved family, she started for Paris. The moment her husband saw her he knew the motives of her hurried and lengthened journey.

"General Marcel," said he, "is seriously implicated—you have come to rescue him—I will assist you; but I tell you he is as seriously implicated as either Ney or Labédoyère. He has some bitter personal enemies in the present government. I need not assure you that he may reckon at least upon one friend."

Madame de Cassan could only reply to this generous speech of her husband, by pressing his hand; her feelings for Marcel's safety were seriously aggravated by the intelligence which she had received of his position, and she resolved to lose no time in endeavouring to discover the object of her solicitude. This, however, was no easy task; her applications to his ancient companions in arms, were coldly received; her entreaties for advice how to act with the greatest probability of success, produced no replies: until at length, and when she had begun almost to despair of having the power to be useful to him, one of his late aides-de-camp, still devoted to his chief, and convinced by her earnestness and solicitude, of the sincerity and purity of Madame de Cassan's views and intentions, disclosed to her the name of the person, who, in spite of the vigilance and frequent visits of the police, had ventured to afford the fallen favourite an asylum for the last few weeks. It required great caution, as well as trouble, to find out his retreat; at length she succeeded.

The moment the Count beheld her, as she entered the door of the garret in which he was concealed, he started from the wretched couch on which he was sitting, and running to meet her, exclaimed with a countenance full of hope and joy,

"Fate cannot injure me now!—I care for nothing more—you have not abandoned me, and I am satisfied."

"Nay," said Madame de Cassan, "what have I done for you? I came not here through flames and peril—I have not rushed amidst death and danger to serve and save you as you did for me on that fatal night. I am here to endeavour to pay a debt of gratitude; are you willing to trust your life to the woman who owes her life to you?"

"Angel of goodness!" said the General, falling on his knees, "to you—to your cares—to your zeal—to your judgment, I too gladly commit myself."

"Then come with me," said Madame de Cassan; "this moment come—another hour it will be too late—Fouché's police are already aware of your hiding-place."

"But whither am I to go?" said the General, astonished by the energy of his companion.

"To *my* house—to my husband's house here in Paris," replied she, "for a time, and then with us to the quiet scenes of your noble devotion, and to my interests; there you will be safe. Ney, Labédoyère, and the others, who have taken part in recent events, are awaiting the decrees of justice. I come to shield you from a culprit's death—it is my duty—it is my right—you belong to me, for you are unfortunate; and

I shall exercise that right for *your* preservation, as *you*, in other 'days, exerted yours for *mine*."

Count Marcel, overcome by the unqualified avowal of his friend's determination, followed her implicitly. Her husband's carriage, which was waiting in an adjoining street, conveyed the anxious pair to his house. M. de Cassan received him warmly, embraced him, and by the shelter of his name, the credit of his office, and his unquestioned devotion to the House of Bourbon, protected his political opponent in perfect safety, until after passing a feverish life in the capital for some time, the opportunity arrived for his removal to La Vendée. Then under the shade of M. de Cassan's white cockades, the conspirator of the 20th of March accompanied his intrepid protectress and her husband to the beautiful retreat, which she owed to his influence with the government now overthrown.

Within one hour of Madame de Cassan's visit to the place of Marcel's concealment, whence she forced him, Decazes was aware of its locality, it was visited, searched—one hour too late.

After all their cares and anxieties, the delight may easily be conceived with which they breathed the fresh air, and enjoyed the bright sunshine of nature, in scenes connected with a deep and thrilling interest to all the party. Marcel by degrees recovered his serenity of mind, and in the character of a distant relation of the mistress of the house, who had returned to France upon the restoration of her legitimate kings, he remained a resident there until a new change took place in the government. His name was then included in the amnesty which was spontaneously granted by an act of royal goodness and clemency. But when the events of 1830 brought into power those who were rejected in 1815, Marcel (whose services Charles X. had accepted), refused all offers of employment which were made to him.

He still lives—advanced in years, but weighed down more, perhaps, by the effects of his numerous wounds, than by age alone. His time is passed chiefly amidst Madame de Cassan's growing family, in whose society his happiness consists; and often do these excellent friends think upon the events of their earlier lives, while contemplating the scenes in which at one period the revolutionary soldier saved the life of a royalist lady, and which at another, witnessed a proscribed Bonapartist borne to the hospitable roof of a minister of the Bourbon government for shelter and protection. 'These thoughts bring tears into their eyes; but strange as the events may be to which they thus recur, they serve to prove that there exists in this great and busy world something better and brighter even than glory—compassion for the unfortunate!

THE EARLY CAREER OF TALMA.

TALMA was nine years of age, and I seven, when we were placed both nearly at the same time in a school at Chaillot, kept by M. Lamarguière.

Young Talma had just arrived from Loudun, where his father followed the profession of a dentist. M. Lamarguière cherished a passionate taste for the dramatic art, and with this taste he inspired his pupils; but the love of dramatic representation seems to be natural to all young persons who are endowed with feeling and intelligence. Our schoolmaster, every year, set us to study the several parts of a tragedy, or a little comedy, which we performed on the day of the distribution of prizes. On our entrance at school, Talma and I were too late to obtain parts in Duclairon's *Cromwell*, which was the piece selected for that year's performance.

In the following year M. Lamarguière, wishing to avoid those pieces which were performed at the Théâtre Français, raked up an old tragedy, called *Sinoris fils de Tamerlan*, and distributed the parts for study among the scholars. This play was the production of a Jesuit, and had been written for performance by the pupils of the college of Louis-le-Grand. To Talma was allotted the part of the brother of Sinoris, which he performed with great effect. I was to have recited about thirty lines in the character of a general of the Mogul conqueror; but a very serious fit of illness caused me to be removed from school before the day of performance arrived. I was thus deprived of the honour of appearing, at least for once, on the stage with my celebrated schoolfellow. The instinct of Talma's future vocation was already decidedly developed, and he wrote, at the early age of twelve, a little piece, in which our master discerned traits of dramatic genius.

I was separated from Talma during the remainder of our boyish studies, and I did not meet him again, until his second return from England, at the latter end of the year 1781. At that time we were both at the Collège Mazarin, he studying logic, and I attending the classes of natural philosophy and mathematics. We met together, almost every evening, at the residence of one of our fellow-students, whom, by reason of his seniority of age, joined to his staid conduct and character, we looked upon as a sort of Mentor. This young man was named Turlin: he was preparing for the bar, and was pursuing his studies conjointly with Bellart and Bonnet, who were likewise our companions. Many of the students of the Collège Mazarin, who used to assemble at Turlin's little conversaziones, became, at a subsequent period, eminent in literature and science.

At the age of eighteen Talma, who already mixed a great deal in society, was distinguished as one of the most agreeable young men in Paris. He possessed every qualification calculated to render him a favourite. A handsome person, elegant manners, without the least tinge of coxcombry, an excellent disposition, and talents highly cultivated by study. He moreover possessed an agreeable voice, and was a very pleasing singer, accompanying himself tolerably well on the guitar. He had an extensive acquaintance with French and English literature, and his

exquisite perception of poetic beauty enabled him to recite, with impressive effect, passages from the writings of the poets of both countries. Such brilliant talents and accomplishments, could not fail to render him an especial favourite of the fair sex. Talma readily yielded to the attractions he inspired, and his susceptible feelings, which oftener than once suffered a severe trial, excited considerable uneasiness in the minds of his friends, myself among the rest.

We were aware that his family destined him to be a dentist, and he had obediently, though with distaste, pursued the preparatory course of study requisite for that profession. He had no disposition for any pursuit which demanded laborious application; but by encouraging his taste for poetry, the drama, and other elegant amusements, from which he derived pleasure, we hoped to rouse him from an indolence of mind into which he had sunk, and which we apprehended would prove fatal to his future welfare. All Talma's young friends were, like himself, enthusiastic admirers of the drama, and we all regularly attended the performances at the Théâtre Français. Mademoiselle de Saint-Val, the younger Brizard, Monvel, and Larive, were our especial favourites, and they attracted us to tragic performances. Youthful minds eagerly seek the gratification of powerful emotions.

One evening, Talma and a party of us attended the performance of "Œdipe," and Larive, who played that character, was rapturously applauded. We did not enter into the general enthusiasm, and Talma, though profoundly attentive to the performance, nevertheless remarked our reserve. At the fall of the curtain, he turned to us and said, "You do not join in the approbation. For my part I have been most attentively observing the performance of "Œdipe," and I am decidedly of opinion that Larive does not form a just conception of the part. I know that if I were to play it, I should do it differently—quite differently!" We all applauded this opinion, it seemed to reveal the instinct of the future tragedian.

Next day Talma made Turlin the confident of his wish to appear on the stage. This confession was made not without considerable fear and hesitation. With the most amiable qualities of heart and disposition, our young Mentor combined that purity of manners, which is the offspring of sound moral principle and religious sentiment.

Talma naturally feared he should incur the censure of Turlin, and accordingly he was very agreeably surprised to hear the following words of encouragement: "It will be much better, my dear Talma, to study seriously, and endeavour to become a great actor, if you feel that you possess the talent for it, than to waste your energies as you do, in idle and dissipated amusements."

Stimulated by this, and by still greater encouragement on the part of other friends, Talma learned and recited to us the parts of *Xiphares*, *Hippolyte*, *Egiste*, &c. We were pleased with his accurate conception of these characters, his graceful action and elocution. But we sought in vain for the fire of genius; he did not succeed in producing any powerful emotion. However, not wishing that he should be influenced solely by our estimate of the probable chances of his success, we recommended him to consult the opinion of some acknowledged judge of histrionic talent.

For this purpose he addressed himself to Mademoiselle de Saint-Val (Alziari de Roquefort). She was an actress of brilliant and highly-cultivated talent, and she was the favourite of our little knot of college companions. When only seventeen years of age, I had broken a lance in her cause with the celebrated advocate, Gerbier, who was the declared partisan of Madame Vestris, the rival of Mademoiselle de Saint-Val. This lady expressed the most encouraging opinion of Talma; but, before she could form a definitive judgment, she wished to see him perform in public at one of the *Théâtres Bourgeois*. He accordingly made his appearance at the *Théâtre de Doyen*, and he chose for his *début* the character of *Seïde*, in "*Mahomet*."

The following will afford an idea of the manly frankness which was a distinguishing feature in Talma's character, whilst at the same time, it shows that he was not wanting in that diffidence which almost invariably accompanies real talent. When announcing his intended *début* to Turlin, he said, "You, and the rest of my friends, will, I hope, come and see me; for by you I wish to be judged. You are well acquainted with the works of our dramatic authors; and you are so much in the habit of witnessing theatrical performances, that you cannot fail to perceive, whether or not I understand my part, or whether I play it in a way to fix the interest of the audience. If you should not think me capable of one day or other becoming a great actor, I will not expose myself to the risk of becoming one of the crowd of second or third rate performers. I therefore demand of you, as an act of friendly service, that after having seen me perform, you will tell me honestly whether you think I have any chance, with time and study, of rising to the level of Lekain or Monvel. Your opinion, shall determine my future course. I fear that Mademoiselle de Saint-Val has judged me with too much indulgence, because perhaps she perceives in me indications somewhat more promising than fall to the share of others who have appealed to her opinion."

We all attended Talma's *début*, which to the best of my recollection took place about the year 1783. The admiration he excited was enthusiastic, and certainly there had never before been witnessed on the boards of a *Théâtre Bourgeois*, so much talent combined with physical qualifications, eminently fitted for embodying the intelligent conceptions of a character. Unfortunately for us and Talma, we went to the theatre accompanied by involuntary prejudices. We feared that the dissipated habits in which he had recently indulged, might have had the effect of blighting the freshness of his feelings. But what was still worse, we were full of recollections of Monvel in the character of *Seïde*. We all agreed, that the most powerful emotions we had ever experienced in a theatre, had been excited by the pathetic and truly sublime acting of that great tragedian in the same part. Whilst listening to the lines recited by Talma, our thoughts were filled with recollections of Monvel. We remembered his penetrating looks, his expressive gestures and action, the impassioned tones of his voice—every incident, every line of the part brought him before us, and this continual comparison, threw the *débutant* into the shade. In short, Talma failed to excite in us any emotion. He seemed, if I may use the expression, to tear the passion to rags, without moving the feelings of his audience.

His greatest efforts appeared to us to be merely an ineffectual struggle of art against nature, and they left us cold and unmoved. The remembrance of Monvel had revived all our old impressions. When we assembled together in the apartments of Turlin, our opinion was unanimous. "Judging," we said, "from the effect produced upon us by this performance, Talma appears to possess every qualification requisite to ensure his success, except the one most essential, *le feu sacré*."

But how erroneous was our judgment! The latent spark was within him, and time and study alone were wanting to rouse the sacred fire. Turlin had pledged himself to sincerity. Talma demanded his opinion, and our Mentor gave it without reserve. Talma appeared disappointed. But he reposed perfect confidence in our judgment; and firm to the resolution he had formed, he renounced the stage, in spite of the encouragement held out to him by Mademoiselle de Saint-Val. He once more applied himself to study for the profession marked out for him by his father.

Occupations totally dissimilar from those of my old college companions separated me from their society, and caused me to relinquish my hitherto frequent attendance at the theatres. Three years elapsed before I again saw Talma. About the end of the year 1787, I happened to meet M. Catty,* who informed me that Talma, by the advice of several of the most celebrated actors of the day, had determined to appeal against our judgment. He had earnestly resumed his dramatic studies, and had again appeared on the stage. I took advantage of a spare evening to go and see him. He performed *Saint-Albin* in the "*Père de Famille*." I was perfectly astonished at the impressive effect produced by his performance. It was characterized from beginning to end by talent and feeling. The *feu sacré* was now plainly discernible. At the conclusion of the play, I went up into Talma's box. When he beheld me, his countenance betrayed an expression of uneasiness. I could perceive that the recollection of the judgment I had formerly pronounced upon him, at that moment occurred to his mind. I offered him my hand, which he received with friendly cordiality; but when I congratulated him on his performance, he evidently entertained some doubt of my sincerity. "You ought to know me well enough," said I, "to be assured, that if I could not offer you sincere congratulations, I would not have presented myself here." His countenance brightened up, and he requested that I would see him in the character of *Egiste* in "*Merope*," in which he had appeared with very great success. His conception of that character struck me as being perfect, and his manner of playing it quite original. I was delighted with his performance, in spite of my recollections of Monvel and Molé.

After Talma's first marriage, from 1791 to 1795, I maintained a regular and uninterrupted association with him. His house was the frequent resort of a chosen circle of friends, and these parties owed no small share of their attraction to Talma's amiable and accomplished wife, Julie. Chamfort, La Harpe, Charles Pougens, Mademoiselle Desgardins, and numerous other persons of distinguished talent, were his frequent guests.

* Talma's cousin. He held a professorship at the cadet academy at Woolwich.

Employment in the public service, removed me from Paris, as a place of permanent residence, for the space of twenty years. But, during my occasional visits to the capital, Talma was one of the friends from whom I always experienced the most cordial reception. We often dined together, either at his house or that of some mutual friend. Among our intimate companions on these occasions was Langles, the orientalist. I remember, at one of these dinners in 1804, Talma was very low-spirited; he had been vexed by the bitterness manifested against him by our former Professor Geoffroy.

We endeavoured to console him by alluding to the characters in which he had appeared with triumphant success; for example, *Cinna*, *Nicomede*, and *Nero*, in "*Britannicus*." At the mention of this last character, I remarked, "As to *Nero*, I will not compliment you on that; for, to speak conscientiously, I thought your performance of it but indifferent. It appeared to me to be mere declamation from beginning to end."

"Bah!" exclaimed Talma; and then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he said, "How long is it since you saw me play that character?"

"Eight or nine years ago," I replied.

"Oh, then your observation is perfectly correct. At that time I had no idea of the character, and I did as Lekain used to do in the early part of his career, I raved like a maniac. But I have studied the part profoundly since then. Come and see me perform it, and I am sure you will admit that I have improved."

Some one present then adverted to his masterly performance of *Cinna*, on which he remarked, "It is Monvel to whom all the praise is due. It is only through his performance of *Augustus*, that I was enabled to produce effect in the character of *Cinna*. In the grand scene with him, my action drew down torrents of applause; but I merely acted under the influence of the impressions produced on me by the wonderful power of Monvel. When *Augustus* says to *Cinna*, who interrupts him,

——— " 'Tu tiens mal ta promesse ;
Il n'est pas temps ; sieds-toi,'

I fell involuntarily into the chair, like a man struck down."

The conversation next turned on his performance of *Oreste* in "*Andromaque*," and high admiration was expressed of his manner of delivering the celebrated monologue, commencing,

"Que vois-je ? est ce Hermione ?"

I had not at that time seen him perform *Oreste*, and I requested that he would give me an idea of his style of delivering the monologue. He did so, and then turning to me he said, "Do you recollect the manner in which Larive used to give it? With what an ironical tone he uttered the words —

" 'Elle me redemande et son sang et sa vie.' "

"But in my opinion, *Oreste* is far from intending to convey an expression of irony. In his overwhelming despair he retraces his crimes, recalls the motive which impelled him to commit them, and the reward that

awaits him,—whilst he speaks sobs should impede his utterance." Then reciting, with appropriate action, the lines to which he alluded, he brought the character before us as vividly as if he had been on the stage,—we beheld Orestes stamped with the seal of fatality, and the words he uttered thrilled us with horror.

Napoleon always cherished a sincere friendship for Talma, who had known and performed some acts of service to the emperor when he was only General Bonaparte. Many anecdotes relative to Napoleon and the great Roscius are on record. The following trait was related to me by Talma himself:

One morning when he was breakfasting with the First Consul, the conversation turned on the play of the preceding evening, "*La Mort de Pompée*," which piece had been revived by Bonaparte's order. "You represented Cæsar admirably," said he to Talma; "but when he addresses to Ptolemy the words—

"*Connaissez-vous Cesar de lui parler ainsi, &c.,*'

you appeared to me to have borrowed the tone of a club orator. Remember Cæsar was any thing but a jacobin, and when he speaks in the presence of Roman officers, what he says is official. Besides," continued he, "what is said by *such persons* (Cæsar, Mahomet, and myself, for example) is very different from what they think."

Then commenting on the actor who played the part of *Ptolemy*, he remarked that he gave too servile a colouring to the character.

"Corneille, it is true," pursued he, "has not made that prince hold a very high tone. He offers Cæsar his crown, but that is because he conceives himself forced to do so. Yet, even with humble language, it is possible to preserve a dignified bearing. He is a king, and a king, whatever he may say, never degenerates into meanness of attitude and gesticulation." Corneille's play reminded the Consul of Egypt and the expedition. Whilst conversing with Talma on that subject, he related to him that at the first moment when he set foot in Egypt, he stood for some time gazing around him in silent contemplation. Casting his eyes on the ground, his attention was arrested by an object which was lying on the sand at his feet. On picking it up, he found it to be an antique cameo; but what was his astonishment, when he discovered that the head wrought upon it presented a striking likeness to his own. "Madame Bonaparte," said he, "shall show it you one of these days, and you will be struck with the closeness of the resemblance."

At the time when Talma related this anecdote to me, he had not seen the cameo, and therefore could not appreciate the correctness of the augury it was supposed to convey.

A. DE V.



THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PETER PRIGGINS,

COLLEGE SCOUT AND BEDMAKER.

I AM not vain enough in my old age to fancy that any body, except my own family, out of St. Peter's College, Oxford, cares one farthing about the sort of life that I, Peter Priggins, have led for nearly seventy years; though some people, either from curiosity, or because they have nothing better to do, are always poking their noses into other people's concerns, instead of reserving them for their legitimate uses—snuff and pocket-handkerchiefs; for I do not reckon the pulling of a man's nose out of his face, for having insulted you, putting that nose of his to a *legitimate* use. A nose, in my opinion, was never intended to be manipulated, except through the medium of a Bandana.

Some impertinent people might, therefore, be inclined to ask, why I, Peter Priggins, forced myself upon the stage of life for public inspection; like a patent Pumpometer, or any other new article of luxury; and, however irrelevant the query may seem to decent members of society, I think—at least I feel that I ought to think it not unbecoming of me to answer it.

My reasons then for publishing my “life and times,” are these: In the first place, for my own amusement and to gratify—I don't conceal it—that vanity to which, as an Oxford man, I have a right to lay claim. After spending all my *best* days—that is, the days when I was *worst* off—in the service of my college, its members have justly secured my *otium cum dignitate*, by the weekly donation—exhibition would be more collegiate—of one pound one; this, together with the savings from my many years' peculium, and those little scrapings unknown to all but the fraternity of scouts or gyps, as the Cambridge men call them, enable me to have daily my “pint of wine and a candle;” and as I crack my nuts and my jokes alternately—a trick I learned from one of our Bursars—to think of “the days when I was young,” and speculate on the destiny of many “a light of other days,” and wonder; and, as I am told, grumble at the mighty changes I have witnessed in “my times” in Oxford.

But my principal motive—and a most disinterested one it must be allowed to be—is, by publishing some events that have occurred in my times, to remove as much as possible of that ignorance which is observable every where *out* of Oxford, by allowing all those who can prove an alibi, to have an insight into what goes on *in* Oxford; and, *but that's no one's else's business but my own*, to apply the proceeds, if any, to “increase my little store, and keep my sons and daughters at home.”

I could mention another reason for my boldness in going to press (I believe that the crack term), and I think that reason a strong one. It is possible—possible I say, and grieved I am to say it, that Oxford may be annihilated, though *we*, of course, shall resist to the last; or, which is almost as bad, so thoroughly amalgamated by the in-pourings of our “dissenting brethren,” which, I believe, is the correct designation of those designing individuals, that, like an “old friend with a new face,” as I call my grandfather's watch with its new dial-plate, that its former comely

features may be entirely obliterated by this unsightly new epidermis of dissent. I give, therefore, the manuscript of my records of the "good old days," to be deposited in the ark of the university amongst other valuables; and lest in troublous times, the hands of rude men should pollute and plunder that sacred chest—though they'll be puzzled to find it, because it "shape hath none,"—I would foil their base attempts to destroy my "lays of the olden time," by enabling the scattered myriads of Oxonians to keep each a copy in his own patent, fire-proof, unpickable-by-any-key-but-the-right iron chest; and my publisher observes, that no man ought to be without one copy at least.

Before I proceed any further, it may be necessary to explain to the reader who is amazed at my erudition, that though a scout and bed-maker, I am not an uneducated man; I am not at all inclined to doubt that the superiority of my language has astonished him, if he is not an Oxford man; but that, as I said before, is easily explained away in Oxford, how I acquired so much learning, will appear hereafter.

"Quid Domini faciant audent cum talia *Fures*."

If scouts can write thus, what cannot their masters do? That's what we Oxford men call an induction. My father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, not omitting some of the collaterals, masculine and feminine, maternal and paternal, have all devoted their energies to promoting the comforts of the graduates and undergraduates of St. Peter's College for a century past or more; for, like the Medes of old, with us the son of a cook was brought up as a cook, and the son of a scout or bedmaker looked to succeed his father in the same profession. This rule did not apply to the offices of college butler, or porter; they were always filled by the favourite butler and coachman of the head of the college, at the time the vacancy occurred. The height of our ambition—I speak of the Priggins family, was the place of common-room man, and my father's portrait now decorates *our* common-room in consideration of fifty years servitude in that capacity.

I was his deputy from the time his "hand forgot its cunning," after the twelfth bottle—for port wine was drunk in those days, and so were some of its drinkers;—but that's parenthetical—and tea was scarce then, if not unknown. As tea has cheapened, humbug has progressed.

My mother was fortunately a very pretty woman, and my father fell so suddenly and desperately in love with her one day on visiting the village where she dwelt, and which was the favourite summer's residence of one of his masters, that he married her in less than a week, and was blessed with my appearance in rather less than seven months. The young squire did not forget his *protégée*, who had been lady's-maid at the Hall, and promised to provide for her first-born, if it proved a boy. Well! I *was* a boy, and reckoned more like the squire than my own mother's husband; and he, the squire, kept his word, for he sent mother half a bacon-hog, as a delicacy during her recovery; and me, a basket of cherries and plums, which being administered injudiciously, stones and all, had very nearly *provided* for me for ever.

I don't know how it was, but father never took to me so kindly as he did to the rest of his children; he hated my black hair and eyes, because his own were *vice versâ*, which he construed, a horse of another colour; and in consequence, my mess was generally the re-

verse of Benjamin's, though my coat resembled Joseph's, being of many colours from numerous patchings.

Through the interest of our principal, I got an appointment as a chorister, and having a clear voice, and a good, though very eccentric singing-master, I soon became a pet with the men, both graduates and undergraduates; and many a good blow-out, as the Eton men say, have I got for singing a song or two—but more of this by and by. All went smoothly with me for a few years, and I got a tolerable smattering of Greek and Latin, considering the time I was obliged to devote to music and singing; but at last my voice was broken, and then my head, and at last my spirits, for I could not sing a note, and I was cast aside like a cracked flute by my former patrons. So I threw off my gown—set up my cap for a cockshy, and told the governor flatly and plainly, I would be a scout and nothing else. He grumbled at first, but upon considering that as a parson, for he meant me to take orders, I might be lucky enough to get a chaplaincy of sixty or seventy pounds a year, and be obliged to buy my own clothes, &c. Whereas, as a bedmaker, at which dignity I had an excellent prospect of arriving, I should make my hundred and fifty pounds per annum, and be well clothed and fed, besides putting by a few little *et ceteras*.

I entered on my duties under my governor, and since then, have never regretted my choice. I have been scout's boy—the dirtiest specimens of puerility to be found are those boys—scout, bedmaker, and common-room man, and in all these offices I have seen and heard a few things, which would *rayther* astonish the world if they were divulged; but my grand principle through life has been “NEVER SPLIT.” I mean, as sayings and doings occur to me, to note those which may be published without hurting the feelings of any individual—without any order or arrangement. Like the Irish beggar, I shan't “wait to pick them, but take them as they come.”

I recollect one evening as I was putting the third bottle of port on the common-room table, when the small party seated there seemed determined to be cozy, and have one more bottle and a rubber, their arrangements were suddenly and unexpectedly interrupted by the entrance of an individual, so thoroughly enveloped in great coats and handkerchiefs, that until he unrolled himself like a mummy, we failed to recognise our Bursar. He had just returned from a journey, apparently tedious and disagreeable, and as it had been raining in earnest and those stinking Mackintoshes were not then invented, he was pretty well soaked through.

After he had changed his dripping garments, and stowed away a basin of warm soup and a glass or two of sherry, he joined the common-room party and made play at the port.

His remarks on the weather, the state of the roads, and his evident lowness of spirits, led the others to make inquiries as to the cause of his journey and his sudden return; and as his answer involved the fate of an old brother collegian, all idea of whist was given up for

THE BURSAR'S TALE.

“Peter,” said he to me, “remove the decanters and bring in the largest bowl filled with good egg-flip, for ere I get to the end of my tale, my hearers will require some thing consolatory, and so shall I.”

After tasting and signifying his approbation of my brewing, by a pe-

culiar twinkle of the eye, which to me was masonic, he put his feet on the fender, and thus began :

"Go where you will, you are sure to meet with some one whom you know, or by whom you are known, and take up any one of the *noome-rous* noospeepers (cocknice dictum) and the chances are that before you, have skimmed it through, for no one *reads* a paper nowadays—you recognise some old friend or acquaintance as having been buried, married, or in some other unpleasant predicament. To me, the only pure enjoyment of the broad sheet is as an accompaniment obligato to my matutinal mocha, over a good fire, *si hyems erit*, or with open case-ments, when Sirius rages. I feel primed then for the day, and ready to go off any where at a moment's notice. A few weeks since, when the papers were very dull, before the elections were even anticipated, and I was seeking solace amidst horrid murders, shocking suicides, and conversa-tional crim. cons, I was attracted by an article, copied from a Cornwall County Chronicle, which ran thus:—"Accident at sea—one man drowned—name unknown—boy—the only one on board—saved—but life almost extinct; further particulars." In a few days afterwards, it was quite clear that some penny-a-liner had discovered the value of the "event that had just come off," and had exercised his verbosity on the occasion, or in other words, "made the most of it." Compressing the column and half into plain English, I found that Mr. Heavysides, the county coroner and &c., had sat for six hours (and twelve substantial yeomen), on the body of one Samuel Smith, who was drowned by the upsetting of his favourite yacht, the Merry-go-round, while sailing in the bay of Trevenny, on the coast of Cornwall, as was proved by the evi-dence of his servant, James Jobs, the *boy*, sixty years old, who nar-rowly shared his master's fate, but was saved by squatting *classically* on the keel, like Bacchus on a beer-barrel. The only cause alleged was "want of ballast," and the verdict was, of course, "found drowned" on the man, and "over-set" on the boat, which was accord-ingly very properly deodanded, and sold again immediately to give Mr. Heavysides and his substantial jurymen another opportunity of resting his and their ponderous person and persons, by sitting on the unfortu-nate purchaser.

The name struck me. I had known a Sam Smyth of our College, intimately, some years ago, and I fancied it must be my old chum; but all my doubts on the subject were ended by the butler's boy, who next morning brought me a letter to this effect, as nearly as I can re-collect.

"Reverend Sir,

"As sole executor and residuary legatee of Rev. Samuel Smyth, suddenly and accidentally deceased, we beg your earliest personal (if convenient) attendance at Trevenny, Cornwall, to settle matters in question.

"We have the honour to be, &c. &c.

"NIBSON AND INKSPOT,

"Attorneys-at-Law and Solicitors.

"To Rev. the Bursar,

"St. Peter's College, Oxon."

Pithy and pertinent, I thought; but thoughts, I thought again, would not satisfy Messrs. Nibson and Inkspot. I accordingly availed myself of a seat on the box of the Neck-or-Nothing opposition fast coach, and by great good luck, or rather, perhaps, by the doctrine of chances, as the Neck-or-Nothing had upset the day before, and killed "the best whip on the road, four outsides, and crippled an *in*," I arrived in safety at Trevenny, and looking out for the largest red-house in the town, with the largest brass-plate on a green door, of course found the domicilium of the solicitors, or as they, eschewing common law, in common with all country lawyers, preferred being termed conveyancers, a term their clients seldom hesitated bestowing on them at the end of each term, but especially at Christmas.

I gave a pretty considerable loud rat-tat at the green door, to let them know I was not come to a common lawyer's on common business, and was congéd by a cringing crop-haired clerk into "the office," and informed that Mr. Nibson was just now *very particularly* engaged with a client on *very particular* business, but would feel *particular* pleasure in waiting on me as soon as the *particular* consultation was over. Mr. Inkspot was gone into the country on *very particular* business, and Mr. Closecrop vanished *backwards*, with a wriggle and a twist and my card in his hand, like an eel in a well politely declining a sniggler's offer of a lobworm.

I endeavoured to amuse the interesting company in which I was left—my own—by reading the various titles on sundry tin boxes, painted raisin fashion in Japanese, and conspicuously chalked with all the great names in the neighbourhood; and by walking to the windows, and returning the stares of the natives—a very primitive set. I admired the neat little church, and snug parsonage, as I supposed it was, just over the way; an edition of a house in 24mo, as compared with the quarto, with extra margin, and well gilt, of Messrs. Nibson and Inkspot, and was just beginning to philosophize on the enormous wealth of the established church, and her overpaid ministers, when the door opened suddenly, and admitted an homuncule, of about four feet three, very dapper in appearance, and over obsequious in manner. His dress was anomalous; he wore round his neck, if neck it might be called which was a mere point of junction of the head to the shoulders, a sky-blue stock, over which the cheeks crushed down a pair of rounded collars, worked at the edges; a rose-coloured dressing-gown, of some tarnished fabrique, and a suit of nankeen dittos; that is, unnameables and gaiters in continuation.

I afterwards learnt that Mr. Nibson's begetter had been confidential agent, steward, &c. &c., to the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Rentborough, who, from the badness of the times, and other causes, was compelled to live abroad to retrench—that is, to spend all his income, and a little more, at Naples, or Florence, instead of at Trevenny Park. Nibson, sen., had already closed his accounts with his master here below, and had luckily, so far, avoided the example of extravagance set him by his employer that he had died "warm," and established Nibson, jun., as confidential agent, &c., in his room, with the additional advantage of a legal education, and a brass plate on his door, legibly inscribed, attorney-at-law. Several excellent farms in the neighbourhood, formerly belonging to Trevenny Park, had been sold, it was said;

the purchasers' persons were never known—but what matter?—Nibson, jun., *received* the rents and profits for them, and doubtless took a receipt in full.

Inkspot, as I learnt from the same source, the landlord of the Rentborough Arms, was a *lusus naturæ*, he had no earthly father! The entry in the parish register described him as unlawfully begotten, &c. &c., on the body of Mary, the dairy-maid at Trevenny Park. He was educated, first at Christ's Hospital, and afterwards at the freeschool at Trevenny, where he always had plenty of pocket-money and eatables, particularly custards and syllabubs; a pony to ride out with the hounds, and, at a suitable age, was *notched*, as he called it, alluding to his *indentures*, to Nibson, with one-third of the business in prospective. No one *knew* whose son he was, but old Nibson paid his bills, and the Viscount *tipp'd* him, whenever he met him; but I shall introduce him presently. After Nibson had bobbed twenty times consecutively, as nearly as I could calculate, he pointed to a chair, and with difficulty placing himself on another, so as to make one foot rest on the ground, he applied his mouchoir (a very handsome green silk, with geranium-flowered border) to his eyes, or rather his cheeks, for they acted as two bastions to protect his optics, and pointing with his thumb "over the left," at the sly little parsonage I had before observed, uttered a deep sigh.

"Really, Mr. Nibson," said I, after due consideration, "I cannot *quite* understand your opening of the case."

"*He lived there*," sighed Nibson, "*pectore ab imo*," and that was from no great distance.

"*He!* who?—what my old friend, Sam Smyth?"

"Yes, sir; the Reverend Samuel Smyth, our never-to-be-enough-regretted curate. The parties of whose death we instructed you—buried yesterday—wouldn't keep—weather hot—blow flies—un-keep-off-able."

"Really," said I, "Mr. Nibson, your concise summons to Trevenny rather surprised me, as I have not seen my old college chum for many years; but being an idle man just now, and having a remembrance of our former intimacy at Alma Mater, I am here to do what little good I can for his wife and family—if he has left one."

"Sir," said Nibson, "he was not married, luckily."—(Nibson *was*—"Equam *servare* memento," he construed "mind and *be a slave* to your wife"). "And I fear that the duties of the executorship will be hardly compensated by the profits of the residuary legateship!"

"He was poor, then?"

"Very; though the curacy is a good one as times go—lots of applicants for it. He're the rector—give a title—snug house—45*l.* per annum—surplice fees—now and then two guineas for a new vault—dinner at the park, Sundays, when the family's at home. Living dirt cheap, if a man's fond of fish—population small—soles abundant—capital fried!"

"Did my poor friend manage to keep himself, his horse, his yacht, the Merry-go-round, and James Jobs, on 45*l.* per annum?"

"Oh, no!—lucky man! got 20*l.* additional for one duty a Sunday at Pendean—only four miles off—nice walk over the cliffs, particularly in windy weather—besides he was capital shot—gun kept him in flesh and fowl—splendid fisherman—Merry-go-round and Jem Jobs profitable concerns. My partner, Isaac Inkspot, nice young man—rather

too tall for a lawyer—obliged to stoop to his work, instead of looking up in his profession—hah!—oh! hum!—he!—lodged with him—took half the house off his hands, and lent him his housekeeper when he didn't want her himself—liberal man—very!”

“Then I think,” said I, “the better plan will be to go at once to the parsonage, and search his division of the house for the will, and examine the property.”

“Certainly,” said Nibson—“anticipatory proposal! But first allow me to introduce my excellent partner—Mr. Inkspot—Reverend the Bursar, gent. from Oxford; executor and residuary legatee of our poor parson; put in his appearance at once.”

Mr. Inkspot had evidently been out “on *very particular* business in the country,” if one might judge by his appearance—he was, in person the exact antithesis of Nibson, stood six-feet-two or three, very scraggy and very loose; his dress was buckskins and tops, with broad Brummagem persuaders annexed—a green coat of the species formerly called duckhunters, but modernized into cutaways; buff waistcoat, large shawl neckerchief, an Osbaldeston tile, as he called his hat—with a glass fixed to the brim, for he professed shortsightedness, and a hunting-whip *handle*, the lash being removed, under his arm.

“Ah, Nibby!—do?” in the tone familiar. “Reverend sir, most obedient!” to me—in tone vulgar and half deferential—Nibson eyeing me all the time closely, to observe the impression which his partner's superior appearance, as he thought, could not fail to make upon me. I could scarcely refrain from bursting into a loud laugh, as this two yards and a nail of legal puppyism rolled himself into a chair, and coolly laying his whip over Nibby's shoulders, asked,

“What's up? eh, Nibby?”

“Just going over to inspect premises—take inventory—read will, and give up possession—after payment of all demands.” (*sotto voce*).

“Mr. Inkspot,” said I, “excuse me; but do the Cornwall hounds hunt at this season of the year?”

“Hunt? oh, no! can't conceive! don't take! ain't awake! obtuse—very!”

“I imagined from your dress,” I observed, “it was possible you had been out to kill a late fox.”

“Dress? oh, no! always dress so—my horse likes it—the people approve, and don't know when I am up to a spree out of the common. Rentborough—good fellow—very! leaves all to me—just been seeing the kennel properly cleaned out, and drafting the puppies—*very particular* in those matters, ain't we, Nibby?—very!”

“And I trust you have been equally *particular* in the arrangement of my poor deceased friend's affairs,” said I.

“Who, me? know nothing of them—leave all that sort of thing to Nibby! don't I, Nibby? (whip again)—hate the law, and all that.”

I saw that Nibson suspected my astonishment, which I fondly imagined was only *inward*, and he endeavoured to prolong his leg to tread on his partner's toes; but Inkspot either did not witness the attempt, or which is quite as likely, despised it, for he coolly went on.

“I'm not a sleeping partner though, am I Nibby? No! I warrant the horses, certify the breed of hounds—advertise the meets—publish the runs, and make myself generally useful—eh, Nibby?—very! Don't

buy the nags now—got bit once or twice—deep—very ! leave that to Jem and Bill—suspect they bite now and then.”

“Assure you,” said Nibson, looking apologetic, “partner invaluable to our valued friend and client, Viscount Rentborough !—seem to be mutually made for each other—must keep up the hounds, or lose influence in the county—borough safe enough (his lordship was a Whig) daren’t wag an inch without us. Yet we’re liberal at elections, ain’t we, Mr. Isaac ?—very ! Our member, Hon. Mr. Stumpup, gives two pounds for tea for the ladies, and puts a boy in the Bluecoat-school once in seven years—good thing for the borough”—(*I was lucky enough to get in—very !*)—“We give a free and easy at ‘the Arms,’ at two shillings a head—pleasant party—very ! beer excellent—”

I here ventured to suggest proceeding to business, as I was anxious to return to Oxford.

Nibson and Mr. Isaac rose accordingly, the latter continuing to rise—rise—rise—like a scarlet runner in a damp summer’s evening—till, I thought, like the Lyric poet, he would strike the stars with his lofty head. We crossed the road, Mr. Isaac leading, and opening the gate after “Nibby” had in vain essayed by tiptoeing to reach the latch, ushered me into a very neat little room.

“Parson’s parlour—pretty look out—church one side—sea the other—Yacht in sight—bay to the left—capital place for snipes and wild ducks—river to the right—trout and salmon—fly-fishing unequalled—parson, devil of a dab at whipping—spun a minnow magnificently !”

On surveying the room, I saw that Inkspot’s remarks on my friend’s proficiencies were partially confirmed by its contents : in one corner stood a double gun, both barrels loaded, and caps ready on—the old rusty jacket, a quondam black velveteen, hanging on a nail above it, with a dog-whip and shot-belt leering out of the pocket ; over the fireplace was a huge single for wild-fowl, and a cannister for powder padlocked, and inscribed “patent safety ;” in another corner, was a creel, three or four fishing-rods, a large bag of feathers, hare’s ears, hog’s down, water-rat skins, &c. &c., for fly-making ; a lump of cobbler’s wax in an old glove, a landing-net, minnow-cane, casting-net, and half a hundred other requisites for Waltonizing ; over the window was a trout and eel-spear, reaching the whole length of the room, and opposite the fire was a bit of furniture evidently formed on college reminiscences. The lower part being a cupboard for miscellanies, and the upper a bookcase conveniently covered in, so as to suit many other purposes, besides the one its deceitful name imported.

In the lower regions of this useful piece of furniture, I found his old college writing-desk and tea-caddy. I could swear to both ; the same dinginess of exterior, intimated the identity of the contents ; by them stood a few bottles, pickle-jars, glasses, cruets, &c., &c. ; in short, it was a poor bachelor’s butler’s-pantry. The upper division, or bookcase, contained his college classics ; on the lower shelf, a moderate collection of MS. sermons, with some chiefly composed and ticketed for certain Sundays and Holy-days, on the second ; and the upper shelf was devoted to the stowage of sundries in the sporting line, the value of which none but an adept could appreciate.

As his executor, &c., I of course opened the desk—it was unlocked ; indeed, I recollected that he had lost the key years before, while

bathing with me in Medley Rock, and Dick was not so suspicious as to imagine that any one could be curious enough to investigate the contents of a writing-desk, so he merely forced the lock with his bread-and-cheese knife when he got back to college, and fancied himself and the desk quite secure.

"Not very business-like," said Nibson, as I opened the unresisting depository of my friend's secrets; "sorry to leave our papers so—eh? Mr. Isaac!" with a wink peculiarly waggish.

"Why, yes—Nibby," replied Inkspot, "it might not be quite so well for some people," putting his arms and head in a position which clearly showed he had seen *one* execution at least; "no danger there, however—know every paper by heart—chiefly recipes—a few choice songs—list of the sick in the parish—a diary of killed and wounded—(that is partridges, &c., not parishioners)—pedigrees of puppies, and a few documents, dedicated by permission, from his tailor, grocer, butcher, &c.—careless fellow! very!—I see the receipts are unattached to most of the bills."

I found that Isaac was not falsely boasting of his intimacy with the contents of the desk; and being anxious to search further for any papers that might be of importance, and knowing Sam's habits, I next scrutinized the tea-caddy, and upon lifting up the central ornament—an old cracked decanter filed down for a sugar-basin and the two "wings" for black and green which flanked the centre—I found as I expected, several pieces of paper curiously folded and almost triturated to tinder. I opened one very gingerly and with difficulty deciphered with the help of the partners, Nibson and Inkspot, who both seemed "eager for the fray," the following important document:

"A KEWER FOR PUTSORE.

"Tak the liker in wich sum salt bif ave bin bild as ot as u can abear it, and sit with yer fit in it for an our or too wile u smokes yur pipe—dont wipe um, bnt dry um afore the fier—the necs momin u wil find um stif, and smart no-ow-like—but after u ave bin in the wet sweads or the peat-pits, they wil be as lissum as ever.

"DAN. STUART.

"Sir,—I allays as aff a crown for this un, cos its a warranted un."

The next was nearly as useful, and no doubt as well worth half-a-crown to Dick.

"How to kitsh fish when no one else can't. take an art of oke boks, and rub him all over inside with grundivey and asafetimus—Take some ile of the same, and put it into sum moss fresh of the grund, the grimest is best, and drop it in rayther thik—then get sum Taners wurms as ant got no nots in their tails, and after kippin um for sum days in clene moss, put um into the boks of art of oke, and in 2 dais they are fit for use. N.B.—never lend non of um to nobody.

"W. STUART, his + mark."

All the contents of the caddy were much of the same nature, and I proposed to visit the dormitory to prosecute my inquiries. Mr. Isaac accordingly led the way into a room, the fac-simile of poor Sam's bed-

room at Oxford, with this difference only : it was not so *dirty*, and the adjoining room, which in college would have been a scout's room, was a sleeping-place for James Jobs—whom, to my great surprise, we found curled up in one corner, fast asleep.

While Nibson aroused James Jobs to assist us in our search for the will, I just threw my eyes round the sleeping-room. In one corner was a stump-bedstead, with a kind of dimity canopy, to make it look like a French bed—a regular forgery, as Isaac called it ; a triangular washing apparatus in another corner ; a chest of drawers under the window, with a towel on the top as a toilet-cloth, on which were laid out, as neatly as possible, a primitive array of decapillatory conveniences, or rather necessities ; but the most striking object was the long array of shoes and boots of all lengths, breadths, and thicknesses ; high-lows, low-highs, lace-ups, mud-boots, waders, snow-boots, &c. &c. If they were not waterproof, as they professed to be, the only question was, as it appeared to me, how they ever got dry and lissome again, when they were once wet. Across the room was fixed a stout ash pole, which would have puzzled most people, and given them an idea of a patent premeditated-suicidal-apparatus, or a drying-line of unnecessary stability ; but it was merely for gymnastics, *i. e.*, for twisting and twirling round until you had bruised your shins and almost every limb of your body—a medicine, certainly not an anodyne, to be taken every night and morning, as recommended by Mr. Surgeon Pugtail. On the wall (suspended by a few wafers), were some unframed prints, extracted from “Daniel’s Rural Sports,” “The Shooter’s Vade-Mecum,” and “Walton’s Angler ;” and in a corner behind the door, a collection of weather clothing, contemporary with, and equally as efficacious, as the eucnemidals before alluded to.

“Umph !—ha !—odd !—curious !—funny !—very !” said Nibson.

“Comfortable !—convenient—very !” said Mr. Isaac.

“Very, indeed,” said James Jobs, who entered with Mr. Nibson, and advancing quietly before the partners, made a low and respectful bow, and hoped my honour was quite well.

I returned the salutation of “the boy,” as James was still called, though evidently sixty at least ; but in such a way as not to indicate any recognition of a former acquaintance.

“You do not remember me, Mr. Bursar, I see,” said James Jobs.

“I cannot,” I replied, “recollect ever having seen you before ; but now that I observe that scar upon your forehead—surely you cannot be the poor soldier whom Sam and I took as valet from breaking stones on the road at fourpence a day, with the thermometer at zero ? and whom we christened Friday ?”

“The same, sir ; and had it not been for your kindness, I must have perished from cold and want.”

The fact was, James Jobs, or Man Friday, as we called him at college, was of a respectable tradesman’s family near Oxford ; but being of a “roving disposition,” had, early in life, enlisted into a horse regiment, and served in the American war, where, in consequence of a severe sabre cut over the eyes, which had very nearly proved fatal, he got his discharge, and returned to England to find his family extinct, with the exception of one cousin, who was so much elevated in life, as to disown poor James ; the result was, that he got a deal of pity, but no money ; and when the few friends who remembered him after twenty

years' absence, were tired of feeding him and listening to his tales of the wars, he was forced to apply to his parish, who, in kind consideration of the severity of the cold, set him to break stones on the road, at so much per bushel, by which he got warmth, and two shillings per week, paid at twice; so that after paying for a bundle of straw, and leave to sleep in a loft, he had not much left for meat and drink; a red herring and two potatoes served him for two days, and his drink did not intoxicate him much, being chiefly Pindar's patent *ariston*.

We saw the poor fellow at work as we were trying to warm our limbs up Headington-hill, and finding that he had served as an officer's servant in a cavalry regiment, and could look after a horse well, we engaged him at a trifle a week, and let him have the run of rack and manger. The day of his relief from starving and stone-breaking being Friday—and Robinson Crusoe's valet running in our heads—we termed James Jobs "Friday," and by that name he went, as long as Sam remained at college. It appeared that he had lived with my friend Sam, off and on, as he said, ever since, and he had hoped not to outlive a master who, whether rich or poor, had always proved to him a kind friend.

When James had recovered himself, and could command his feelings sufficiently to address me again—"Sir," said he, "I am glad you are come down—I always told master you would stand his friend, and the assurance seemed to comfort him. I have here sir, in this drawer, a letter and a packet which I was to give into your hands; the packet is bulky, and it took master many years to write it—but it amused him in the long evenings, when his health would not allow him to enjoy his friends' fire-side. Master, sir, was an odd 'man, and may be, the new-light people might think him a bad one, because he loved sporting. But what I look at, sir, is this, never was a man more beloved in the parish—his church was full of a Sunday, and he preached what we could all understand. If he offended any one, it would have been these gentlemen here," bowing to Nibson and Inkspot, "for he was a regular lawyer starver, and settled all disputes quicker and cheaper than a chief justice."

"Perfectly correct," said Nibson.

"True—very!" said his partner.

"And here," continued James Jobs, "is what master called his last testament, poor fellow—he had not much to will away—he gave away all he could spare while he lived—and he lived the happier for it. He had but one fault that ever I found out, sir, and that was what lost him his life at last—he *wanted ballast*—and as Mr. Heavysides, the coroner, justly observed, that was what lost the Merry-go-round—*she wanted ballast*."

I cast my eye over the will and found that he had left every thing to me, including James Jobs—begging that I would merely distribute such of his property as I did not want in the following way:—to Nibson, his books, for his eldest boy's use—to Inkspot, his writing-desk, regretting that the key was lost—his guns, to the keepers at the park—his fishing tackle, to James, who was as great a "killer" as his master—and his boots and shoes, clothes, &c., to the poorest of his parishioners, whose wants no one knew better than himself.

I gave orders to Nibson and Inkspot to dispose of the furniture, and

distribute the proceeds of it among the poor of the parish generally, and took James Jobs and the parcel to the Rentborough Arms, where the worthy solicitors received a check from me to cover all their demands, and whether it was doubly gratifying on account of its being unexpected, or not, I don't know, but they became doubly civil, and even invited me to dinner. This I begged to decline, and bowed them out; and, ordering James to book two outsides, I started by the first coach, and after being regularly soaked here I am."

"And where," said our senior editor, "is James Jobs?"

"Sound asleep in his old quarters by this time, I ordered him a commons, and a pint of the dean's particular, as I came in, and rely on it, he has since been to the stables and rubbed my horse down, and laid himself up in clover in the pallet, *as usual*."

"And what," said the vice-principal, "did the parcel and letter contain?"

"That," said the Bursar, "is at present a mystery. Peter!"

"Sir!"

"Send Mrs. Peter to warm my bed, and bring me *one* tumbler of brandy-and-water, hot and strong."

"Not a bad move," said the chaplain—*et sic omnes*.

(*To be continued.*)

SONG OF AN ANCIENT SICILIAN GIRL.

From beholding the radiant glory of the sun as it sunk 'neath the Western Ocean, the ancients entertained the idea that there were islands seated 'mid the far-off sea, where the souls of the blest were placed after death. (*Strabo* 1. *Horat.* 4, *od.* 8, v. 27. *Epod.* 16, v. 41. *Plin.* 6.)

Afar, afar, 'mid the Western Isles,
Where in radiant brightness the sunbeam smiles,
Where the lingering twilight dies away,
Or in stillness enshrouded, it closes the day—

Afar, 'mid those isles of the glowing west,
Eternally wander the souls of the blest,
And lovely is every scene, and fair
Are all things springing and flourishing there.

Pleasures that never can fade or die,
Brighten and bloom 'neath their cloudless sky;
And perennial streams of happiness flow,
Of bliss that none but the blest can know.

Oh! for ever to wander 'neath skies such as these,
Gliding in music o'er tremulous seas!
Oh! to be one of those spirits blest
Afar! afar! 'mid the isles of the west!

April, 1839.

F. A. LESLIE.

THE WIDOW MARRIED.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

CHAP. I.

AN INCOMPLETE NARRATIVE RESUMED—AN UNEXPECTED BLESSING—
PREPARATIONS FOR HAPPINESS—THE PHILOSOPHY OF RESEMBLANCE.

ALL persons tolerably well-read in biography are aware that the amiable Mrs. Barnaby, *ci-devant* Miss Martha Compton, of Silverton, after having lost her second husband, the reverend Mr. O'Donagough, from the effects of an unfortunate accident, which occurred to him near Sydney, in New South Wales, bestowed her still extremely fair hand on her former friend and favourite, Major Allen. But the events which followed these third espousals, though unquestionably of as much general interest as any which preceded them, have never yet been given to the public with that careful attention to the truth of history which they deserve; and it is to remedy this obvious defect in English literature, that the present narrative has been composed.

The existence of Mrs. Barnaby (this name is once more used as the one by which our heroine has hitherto been best known), the existence of Mrs. Barnaby, up to the hour in which she pledged her vows to Major Allen, before the altar of the principal church in Sydney had on the whole been a very happy one. She had in fact very keenly enjoyed many things which persons less fortunately constituted, might have considered as misfortunes; and to the amiable and well-disposed reader a continuation of the history of such a mind can hardly fail of being useful as an encouragement and example.

Mrs. O'Donagough, on the day she married Major Allen, was exactly thirty-eight years of age, at least she only wanted two days of it; and it is possible that her wish to enhance the festivity of every scene in which she was engaged, might have led her to name her birthday as that on which her third wedding should take place, had it not been that a sort of dislike which she had taken, while still Martha Compton, of Silverton, to the unnecessary dragging forth the date of the day and hour at which people were born still continued. She therefore said nothing at all about her birthday, but prepared for the solemn ceremony with as much tender emotion, and as delicate a bloom, as when she first pledged her virgin troth to Mr. Barnaby.

Born under a happy star, a pleasure yet awaited Mrs. Major Allen, the want of which she had often lamented, and of which her hopes had long since withered and faded, till at length they assumed the worn-out aspect of despair. But in due time, after her third marriage, Mrs. Allen communicated to the major the delightful intelligence that he was likely to become a father.

Major Allen behaved exceedingly well on the occasion; professing his entire satisfaction at the news, and adding with newly-awakened paternal forethought, "If that is the case, Mrs. Allen, we must mind our hits as to money matters, and take care that our little evening card-parties answer."

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To this Mrs. Major Allen had not the slightest objection ; but how powerful is maternal feeling in a woman's heart ! Though she failed not to render her little Sydney *soirées* as attractive as ever, though she walked about the room, and behind the card-players as usual, never forgetting a single instruction given to her by her ingenious husband—notwithstanding she did all this, her heart was almost wholly in her work-basket !

It was really beautiful to watch the development of a mother's feelings in a heart which had never yet been awakened to them ! For instance, Mrs. Major Allen had never shown herself in any country particularly fond of poor people ; but now she never saw a woman in her own interesting situation without feeling her heart, or at any rate her attention drawn towards her ; and many a question did she ask, and many a copper coin did she bestow, in consequence of this most amiable species of solicitude.

During the first months of her residence at Sidney, she had not perhaps chosen her intimates among the most domestic ladies ; but now the case was entirely altered. There was an excellent woman, a Mrs. Sheepshanks, the wife of an attorney, enjoying great business in the town, who had more little children than any other lady in it, and with her Mrs. Major Allen now sought to form an intimacy of the most familiar kind. She delighted in nothing so much as stepping in to call upon her as soon as breakfast was over, and entering with her, even while her, nursery avocations rendered every thing like regular conversation impossible, into a sort of zigzag intercourse, between saying and doing, that to any one less delightfully alive to the innocent attractions of little children, must have appeared exceedingly tiresome.

Mrs. Sheepshanks, poor woman ! like all the other ladies in the settlement, found it very difficult, not to say impossible, to keep any decent servant in her family ; the few young women who deserved the epithet getting married themselves with such certain rapidity, as to give every reason to suppose that Mr. Hood's interesting anecdote of an offer of marriage being made through a speaking-trumpet, to a vessel approaching the coast with young ladies aboard, must have been founded strictly on fact.

At the time Mrs. Sheepshanks and her little family took such hold on the affections of Mrs. Major Allen, the only attendant the attorney's lady had to assist her in the labours of the nursery, was a girl of seventeen, whose domestic education not having been particularly attended to, left her with rather less knowledge of her duties in such a situation, than might have been wished.

The confusion, therefore, which sometimes ensued in this department of the household was considerable ; but Mrs. Major Allen bore it all ; nay, she rejoiced at the excellent opportunities this afforded of obtaining information concerning many infantine facts, of which she had hitherto lived in total ignorance.

Mrs. Sheepshanks, who though sometimes a little fretful, was in the main a good-natured woman, always received these visits very kindly ; and indeed her respect for Mrs. Allen was so great that she considered them as an honour. For Mrs. Allen had, with friendly confidence, mentioned to her how near she had been to marrying a lord, of which indeed her beautiful shell necklace gave the most convincing proof ;

and she also explained to her the very foolish bit of fun formerly recorded about the old clothes, by which she offended her wealthy aunt, and so lost the chance, or rather the certainty, of becoming her heiress. These, and many other anecdotes of her former life, she had recorded in a manner which left no doubt on the mind of Mrs. Sheepshanks respecting the distinguished rank of the society in which she had mingled in the mother country.

"Dear me, Mrs. Major Allen! only to think of your doing all that with your own hands!" exclaimed this kind-hearted mother of many colonists; I am sure if it was not for the interest which I know you take in all these little matters just at present, I should be actually fit to die, to see you do such things!"

"Never you mind, Mrs. Sheepshanks," returned the major's lady, "I can't tell you how it all interests me! Pretty little darling! it shall do every thing it likes, that it shall. Laugh a little bit then—that's it—laugh again baby—laugh, laugh, laugh, kiss, kiss, kiss, tickle, tickle, tickle. Bless its sweet heart! I am sure he knows me!" And again Mrs. Major Allen applied the pap-boat to the last born Sheepshanks's mouth, though the over-fed and intelligent infant immediately returned the superfluity without ceremony.

"How do you think I hold a baby, my dear?" demanded the anxious aspirant to maternal dignity.

"Oh, very well!—very well indeed, considering—only you must mind about the pins. Little Van Dieman is pursing up his mouth now, very much as if we were going to have a cry—and he mostly cries when he gets a pin into him," observed Mrs. Sheepshanks.

Little Van Dieman here gave the most unimpeachable testimony in favour of his mamma's sagacity, for they *had* a cry, and such a long and lusty one, as might have daunted any novice of less firm spirit than Mrs. Major Allen. She, however, hugged the little screamer tightly to her bosom, and though it did not seem at all to comfort him, held him there very close indeed for many minutes, swaying her person backwards and forwards incessantly; while one widely-extended hand pressed firmly upon the upper joint of the vertebræ, and the other upon the lower part of the infant's person, kept it in a position as likely as any thing, short of suffocation, to still the sound.

"It is no good, my dear Mrs. Allen," said the mother, "He'll go on that way till he's undressed again, I'll bet any thing—just stop till I have finished combing these two, and I'll look him over myself."

"Oh, *do* let me undress him from top to toe," cried Mrs. Allen, eagerly, "I have never done that my own self yet, and I cannot tell you how I long for it—will you let me try, Mrs. Sheepshanks?"

"Yes, sure, if you like it—stand still, Eliza, can't you!—I am only afraid you'll find it a great plague, and him screaming so."

"Why, I should like it better if he didn't, to be sure, because it frightens me, and in my situation, that is not exactly the thing. However, it is quite needful I should get my hand in; not but what I shall make the major give the highest of wages; and that, you know, if any thing can, will get me a nurse; so that I shan't have more to do than what my maternal feeling naturally leads to. But, nevertheless, it is quite right and proper that I should know all about it myself—there's a darling, now;" continued the fond mother-expectant, addressing the

still screaming baby. "There's a love—just let me untie these strings, only these strings, my beautiful darling! There, there, there—now *donty wonty*!" These last words being uttered in the coaxing idiom of her native county, attracted the attention of the nursery-maid of all work, who at that moment entered the room. This girl having some years before accompanied her mother in her voyage from London, under circumstances, that by skilful management, had rendered the excursion, young as she was, equally necessary for both, was apt to boast of her metropolitan education, and particularly prided herself on her "parts of speech."

"Vell now, vat does *donty vonty* mean, I should like to know? You'd better give over the child to me, ma'am—I knows his vays, and he knows my vords."

The style in which this dainty damsel, who was frightfully marked by the smallpox, approached, was not conciliatory, for her red arms were stuck akimbo, and her nose, always of the *retroussé* order, turned up in very evident contempt.

"Mind your manners, Phebe!" cried her mistress, but Phebe strode on towards the low rocking-chair on which Mrs. Major Allen was seated, and placing herself before her as close as it was possible to stand, while a pair of squinting eyes, that were intended to look boldly at her, seemed wandering, heaven knows where, repeated in no very silvery tones—"You'd better give over the child to me."

Upon every former occasion when Mrs. Major Allen had mixed herself up with the nursery arrangements of her friend, the scene of action, however active and interesting the business going on, had always been the parlour. But this happened to be washing-day, and the absence of Phebe being absolutely certain till dinner-time, Mrs. Sheepshanks gave herself up altogether, as she said, to supply her place, and nothing less than the pertinacity of Mrs. Allen, could have obtained an entrance into the house. Once pursued, however, into that receptacle of all litter, her nursery, the poor lady was perhaps not sorry to have some one as willing as Mrs. Allen to nurse a baby—for she had made up her mind that day to have a general review of all her children's heads; and accordingly the major's lady was put in possession of the nursing-chair, and permitted, as we have seen, to revel in the delight of handling a baby to her heart's content.

So earnestly was she engaged in unravelling the manifold mysteries of baby buttons and strings, that, notwithstanding Phebe's abrupt address, Mrs. Allen did not raise her eyes towards the girl, till she thus stood close before her face; and when at last she did so, she pushed the chair violently back, very nearly let little Van Dieman fall out of her arms, and uttered, "Oh, good gracious me!" in a voice that almost amounted to a scream.

"Lord have mercy! what's the matter Mrs. Allen?" cried Mrs. Sheepshanks, pushing aside the head upon which she was operating, "Van isn't taken with a fit, is he?"

By this time the agitated Mrs. Major Allen had risen from the nursing-chair, and having hastily laid the baby in the cradle beside it, she approached her friend with strong symptoms of agitation.

"For Heaven's sake come into the parlour with me for one moment, my dear Mrs. Sheepshanks!" she said. "I will not detain you more than



The illustration is from the book 'The Story of the Little Girl who was not afraid of the Dark' by Mrs. J. E. B. Smith.

a moment. I am going home directly, but indeed, indeed, I must speak to you first."

"Dear me! I don't know what to do, I'm sure, with the butter and beer, and all lying about in this way. Wouldn't it do Mrs. Allen if I was to come in and hear what you want to say after dinner?"

"Good Heaven, no! you have no idea of the state of mind I am in! Indeed you must let me speak to you directly."

Thus urged, poor Mrs. Sheepshanks, though looking exceedingly distressed, resigned her sponge and her combs, placed every thing upon the chimneypiece, as much out of reach as she could—wiped her hands upon her linen apron, before she took it off, and then followed her terrified-looking guest to the parlour.

"Oh, my dear friend! tell me your opinion honestly and truly—I conjure you not to deceive me! You have had great experience—you *must* be able to form a judgment. Do you think there is any danger of my child's being like that dreadful girl?"

"What girl, ma'am? What is it you mean, Mrs. Allen?" said Mrs. Sheepshanks, looking a little cross, and as if she did not as yet perceive any good and sufficient reason for her having been forced to abandon her important avocations in the nursery.

"What girl?—oh!" with a violent shudder, "that frightful, frightful girl that you call Phebe. For Heaven's sake, Mrs. Sheepshanks, don't be out of temper. Don't be angry with me, but consider my situation! Though I have been a married woman, as you know, for some years, this is the first time——. In short, you know what my condition is, and now I implore you to tell me if you think there is any danger, nervous and delicate as I am, that my looking up so very suddenly close under that horrid girl's face, is likely to mark the child."

"What, with the smallpox, Mrs. Allen?" said Mrs. Sheepshanks, with great simplicity.

"I don't know. Mercy on me! how should I know? Smallpox, squinting, that dreadful nose too! Oh, Mrs. Sheepshanks, Mrs. Sheepshanks! all the happiness, all the delight I have promised myself, will be lost and destroyed for ever, if my child is born in any way like that horrid girl!"

Here Mrs. Major Allen burst into a very passionate flood of tears, and wrung her hands so piteously, as she fixed her streaming eyes upon her neighbour's face, that the good lady, though thinking her cause of grief rather visionary, could not refuse her sympathy, and answered very kindly, "No indeed, Mrs. Allen, I don't think you have got the least bit of reason to fear any such thing. It is much more likely, depend upon it, that your dear babe should resemble its good-looking papa, or your own self, Mrs. Allen, who have got such good striking features, than a girl that you never happened to look at but once."

"That's it, Mrs. Sheepshanks—that's just the most shocking and provoking part of it. If I did not know that the Major had always been considered as exceedingly handsome, and myself too—I won't deny it, for why should I?—I was always counted something out of the common way, in that respect, and if I did not know all this as well as I do, I should not mind the thing half so much."

"But why *should* your child be like Phebe Perkins, Mrs. Allen? The girl is no beauty, to be sure, I'm not going to say she is; but yet I

can't understand why her ugliness should put you into such a way as this," replied Mrs. Sheepshanks, with some little severity of emphasis.

"For mercy's sake don't be angry with me my dear, dear, friend. For mercy's sake don't reproach me! Something very unfortunate will happen, I'm quite sure, if you do. You can't think, I am certain you can't, how I feel. 'Twas the suddenness, Mrs. Sheepshanks, the shocking suddenness, with which I looked up, that made the danger, as I take it. Tell me, for pity's sake, without being hasty with me, did any such thing ever happen to you?"

"What thing, Mrs. Allen? The seeing Phebe?"

"No, no, that I suppose you got accustomed to a little at a time, as I may say, and by degrees. So unlike poor unlucky me! But what I mean is, if any of your children were ever marked in any way?"

"Dear me, no, Mrs. Allen," replied this fond mother of many children, with a very natural air of displeasure, "can't you see that they are not?"

"Oh yes, to be sure—not in sight, not in sight, certainly," sobbed out the still agitated lady.

"Nor out of sight either, I assure you, ma'am."

"Oh my dear, what a happy, happy, woman you are! and so many of them like you too!" rejoined Mrs. Allen, in so very flattering and conciliatory a tone, that her friend's little feeling of displeasure vanished at once, and cordially seizing her hand she said,

"Don't you worry yourself about any such nonsense, my dear Mrs. Allen. You go home, and look in the glass, and there it is that you'll see what your dear baby will be most like."

There was something in this assurance so calculated to touch the heart of Mrs. Major Allen, that she could not resist it. With an emotion over which she really seemed to have no control, she threw her arms round the neck of the kind prophetess, and bestowed upon her a very fervent kiss.

"Heaven grant that your words may come true, my dear, dear, Mrs. Sheepshanks!" she exclaimed, with her eyes once more flashing through her tears. "I do declare, that if I could have a girl exactly like what I was when Captain Tate first came to Silverton, I should be the very happiest woman in the world!"

"Well then, I'm sure I hope you will. But I suppose you'd like it to be a little like the major too?" said Mrs. Sheepshanks, playfully.

"Oh! about that I don't know, my dear. If you could know what I was at the time I talk about, I don't think you'd advise any alteration—unless it was to be a boy, indeed."

"And then I suppose you would be better pleased still. Most ladies like to have a boy first."

"But I don't though," replied Mrs. Major Allen, rather sharply. "That's all very well for people who were never celebrated for having any thing particular about them. But where there is beauty, and great family beauty particularly, it is certainly most desirable to have a girl, because it's likely to answer best."

"Well then," returned Mrs. Sheepshanks, rising hastily, for she heard sounds alarmingly indicative of a general nursery riot,—“well then, dear Mrs. Allen, go home, sit down before your looking-glass, and

take my word for it, there is a deal better chance that your child will be like what you see there, than to poor pock-fretten Phebe. Good bye, good bye."

Mrs. Major Allen delayed not a moment longer, but took leave as briskly as Mrs. Sheepshanks herself could desire. There was certainly something like superstitious respect in the reverence with which Mrs. Major Allen listened to every word *à propos* of maternity which fell from the lips of this lady. Looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, and terribly afraid that some acquaintance might stop her ere she reached her home, Mrs. Allen hurried forward, with as rapid a step as she considered prudent under existing circumstances, and the moment her door was opened to her, hastened up stairs without pausing to make any of the little domestic inquiries which usually followed her return.

For a moment she sat down to recover breath, and then slowly and carefully, and without too much exertion, permitted herself to draw the table, which served her for a toilet, into what she considered to be the most advantageous light. Not the strongest, perhaps, but that which by former experiments she knew would show the most favourably to her own eyes, that large portion of her charms still left unscathed by time.

Having hazarded this active, but necessary exercise, Mrs. Allen placed herself in a soft and ample chair, and sat for some minutes of complete and soothing repose, with her mirror at the right angle, and her own still bright eyes very fondly fixed upon it. The motive for the occupation in which she was employed, perhaps, gave an additional charm to her expression, and she thought she was almost as handsome as ever.

There was, however, none of that dangerous confidence of self-conceit in Mrs. Allen, which leads some people to fancy that they are quite handsome enough, and need no improvement. On the contrary, in her very best days she had never encouraged the belief that her beauty, remarkable as it was, required no assistance from human ingenuity and skill. She knew the contrary, and even now, alone as she was, and under the influence only of motives the most pure and sublime that can elevate the heart (or the art) of woman, she shook off the feeling of fatigue which her exertions at Mrs. Sheepshanks's had occasioned, and ceased not to add touch to touch, and divide, and subdivide ringlet from ringlet, till, as she gazed on the finished picture, she felt that there was no more to be done!

A poet has said that

"Industry to beauty adds new grace.

And though it is probable that this expression originally alluded to labours of another kind, it is impossible not to perceive that it may be beautifully applied to the charming woman whose image is now before our mind's eye.

Nothing, surely, can be imagined more touching than the occupation and appearance of Mrs. Allen at this time; and a painter would do well to seize and embody a moment of feeling so calculated to find sympathy in every female heart. We all know that pretty women love to adorn themselves for conquest; and we smile, though with no very harsh satire, at the vanity that flutters the while around their fair

bosoms. But how different was the spectacle offered by Mrs. Major Allen, as she sat in her lone chamber in Van Diemen's Land! Her whole soul occupied, it is true, with the idea of her own beauty; but in the hope, not of slaying whole hecatombs of lovers with that beauty, as perhaps she might have dreamed of in the giddy days of yore, but of transmitting it to a dear pledge of wedded love, who should carry it down through unnumbered generations of posterity!

Callous must be the heart, and lifeless the imagination, that does not kindle at this image!

CHAP. II.

PRIDE AND PLEASURE—PORTRAIT OF A MOTHER—DOMESTIC ANECDOTES—AFFECTIONATE REMINISCENCES—CONFIDENCE PROMISED.

AT length the happy hour arrived, and Mrs. Major Allen became a mother. Only those who have waited as long as this lady had done for the honoured blessing, can be capable of appreciating her feelings on the occasion.

It is not, nevertheless, recorded of her by those who knew her best, that any very remarkable development of the organ of philoprogenitiveness was perceptible in her formation. The triumphant gladness of her heart arose from a complex variety of intellectual impressions with which this sort of mere animal organization had, in truth, very little to do. It was the consciousness, that while almost all other married ladies had children, she had none, which had galled her. It was the idea, that her well-secured money would "have to go to somebody who did not belong to her," that rankled at her heart; and it was a vague suspicion that her gay husband occasionally alluded to her childless condition, and quizzed her ignorance of all nursery concerns in his conversation with other, and perhaps younger ladies, which irritated her spirit. It was, therefore, the cure for all these gnawing griefs that she blessed and hailed with rapture, when a bouncing, stout-screaming little girl was put into her arms.

Most ladies love a little fuss upon such occasions, and it is not very wonderful if Mrs. Major Allen coveted a good deal. Though feeling as little like an invalid as any lady ever did under such circumstances, she would not abate an hour of the regular stipulated month's confinement, which she had heard repeatedly spoken of as the proper period of retreat for ladies of delicate health. Not, indeed, that she desired to live alone till the baby-moon's evolution was complete—on the contrary: not only her friend and constant preceptress Mrs. Sheepshanks, but all the other genteel ladies of Sydney were given to understand that they might come to look at Mrs. Major Allen and her beautiful baby every morning if they liked it; and as very sufficient caudle, and vast quantities of plum-cake were daily distributed, they all did like it very much, and came accordingly.

Any lady of any land might, indeed, have found much in Mrs. Allen's Sydney dressing-room, at this time, to repay the trouble of a visit, provided, that is to say, it was within tolerably easy reach of them. It might not, perhaps, have been worth while to sail round half the world



At the house of the author's friend, Mrs. J. J. J.

in order to enter it ; yet there was a vast deal there both to see and to admire.

Reading people already know that Mrs. Major Allen was remarkable for her taste in dress ; and that wherever display was called for, her peculiar genius appeared to the greatest advantage. The retirement of a sick chamber might, by many, be considered as likely to check, at least for a time, this propensity for striking decoration ; but such was not the case with Mrs. Allen, and though in a different style, her toilet was as distinguished during her first month of maternity, as at any period of her existence. From the hour she quitted her bed, which, feeling herself exceedingly strong and well, she insisted upon doing with as little loss of time as possible, her costume was perfect. This part of the business had been long meditated upon, and the preparation for it having commenced at a very early stage of her hopes, was persevered in with unwearied industry to the end. Her long-loved satin-stitch was, upon this occasion, as heretofore, of the most essential use to her ; indeed, without it, she never could have reached that perfection of attire for herself, her room, and her child, which became the admiration of Sydney, and all its neighbouring villas.

Where a great effect is produced by very delicate touches, it is not altogether easy either to follow the process, or do justice to the result ; but what is both original and beautiful should never be passed over in silence, from the doubting timidity of those whose duty it is to describe it.

The curtains of Mrs. Major Allen's apartment were, upon this occasion, of full rose-coloured calico, covered with a species of muslin so open in its texture, as to be exported for mosquito-nets. Upon the draperies of these she had, some weeks before her confinement, affixed some white scallops of her own invention, each one having a little tassel of rose-coloured calico, cut into slips, attached to it. Her sofa, removed from the parlour for the occasion, was clothed in the same style, and elicited an exclamation of wonder and delight from every one who approached it. Three small cushions, carelessly balanced on the back and arms of this extensive couch, were also of the same gay and happy hue, and not a corner of them but showed in patterns of labyrinthine grace and intricacy, the powers of a skilful needle.

Mrs. Major Allen herself was habited in a robe of white, which, though not of a particularly fine texture, was really exquisitely elegant, as all the Sydney ladies agreed, from the profusion of elaborate satin-stitch bestowed upon its cuffs and collars.

"I always said so," observed Mrs. Major Allen to her nurse, the first time she put on one of the two beautiful robes thus prepared—"I always said that there was nothing in the whole world like satin-stitch for giving an elegant finish ; and I will tell you what, nurse, you may depend upon it, that amongst all the things that a woman does, there is nothing, positively nothing, that answers so well as satin-stitch."

It is of no use to talk of THE cap of Mrs. Major Allen upon this occasion, for she not only wore a succession of caps, all more or less indebted to the same favourite decoration for their superiority to all other caps—but moreover, with a refinement of taste, and ingenuity of arrangement only to be equalled perhaps by the manner in which progres-

sive sunshine is made to steal upon the pictures of the diorama, almost every day was made to chronicle her approach to convalescence by some delicate strengthening, if I may so say, of her beauty. The rouge, which long habit had made so habitually a part of her daily *puttings on*, that within twenty-four hours of Miss Allen's birth, the maternal cheek had received

————— "a little red,"

was, nevertheless, used with such forbearing moderation, that the lady looked, as she ought to do, considerably paler than usual; and it was only by increasing, day by day, the skilfully modulated bloom, that at the happy termination of "her month," Mrs. Major Allen appeared as glowing a representation of youth, beauty, and health, as before. The copious quantity of ringlets too, which, excepting that they happened to be of a somewhat softer texture, differed little from those which had fanned the dusty air of the Silverton ball-room, when she danced with Captain Tate, appeared in like manner by degrees, and, to use Voltaire's charming words, returned to enchant the world

————— "Pas à pas,
Comme un jour doux, dans les yeux délicats."

When first she sat up in bed, one shining black corkscrew, peeping forth from each side beneath the embroidered nightcap, was all that she deemed congruous to her condition. On the morrow a second came, and then a third, till at length the whole pendent mass, black as night, yet lustrous in its rich and oily glossiness, once more spread its lurid glories on each side her radiant face.

As to the dress and general appearance of the baby, it varied according to the hours of the day. Its admirable mother, who piqued herself on being an excellent manager, was a great economist in all that appertained to the laundry department, and before it was many hours old, she discovered that care must be taken as to its dear little expenses in that line, as well as in its papa's and her own. So the darling poppet was not always prepared for company; but when it was, the fulness of the mother's heart might easily be read in the elaborate decoration of its attire. In a word, New South Wales had never before seen such a mother and child, and nothing could exceed the admiration they inspired, or the high consideration in which the Allen family, one and all, were held.

Meanwhile, the Major kept his word, and did take care that all the little parties in which he was engaged, either at home or abroad, should *answer*. Nevertheless, his parental prudence kept pace with his success, and his lady's tightly-settled, and regularly-remitted income, continued to supply all their expenses; so that the Major's steady winnings went on accumulating in a manner that spoke strongly of the fundamental improvement which had taken place in his character and morals since the period when the reader and Mrs. Barnaby were first introduced to him at Clifton.

These winnings, indeed, particularly if stated night after night, or day by day, would, to European ears, appear mere bagatelles, hardly worth recording in a professional gamesters account; but to an inhabitant of Sydney, the yearly aggregate, if roundly named, which, how-

ever, never happened to occur, would have been considered as enormous. In this case, as in every other, unremitting perseverance does wonders.

“ Nulla dies sine linea,”

is a receipt to fill volumes ; and on the same principle, a purse of no small dimensions may be filled by one who, playing with *assured* success, never suffers any hour in the day and night to be passed in idleness, when it is possible to put a pack of cards in action.

Such was the system of Major Allen ; and, though on a small scale, Sydney was no bad field of action for him. Assuredly there was no Crockford’s where, within the space of half a night, a man, without quitting his chair, may be sure of finding an opportunity, if he seek it, of beggaring himself or his neighbour. But there were little quiet corners where, by day or night, small hazards might be played for among the idlers, of which the more industrious part of the population know little or nothing ; and a taste for that tempting seesaw, the gaming-table, generated perhaps in the brilliant *salons* of Paris, or the club-houses of London, may find wherewithal to keep itself alive, even in the deep retreats of New South Wales.

Major Allen was therefore by no means an idle man, neither could he fairly be called an intemperate one. The glass of rum-and-milk that greeted the morn, and the tumbler or two of whiskey-toddy that hailed the genial hours of night, cannot be justly quoted in contradiction to this ; for nobody ever saw Major Allen drunk. Moreover, his habits, in all things appertaining to expenditure, were exceedingly careful ; though he by no means denied himself the constant comfort of a good dinner, or the occasional gratification of a little display ; so that he and his lady were decidedly classed among the very first people in Sydney. In temper, and general domestic demeanour, as favourable a report may be made of him as most gentlemen under similar circumstances would be likely to deserve ; so on the whole it is to be hoped that the character of this individual, who from his near connexion with my heroine must make an important figure in the drama of her future life, may be considered in all respects as improved rather than the contrary, since the reader parted from him.

But, notwithstanding all these excellent domestic qualities, Major Allen was not what could be called a confidential husband. Indeed, there were some circumstances connected with his first appearance in the colony, which his wife was never fully able to understand. It was evident that he had some powerful friends among the persons in authority, and the deference and very strict observance he paid them, proved him to be of a most grateful temper ; but he never entered with his charming lady into any explanation of the origin of this close connexion between them. Neither did he appear to deem it necessary that she should be troubled with any statement respecting the little sums he was accumulating ; nay, his notions of a well-regulated family economy, might have led him to prefer taking his lady’s income under his own immediate and separate control ; but here, after a somewhat spirited trial on occasion of the two first quarterly payments, he gave in ; Mrs. Allen not being a woman to give way easily, where she felt herself to be right. So thenceforward he contented himself with know-

ing that all household expenses, of every kind whatever, including of course his own dress and little personal appointments, were defrayed regularly and in the most creditable manner, that is to say, without credit, by this fund.

Now and then, indeed, thinking the little occasional assistance which her quick faculties enabled her to afford whenever his favourite amusement went on in her presence, gave her some right to inquire, she ventured to question him respecting his winnings. But the following short specimen of such dialogues will show that he well knew how to answer them.

"For Heaven's sake, Major! what *do* you do with all your winnings?" she said to him one day, when she would greatly have liked to have got hold of a portion of them to assist in the purchase of a little finery. "I see you pocket lots of cash night after night, and when am I to be the better for it?"

"Don't put yourself in a flurry, my love! I often lose money, of course; though God knows, and you know, too, my love, that I always take every possible precaution to avoid it; but, nevertheless, it will happen."

"You have not got the face to tell me, that you do not make money by playing?" said Mrs. Major Allen, with some appearance of excitement.

"No, my love! I know my duty both to myself and you too well, to continue playing if such were the case. But it is an amusement that I like, and I take the most scrupulous care that it shall never become any annoyance to you, my dear angel! which you know it must do, did I not take care, when I win, to lay by the amount to be in readiness for the time when I may lose."

Mrs. Major Allen snuffed the air with a slight appearance of agitation, but only said, "I hope you do lay it by Major Allen."

This occurred some months before the birth of the little Martha; and it was when she was exactly three months old, that a snug small evening party at home, attended with a run of very obvious good fortune, led to a renewal of the subject.

"A pretty sum you must have pouched last night, Major," said his lady, as she poured out his tea on the following morning, while their infant heiress lay sweetly slumbering in a cradle at her side.

"Yes, my love, pretty well."

"Then I do trust our poor child will be the better for it," said Mrs. Major Allen, putting down the teapot, and placing her right hand on the top of the cradle, while with the other she fondly dallied with the little coverlid, as if it wanted more tucking in, than she had given it a dozen times over already. "I do hope, Major Allen, that for the first time in your life you will do something to assist in the maintenance of your family."

"My family," replied the Major, cherupping very affectionately towards the cradle, "have not been very long in want of maintenance."

"Why, we have been married," replied Mrs. Allen, "above a year, sir; and except just furnishing the place, and giving me that trumpery necklace, which is no more to be compared to my shells than light to darkness, you have never spent, to my knowledge, a single farthing of

your own, from that hour to this. If it had not been for my own fortune, your family would have been pretty much in want of a maintenance."

"My dearest creature! can you imagine that a man of my knowledge of the world, and general *savoir vivre*, would ever have been guilty of that most unpardonable of all human actions, the marrying a woman without fortune? No, my beautiful Mrs. Major Allen, I adore you far too vehemently, ever to have been guilty of such treacherous unmanly baseness, as to have seduced you into marriage with—with—in short, my love, with myself, had I not known that, though not so rich as I once thought you, there was no danger of your actually starving in consequence of your affection for me."

"And you probably thought there might be no danger of your own starving either, dear Major?" replied the lady, laughing a sort of experimental laugh, as not quite certain how the hit might be taken. However, her excellent husband was in extremely good humour, and only laughed a little in return, buttering his toast the while as pleasantly as possible.

This of course acted as encouragement upon the lady, and she again hinted that she should like a little money.

"Upon my word I should be delighted to oblige you, my dearest Mrs. Allen," he replied with every appearance of gravity; "but the birth of this darling babe furnishes the very strongest motive a man is capable of feeling, for prudence and economy. I cannot give you money, my dear love! It is the greatest possible grief to me to be obliged to say so, but I should never forgive myself, never! Nor ever, I truly believe, should I sleep in peace again, did I for a moment yield to any temptation that might affect the future fortune of our dear little daughter!"

Here again the Major cherupped at the cradle, and Mrs. Allen, heaving a deep sigh, only muttered in reply, "Then it is quite impossible I should buy any feathers for her bonnet!"

The tone of this very happy New South Welsh couple to each other was, in more respects than one, rather singular. There was occasionally a vast deal of fondness displayed on both sides, yet a sharp observer might sometimes have fancied that there was some latent feeling of suspicion and reserve at their hearts. If this, however, were really the case, they conducted themselves on the whole with great discretion, and might, not unaptly have been quoted as a proof that all feelings, with proper schooling, may ever be made subservient to will. This indeed must always be the case where motive is strong; and motive was strong enough both in the Major and his lady to produce a line of conduct in each, running so parallel to each other that there was little or no danger of there ever producing a concussion by crossing. Thus, Major Allen never, even in his most playful moments, nor when the whiskey-toddy had been the most seductive, hazarded the slightest allusion either to his friend Maintry, or to his excellent servant William, or to the cause or manner of his voyage out, or to the beautiful Isabella d'Almafonte, or even to the Duke of Wellington. While on the other hand, Mrs. Major Allen appeared totally to have forgotten Silverton Park, and her beautiful set of grays; never gave the slightest indication of remembering such a place as Clifton, such an Abigail as Betty Jacks, such wretches as the tradesmen

of Cheltenham, or such an extraordinary dull place as the Fleet Prison.

There can be no doubt in the world that this was the best plan they could follow; for without it there would have been so remarkable a discrepancy between their confidential reminiscences, and the dignified strain of their ordinary bearing, as must have made their lives appear, even to each other, like one long drawn-out conspiracy. Whereas, under the existing system, every thing went on so smoothly, that it might almost be doubted whether they had not really and truly undergone some Lethean process which had cleared off effectually and for ever all the heavier shadows that hung upon the background of their past existence. In a word "Bygones are Bygones" would have been the most expressive and appropriate motto that they could possibly have adopted.

Mrs. Major Allen, was certainly in many respects a very clever woman. Having acutely enough found out what the Major's tactics were and were likely to be, respecting the past, she not only adopted the same with very excellent feminine tact; but taking the fullest advantage of the general amnesty thus granted by memory to all former faults and follies, she gazed at her black-eyed little daughter with renewed hope, and renewed ambition, and felt as fresh in spirit, and as ready to set off again in pursuit of new plots, and new projects, as if she had never met with a disappointment in her life.

But if she wisely cast a veil over what it was disagreeable to remember, the same wisdom led her, as much as it was possible to do so, to keep for ever before her husband's eyes, her own, and those of every body who approached her, the recollection of all that was creditable in which she could claim a share. Those who know the character of the man can feel no doubt that her, etoo, the happy sympathy of disposition existing between the married pair would have manifested itself, if the thing had been possible; but herein it should seem that the lady had the advantage of the gentleman. For while she discoursed pretty considerably at large concerning her aunt Compton, of Compton Bassett, her dearly beloved niece, Mrs. General Hubert, and above all of her great friend, and near connexion, Lady Elizabeth Norris, the Major, though now and then in general Sydney society echoing the affectionate family allusions of his wife, was never heard to obtrude the mention of his own relations upon any body.

It was impossible for a woman so acute as Mrs. Major Allen, not to perceive that these frequent references to the old country, increased their consideration in the new one; and this indeed so evidently, that at length it struck her as being well worth while to make an effort towards renewing some intercourse with those, the far-off sound of whose names was so advantageous.

One afternoon that the Major, who not unfrequently passed his *soirées* from home, had declared his intention of remaining during the entire evening in his own mansion, where he hoped a friend would call and perhaps play a quiet game or two of piquet with him, he happened to say, after giving his lady instructions about making the toddy, and one or two other little particulars, "I like to think, dearest, that whatever I do win will be sure, sooner or later, to help out the fortune of our darling baby."

Nothing was so sure to put Mrs. Major Allen in good humour, as an observation of this kind from her husband ; for the charming buoyancy of her spirits was such that she already—though her young daughter was little more than a twelvemonth old—had determined in her own mind, that the third Martha, should do better in life than either of her beautiful predecessors had done. With a degree of contentment, to which no words can do justice, she perceived in the features, hair, and complexion of her child, that she had not gazed upon her own image in vain ; and blessing the prescient tenderness which had dictated her doing so, she prophesied, as she contemplated the black eyes and dark hair of the darling, that in *HER* the race of Compton should rise higher than all aunt Betsy's economy had ever yet contrived to place it. Mindful, however, of the many proofs which had met her in the course of her career, that money *was* an important auxiliary in all affairs of love, she became, perhaps, almost immoderately anxious as to every thing that concerned the little Martha's pecuniary interests. It is possible that the Major was in some degree aware of this ; for it is certain that whenever particularly desirous of ensuring the concurrence or aid of his lady, in any of his little schemes, he now invariably hinted that it was probable their result, if well managed, would be favourable to the future prospects of their daughter.

On the occasion above alluded to, his reference to this produced the happiest effect. Mrs. Allen smiled with the greatest sweetness, and even playfully pinched his cheek as she replied, " Never fear me, dear!—Hoard away, Major, and when you have got enough to take us back, why back we will go, won't we?"

The Major returned the pinch, nodded his head, but said nothing.

" I suppose you are afraid to promise, Major, for fear I should plague you about it?—Hey?—Don't be afraid, I shall know how to mind my hits, and shall not be over stupid, I dare say, in giving a guess about the when, and the how too, though I may not happen positively to *know* any thing about it. However, if you will take my advice, you will turn your *thoughts* that way, let it be as long as it will before you can turn *yourself*—unless indeed there is any particular reason why you should stay here for life."

" For life?—Oh ! no, my love, decidedly not for life," replied the Major, rather eagerly. " But I don't quite understand, dear, what you mean by turning my thoughts that way," he continued, with a musing air ; and then, after a moment's pause, added, " To say the truth, my dear Mrs. Allen, my thoughts seldom turn for long together in any other direction. The doings here, my dear, let a man be as persevering as he will, are pitiful in the extreme ; and it is impossible to think of what's going on every night on the other side of the water, without being devilishly provoked, I promise you—particularly when a man feels that he improves every day he lives."

Mrs. Major Allen listened to this with the greatest satisfaction ; it was the first time she had ever heard her husband distinctly declare an intention of returning to England, and though at the very bottom of her heart she had determined to do so herself, one day or other, even if she found herself obliged to leave him behind, the discovering that his wishes accorded with her own was highly gratifying, and she im-

mediately determined upon opening her mind to him concerning a scheme that had for some time past occupied her head.

"My darling Major!" she exclaimed, "how delighted I am to hear you talk so!—Remember the saying, 'where there's a will there's a way'—and do you only give me your promise that when you *can* go, you will, and I will give mine to push on in every way possible to the same delightful end. I will spend just next to nothing, dearest, in any way; I will buy no feathers either for baby or myself, and almost no flowers neither; I'll promise not to think of any more satin dresses, if it is for—almost a dozen years to come; and will trust, for making a decent appearance, altogether to turning, trimming, and satin-stitch. In short, my dearest Major, there is nothing in the whole world that I would not do to get back."

"I am glad to hear all this, my love, very glad. There is nothing like having a few *rouleaux* beforehand, my dear, depend upon it—stick to the saving plan about clothes, and all your own little expenses, and it is quite impossible to say what may be the fruits of it, one of these days."

"Oh! but you don't know, Major, what else I have got in my head," replied his wife, with a gay glance that reminded him of Clifton; "when we do go back it shall not be my fault if we do not find somebody worth introducing our child to."

"Who will that be, my dear?" said he, with a glance almost as gay as her own; "to my Lord Mucklebury?"—for with a degree of generous confidence, which really did honour to her heart, Mrs. Major Allen had confessed to her husband how very near marriage she had been with that nobleman, and how completely it was owing to a mere accidental misunderstanding between them that the match had been broken off.

"It is by no means impossible that I may do that good service both to you and to her, my love," answered the lady; "for I have every reason to flatter myself that what was love, very fervent love, certainly, has now mellowed into friendship; and I have little doubt that by the time we return, he may be able to see me, and even my child, without pain—though he may perhaps heave a guiltless sigh that he is not the father of it. But it was not of him, Major Allen, I do assure you that it was not of him I was thinking."

"Of whom then, Mrs. Allen—of those Clifton people? Pray do not let us talk about them. For in the first place, I hate them all particularly; and in the next, they are not in a station of life that can do me, or any other man of fashion, service."

Mrs. Allen was not at all displeased at hearing her husband thus class himself; but her change of colour would have been visible, had she not worn rouge, when he named Clifton. The emotion passed, however, and she resumed without any trace of embarrassment.

"No, no, no, no, Major Allen, I am not so humble-minded as you imagine. It is not my brother and sister Peters, nor any of my nephews and nieces in that very commercial district, that I am thinking about, but of persons in a *very* different station, I assure you. Be patient for a moment, and I will explain myself."

The Major was at that moment smoking a cigar, and continued the

operation with as much composure as she could have desired, while she rose from her chair, and opened the drawer of a work-table, at the farther extremity of the apartment. From this drawer she took what might be recognised at the first glance as an English newspaper, and which, though of no very recent date, was the last that had been received in the colony.

"I have promised never to be extravagant again, my dear," said the lady, advancing up the room, and searching the precious columns as she walked, for the article she wished to show him, "and therefore you must not scold me for having bought this newspaper, I really could not resist it when I found this paragraph concerning the very nearest relations I have in the world.—Let me read it to you, shall I?"

The Major smoked on, but graciously nodded his head.

"It is the account of a drawing-room held at St. James's Palace, Major Allen—I was always fond of reading those sort of articles even in England, for nothing keeps up our acquaintance with the fashionable world so well—besides the insight it gives one into dress; and here of course it is ten thousand times more valuable still, to prevent one's forgetting the very names of one's relations, and all other persons of rank."

Here Mrs. Major Allen began reading a very long list of persons present at the drawing-room, and at length came to the names of "General and Mrs. Hubert," as being among them.

"I suppose you know who *she* is, Major Allen, if you do not remember him?"

"Not I," said the Major.

"What, my dear!—don't you remember my darling niece, Agnes? The girl that I devoted myself to so completely, before she married?"

"What, the little Willoughby, who was so skittish that she would never let one speak to her? Oh! dear yes, I remember her perfectly."

"Well, Major, it is she who is now Mrs. General Hubert, and who has been, as you perceive, presented at court."

"Oh! she married the stiff-backed colonel, did she? I forgot all about it, my dear. And is it to the general's lady that you are going to introduce me?"

There was a comic sort of leer in the eye of the Major as he said this, which his wife did not altogether understand; but after looking at him for a moment, she replied,

"To be sure it is, my dear. My darling Agnes, Mrs. General Hubert, as of course I must now call her, will be beyond all question the most fitting and proper person to introduce our daughter into society. Nor is there the slightest reason why she should not be presented at court, when she is old enough; and it is just because she is not old enough yet, that I am content to wait so patiently till it may suit you, my dear Major, to accompany us back to Europe. But though there might be no particular use in our going, as yet, it will, as I have lately thought, be extremely proper for me to write to my niece, and I certainly shall do so immediately."

"Depend upon it, my dear, I shall make no sort of objection," replied the amiable Major; "but don't you think it just possible that she may not answer you?"

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"No, Major Allen, I do not. I know better than any one else can, except herself, dear child! how devoted was the attachment I showed her—and it is not in nature to believe that whenever I chose to recal myself to her remembrance, she should be otherwise than delighted at hearing from me. I will not deny that some trifling circumstances occurred previous to her marriage, and to mine, which displeased me. However, every thing was made up, most affectionately, before I left England, and a very touching scene it was, I assure you, with poor dear Willoughby, her father, who suddenly returned from some place like this, I don't know where, abroad, and brought another daughter with him. A charming creature she is—not quite so lovely and elegant-looking as my niece, but very pretty, and married to an extremely rich young son of a baronet. So you see, Major, the connexion throughout is most extremely desirable for our Martha, and when the time comes for our return, will unquestionably be of the greatest importance to her. So write I shall most decidedly."

The indifference with which the Major at first appeared to listen to her, relaxed by degrees as she went on, and when at length she paused, he said, without any sneer at all,

"Very well, my dear; you are perfectly a woman of the world, which is exactly what I would wish you to be; and nothing could be more desirable than that our little girl should, in due time, be introduced to such very near relations. But, I believe, I have hinted to you before, that there are two or three reasons which would render my immediate return to England inconvenient. I have, hitherto, never entered upon any explanation of them; because, in fact, they possessed little interest in themselves, and were of no consequence whatever to us in our present situation. But if it should prove that there really is any chance of our getting among the set you mention, when we get back, it may be as well to make you understand the affair sufficiently to prevent any awkward blunders on your part, which might be inconvenient. Not that the thing, in point of fact, is of any great consequence; but nevertheless, as it involves some trifling etiquette, that some sort of people think a great deal about, it may be as well to put you *au fait* of the business; and I shall have great pleasure, I am sure, in giving you this proof of my confidence.

"But here comes our friend Belmaine. Remember, love, all our established hints and tokens; and remember, also, that whatever I *do* chance to win will be added to the fund, which I trust we shall be able to lay up for our dear girl's benefit. There! he is obliged to knock again! Why does not that stupid girl open the door? We will finish our talk to-morrow, dear. Only remember that you are not to write to England till I have explained myself."

The worthy Mr. Belmaine here made his appearance, and was received in the most friendly manner, both by the Major and his lady. He was not an old acquaintance, but appeared to be a very valued one, for nothing was omitted that could make their substantial tea-drinking agreeable; and the little Martha, who with almost precocious strength of limb already waddled fearlessly over the floor, was induced to add her note of welcome, by a wonderfully articulated "ta, ta."

Soon after the meal was concluded, Mrs. Major Allen retired for a

few moments to superintend the *coucher* of her beautiful child, and ere she returned, the two gentlemen had very rationally sought and found consolation for her absence in a pack of cards.

Whenever Major Allen indulged himself in the presence of his wife with a game at piquet, whist, or *écarté*, the only amusements of the kind he ever ventured upon, his lady had the appearance of being in what is vulgarly called] a fidget; for she walked about the room, looked at the different hands, and in short seemed in search of amusement for herself which she could not find. On such occasions it was usual for the Major to say, "Pray, my dear love, do sit down, you have no idea how you worry me by moving about so. And she replied, "Well then, my dear, I will take my work, and amuse myself now and then by looking at your hand." And then she did take her work, and sat down behind him, very close indeed, sometimes twitching his hair in a lively manner, and sometimes playfully running her needle into his shoulder, always permitting her animated eyes to invite his partner to take part in the jest. After enduring this for about five minutes, it was usual for the Major to lose his patience, and to exclaim,

"Upon my word, my love, I cannot play if you go on so. You are as frolicsome as a kitten, dearest, and I give you my honour I can't bear to check you, but upon my soul I am such a nervous player, that I don't know what I am about for two minutes together, while you are playing your monkey tricks. Could you not take your work a little farther away, love?"

Mrs. Major Allen could never stand this reproof, but constantly replied, rather in a plaintive tone,

"And pretty dull sort of work I shall find it! I dare say, Mr. This, or Mr. That (whoever the Major's partner might be), will not be so cross as you are, dear, so I will go and sit by him."

And she did go and sit by him, or rather behind him, but so quietly, that it was next to impossible that he should be churlish enough to make any objection to her remaining there.

This little domestic scene was repeated on the present occasion, with just sufficient variation, as to phrase and frolic, as might suffice to prevent its appearing stupidly repetitive; but when it had been gone through, and Mrs. Major Allen had established herself exactly in the place she wished to occupy, her attention involuntarily wandered from the game she overlooked at the present moment, to the greater one, in which she flattered herself she should be engaged at a future time. The mysterious words of her husband, too, haunted her rather painfully. The spelling and putting together which her active intellect rendered inevitable, produced a result, which if not quite new to her imagination, appeared at this moment more than usually important; and, in short, it was with the greatest difficulty that she conducted herself throughout the very long evening according to her husband's wishes.

She really exerted herself, however, to do the best she could; and when at length the beef-steak, sweet potatoes, and whiskey-toddy were called for, she performed all the duties of a careful hostess perfectly. So that at last, at about two o'clock in the morning, the snug little party broke up, under circumstances perfectly satisfactory to the Major, who

gave his weary wife the reward she well merited by saying, as he drew up the strings of his inflated purse,

"Thank you, my dear—every thing was very nice, and very well managed. Now let us get to bed, and to-morrow morning we will have a talk about the best way for you to write home to your relations. It would be a fine thing for our little missy, to be sure! and I think it may be done if we manage well. People talk of good fortune, and bad fortune, but depend upon it, my dear Barnaby (it was thus he ever addressed her when in particularly high spirits), depend upon it that it is human skill which regulates human affairs, and that when some great misfortune befalls us, it is because we have committed some great blunder; while on the contrary, if some striking blessing, as it is called, rewards our endeavours, it proves, beyond the possibility of any reasonable doubt, that we have known how to set about what we had to do, and performed the task skilfully and well. There—don't let us talk any more to-night, because that last glass of toddy has made me very sleepy. Good night, dear, good night!"

CHAP. III.

THE PROMISED CONFIDENCE BESTOWED—INTERESTING NARRATIVE— CONJUGAL HARMONY—RENEWED CORRESPONDENCE.

THAT nothing might interrupt the conversation which Mrs. Major Allen was quite determined should not be delayed, she would not even suffer her daughter to appear at the breakfast-table the following morning; but, though the young lady was crying pretty lustily at the other end of the house, ventured to assure her papa, when he kindly inquired for her, that she was fast asleep.

Having set all things in such order that no further assistance from without could be required, Mrs. Allen thus began:

"Well, Major Allen, I have made up my mind not to let this blessed day pass over my head without writing to my dear niece, Mrs. General Hubert. I have been looking over the paper again—there is the whole account of her dress at full length, which I quite forgot to show you, my dear. Such taste!—such splendour! Don't you think, my dear Allen, that it is our bounden duty to leave not a stone unturned, that might help to place our dear child among such cousins as these?"

"We will leave neither sticks nor stones unturned, as you call it, my dear. But the matter must be managed very judiciously. There is no doubt in the world that the relationship is quite near enough to render our entering their circle perfectly natural and proper; and considering all you did for that girl, Agnes, it can hardly be doubted that she will welcome you with open arms. She must be a monster, indeed, if she did not! Nevertheless, strange as it must seem to you, my dear creature, there will be a good deal of caution necessary in the manner in which you introduce *me* to them."

Mrs. Major Allen put down the portion of buttered roll which she was in the act of raising to her lips, and turned rather faint. However, as she by no means wished the Major to guess what was passing in her

mind, she made an effort to recover herself, which was as successful as such efforts always are; and then she replied with great apparent composure, "Well, deary, you said I should know all about it to-day—so get on, there's a good man.—I am afraid of nothing, not I, so speak out, and you shall never see me flinch."

"You are a charming creature, my love, and deserve all the devoted attachment I have shown you. Now listen to me, then, and join your excellent judgment to mine, as to the best mode of conquering the difficulties which lie in our way. But first I must ask you, if you have written at all to England since the death of O'Donagough, or since your marriage with me?"

"Why, no my dear—to say the truth, I have not," replied the lady; "for, to speak honestly, I felt half afraid of being laughed at, for the facility with which I suffered my former passion to regain its hold upon me."

"You were right, perfectly right. I am exceedingly glad of this, for reasons which I can easily explain to you. Then, in fact, dear, you have never sent any letter to Europe, signed with my name? Nor any announcing your last husband's death?"

"No, I never have."

"And you never shall, my darling!" returned the Major, in an accent of very ardent tenderness.

Mrs. Major Allen looked very much, as if she wished to say, "Why?" But she conquered the wish, if she felt it, deeming it best to let her husband tell his story his own way. After a pause, sufficiently long to permit his finishing his first cup of tea, the Major continued.

"No, my love, never! This declaration must, I am sure, astonish you, though your sweet reliance on me will not permit you to say so. Believe me, darling, this noble confidence is not misplaced, and the time will come, doubt it not, when you will thank me for the prudence which thus anxiously seeks to spare you all alarm. The fact is, my love, that an affair of honour, which ended fatally, was the cause of my leaving England."

Mrs. Major Allen did not believe one word of this—but she was an admirable wife; and instead of contumaciously expressing any doubt, meekly replied, "Really!"

"Yes, my love! My unerring hand sent the leaden messenger of death too truly! and nothing but the conscientious conviction, that the wretch who thus fell deserved his fate, could console me for having been the author of it!"

As the Major said this, he concealed his agitation, or at any rate his face, by his extended hand, leaving room, however, between his third and fourth finger, to peep at the face of his wife, and see how she bore it. Fortunately, that excellent and intelligent lady perceived that he did so, and immediately checked an inclination to smile, which might have been disagreeably interpreted. So instead of this, she blew her nose, and then said, very gravely, "Oh! my dear, there is no good in fretting and vexing about those kind of things. They must happen, you know, occasionally; and to say the truth, I did not think that any gentleman of your profession, any military gentleman, I mean, would have thought much about it."

"You are quite right, my dear—quite right, in a general way. But there were one or two very unfortunate circumstances attending this affair. In the first place, we had no surgeon on the ground. This, of itself, you know—though purely accidental on my part, lays one open to the most abominable constructions. Then my adversary's second ran away. Stupid fellow! as if any harm could have come to him! In short, I was advised by my lawyer himself, as well as by all my military friends, not to run the risk of a trial. This, sweetest, is my history! And now you will be at no loss to understand *why* I should never wish you to send a letter to your friends in England, signed with the guiltless, but unfortunate name of Allen."

There was the struggle of a moment in the heart of Mrs. Allen, as to whether she should have the pleasure of telling the master of her destiny, that she was a vast deal too clever to believe a single word of all he had said, or suffer him to lie his way, unchecked, out of the very disagreeable predicament in which she was pretty confident he was placed. But luckily, she remembered the weakness of a divided bundle of fagots, and at the same instant, determined at once to swallow whatever her spouse, in his wisdom, thought it convenient to administer; and moreover, to the very best of her power, to make all others swallow it likewise.

"You may depend upon it, my dear, I shall sign the letter I am going to write to my dear Agnes, with whatever name you bid me," was the gentle and generous answer of Mrs. Allen, as soon as she had made up her mind to keep her cleverness to herself; and perhaps she gave this promise the more readily, from remembering as she spoke the name of Agnes, how very little honour, either in her eyes or in those of General Hubert, that of Allen was likely to confer on the young cousin she was about to announce to them, even if unaccompanied by any of the adventures, which she thought it possible, might have become connected with it, since they last had the pleasure of hearing it pronounced by her.

"No man was ever blessed with a more charming wife than I am!" cried the Major with sudden gaiety, and probably well pleased at having got through the business of explanation so happily. Then, after a moment's consideration, he added, "Why, my dear, should you not continue your late name of O'Donagough? Upon my honour, I have no prejudice whatever against it, if you have not; and the doing so might, perhaps, be less embarrassing for you than taking any other."

This proposition evidently took the lady by surprise; and the manner in which she now looked up in the Major's face, was without any premeditation at all.

"Perhaps you have some objection to this, my dear? Perhaps the name of Allen is dearer to you than all others?" said the Major.

"Oh! I don't know, I am sure, any thing about that. It would be foolish, you know, my dear, to take fancies when we are talking about business," replied his high-minded wife; "I only look so, because I don't quite understand what it is you would be at. Am I to tell my niece, and my nephew the general, and my brother-in-law, Mr. Willoughby, and all the rest of them, that you are a relative of my late husband Mr. O'Donagough?"

"By no means, my love. That must inevitably create confusion. What I propose, is merely that you should state yourself still to be the wife of the respected Mr. O'Donagough himself."

"But, good gracious, Major, how could I do that when we go back, after every one of them has seen Mr. O'Donagough, and have been regularly introduced to him in person? And besides," she added, somewhat in a lower key, "they have most of them seen you into the bargain."

"True, dearest, true—all quite true; nevertheless, I do not anticipate the slightest inconvenience from this. I have had the honour to see some of your amiable relations, certainly; and I question not, but they have also seen me. They may likewise have seen your late estimable husband. All this I grant you; but it will make no difference whatever, my love. Do not be uneasy about that. It will give us no trouble worth naming, I assure you."

"I must confess that now you do puzzle me," replied Mrs. Major Allen, with great *naïveté*, "and I don't know the least bit in the world what you mean."

Major Allen smiled with great complacency upon his charming wife, as he answered, "My lovely Barnaby, you are, without flattery, one of the sharpest-witted, and most intelligent women I ever met with; and it is only on points, where nothing but experience and a more extended knowledge of the world has assisted me, that I can assume any sort of superiority to you; and even here, you have only to open your own charming eyes a little, in order, if not exactly to overtake me, at least to lessen the distance between us. This business of identity, dear love, is a mere bugbear. A man of any tolerable degree of talent, snaps his fingers at it. The late O'Donagough was tall, was he not?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Major Allen, succinctly.

"And so am I, my love. This, believe me, is the only point of difference between man and man, which is really of importance—and even that may be greatly modified. Of course, dearest, I do not speak of cases of daily intimate intercourse. This, I know, does create difficulty—and yet—" Here the Major smiled, and seemed to have some amusing anecdote at the tip of his tongue; but he checked the wish to utter it, and only said, with very matter-of-fact gravity, "Neither Mr. O'Donagough nor I were ever very intimate with these great folks, whose favour you now wish to propitiate; therefore, on that score, there can be no fear of mischief—and now I want your opinion. Speak out, dear! Have you any personal objection to this plan, independent I mean of any fancied embarrassment in putting it into execution?"

"No, I think not," replied Mrs. Major Allen, with considerable promptitude and sincerity of tone; for, during the Major's last speech, she had run over in her mind all the reasons which existed against her particularly wishing to introduce the father of her intended peeress, as the Major Allen of Clifton; and had come very decidedly to the conclusion, that she had much rather call him by any other name under heaven.

The Major at once saw that whatever objections might in the first instance have occurred to his proposal, were already removed, and in

the fulness of his contentment he gave his lady a kiss, and once more called her his "charming Barnaby."

The mind of this "charming Barnaby" was never idle, and even in the short interval which had passed since the moment when she first fully conceived his project, such a varied multitude of reasons had crowded one over the other into her active brain in favour of it, that she was by this time quite as well pleased by the notion as himself.

Many minor details, however, remained to be settled before they could act upon it; but these were all discussed with the most laughing good-humour, and such a multitude of droll, lively things were said on both sides, that it may be doubted if they had ever enjoyed each other's conversation more, since the first happy hour of confidence at Clifton, when the Major related the history of his former life.

The great question seemed to be whether Major Allen's transmutation into Mr. O'Donagough should precede his departure from the colony, or follow it. In all letters to England, it was of course to be immediate, and it was easy enough to desire that all answers should be directed under cover to Mr. or Mrs. Somebody. But how were they to explain to their South-Welsh friends this singular metamorphosis, if they decided upon its taking place immediately? And what were they to say to their little daughter about it if they put off this alteration of her name and family till she was old enough to ask questions about it? Besides, who could answer for it, as her mother very judiciously observed that the little angel might not tell tales on the other side of the water, without intending to do any more harm than a playful lambkin when it says "ba?"

"Hush!" said Major Allen, holding up his forefinger, as a signal that he desired silence. His wife obeyed, and they both *were* silent for at least five minutes. He then altered his position in his chair, setting an elbow firmly on each arm of it, and fixing his eyes steadfastly on his fair lady's face, delivered himself of the valuable result of these five minutes' cogitation, in a tone as decided, and free from all the weak vacillations of doubt, as if he had been listening to the voice of an oracle during the interval.

"My dear love," said he, "the thing lies in a nutshell: you will find upon looking through a box of papers left by the late Mr. O'Donagough, a testamentary paper, by which he bequeaths to you a small landed property in the south of Ireland—I say the south of Ireland, dearest, because if the acquisition produces no visible alteration in our manner of living, nobody will be surprised at it—a small landed property in the south of Ireland—but bequeathed upon the condition that any husband whom you shall marry, as well as all children whom you may have, shall take and bear the name and arms of O'Donagough. The said estate to be forfeited if the said conditions be not complied with, within one year after the bequest is claimed. If you will leave me for a few minutes, my dear, I think I shall be able to find this document."

These last words were accompanied by a smile which brought the Major's left mustache very nearly to the off corner of his left eye; a conjunction of features that denoted a most happy and facetious frame of mind.

Mrs. Major Allen replied by a laughing and intelligent nod ; but said, " You must let me finish this beautiful bit of hot buttered toast first, my dear—I have almost burnt my eyes out to do it. I remember the time, Major, and not so very long ago either, when it was no less a person than Mrs. General Hubert, this identical grand lady that we read of at court, who knelt down before my fire to do this job for me. Mercy on me !—To be sure, who ever would have thought of poor Sophy's girl coming to be the wife of a general, and presented at court ? And what, if you please, is to prevent our girl from doing as well ? I'll answer for it she will be ten times handsomer than that pale-faced Agnes ever was—all she had in the world for her, was her youth, and her eyes. I ask any body to look at our Martha's eyes, and say if they don't beat those of Agnes out and out ; and as to the article of youth—which, by the by, I do think is very necessary to the making a really great match—as to that, you know, my dear, it will be our own fault if we do not let her begin early enough."

" Most assuredly," was the satisfactory reply ; upon which the lady stood up, swallowed her last mouthful in that attitude, and with another sprightly nod, prepared to leave the room.

" Stay one moment, dearest !" said the Major ; " do you happen, my love, to have any of the late Mr. O'Donagough's handwriting by you ?"

" Oh, yes ; lots of it. He was a great writer, you know."

" Do you think you have got his signature, dear ?"

" Most likely, love. I will go and rummage his old writing-desk." So saying, Mrs. Major Allen left the room, and in a very few minutes returned to it, with a handful of MSS.

" Here are all sorts here," said she, " and a bushel more if you want them, up stairs, with plenty of signatures amongst them. Here's a sermon, look !—and here's a calculation of odds about some horse-race. He was such a queer man, poor O'Donagough !—I shall always think he was half mad."

" Very likely, love. There, lay them down. That will do perfectly well ; now you may go and write your letter if you will, while I look through these papers in search of *the document*, you know."

And now, leaving Major Allen at one writing-table, we must follow his lady to another.

The last letter Mrs. Major Allen had addressed to her niece Agnes was from the Fleet prison : she remembered this and smiled.

" Mercy on me !" she exclaimed in muttered soliloquy. " What a deal has happened to us both since then ! Little hussy !—she was then in the very best of her bloom, and she made the most of it—I suspect she was quite right in not coming to me. Ten to one she would have lost the proud colonel if she had ; and it is just because I see she is up to a thing or two, that I will take the trouble of writing to her now. Little fox ! she was deep as deep—and I don't think her aunt Barnaby was such a very great fool either. Now then, Miss Agnes, let us see if I can't come round you. If it answers, if I can contrive to make her grandeeship useful to my girl, I know who will be the cleverest yet. Now for it then."

" My dearest Agnes !"

" I am not quite sure about that, calling her by her name at first setting off."

“ ‘ Agnes, Agnes, thou art mine !’

as the song says. But that will only put her in mind of fifty things that it would be just as well she should forget. I’ll begin again.”

“ My dearest Niece !

“ I will not believe that the three short years which have passed since we parted, can have sufficed to make you forget the nearest blood relation that you have in the world—for unless a grandmother is nearer to us than a mother, which I am sure no one in the world can think, a real aunt, your own dear mother’s own sister, must be nearer to you as a relation than all the aunt Betsies in the world, let her be ever so rich, Agnes.”

Having proceeded thus far, Mrs. Major Allen put her pen into the ink-bottle, and there let it remain while she read and re-read this exordium. “ Yes, that will do,” thought she, “ that’s just the right way to bring in her Christian name familiarly.” She then resumed her pen and went on.

“ It would give me more pleasure in my distant home than any thing else in the world, if you, my dear sister’s own child, would just give me a line now and then, to tell me how you are going on, and above all things whether you are as happy as I wish you to be. Short as the interview was, it was a great pleasure to me to have got a sight of your dear father. Oh ! Agnes, how the sound of his voice did put me in mind of times—gay, happy times, my dear child—before you were born ! Pray give my kindest sisterly love to him, and tell him that he would do me the very greatest favour in the world if he would only write a few lines to me. I am sure that if he will but turn a thought back to his pretty, pretty Sophy, when she used to sing to him so sweetly, he will not have the heart to refuse me.

“ I am sure, my dear niece, that you will be glad to hear that I am very happy and fortunate in my last marriage ; and moreover, that at length you have a little cousin born. A beautiful little girl she is, I must say, though to be sure a mother’s judgment is apt to be partial. But I really do think if you were to see your little cousin Agnes, you could not help being very fond of her, she is so very clever and intelligent ; besides being so particularly beautiful, that every body who sees her takes notice of it. I have called her Martha after myself, and my dear mother, who was your grandmother, you know, my dear Agnes. God knows if circumstances will ever enable myself and my truly excellent husband to return to our native land ; I fear, indeed, that the chance is a very remote one ; but it would be a happy moment for me if I could show you and your dear father my child ! Can’t you fancy Agnes, what a pleasure it would be for me ? But it is no good to think about it, at least for a great many years yet—so many indeed, that she would no longer be a little child. You too, my dear Agnes, may perhaps be a mother also. If so, you will the better understand my feelings about my darling little girl ! I enclose you a lock of its dear little hair, by which you will see that it is as dark as mine, and that already it curls naturally like yours. Though we are so many miles asunder, I hope you will think of me and your little cousin sometimes—I am sure she will be brought up to think often of you ! My excellent husband,

who is decidedly a person of the first consideration in the colony, sends his affectionate compliments, and his blessing to you and yours. And with every good wish, my beloved Agnes, for yourself, and all who are dear to you,

“ I remain,

“ Ever and for ever,

“ Your most affectionate aunt,

“ MARTHA O'DONAGOUGH.”

She was in the act of folding this letter, when her husband entered the room. He too had been far from idle, and held in his hand the proof of it.

“ I have found the document, my love,” said he, with his smiling mustache. “ Here it is—I shall immediately go and show it to every body I know in the town, and shall tell them that though I am by no means sanguine as to our ever deriving any benefit from the little out-of-the-way bit of property bequeathed by it, I am nevertheless determined that our darling child shall lose nothing by any folly or indifference of mine. I shall let them all know—the authorities and all—that henceforth, for the sake of the chance it may give my dear little one, I shall never call or sign myself by any other name than that of O'Donagough. This is a capital notion of mine, depend upon it, in many ways.”

“ I really think it is,” said his wife, examining the papers he had laid before her. “ But good gracious, Major, how very like you have made it look to poor O'Donagough's writing! I do declare I could no more tell them apart than I could fly! How very clever you must be with your pen!”

The Major put his hand before his mouth, caressed his mustache, but said nothing.

“ And now read my letter to Mrs. General Hubert, will you, Major, and tell me what you think of it.”

“ You must leave off calling me Major, my darling,—remember that,” said the gentleman.

“ That will be difficult at first, my dear!” replied the lady: “ but I dare say I shall be perfect enough at it before the time comes for our going to England. But do pray read my letter!”

Without further delay he did so, and most cordially expressed his approbation.

“ The devil is in it, my Barnaby,” said he, giving her a very hearty kiss, “ if we cannot between us contrive to sail before the wind. Why, here is a touch that is worthy of old Talleyrand himself—this blessing I mean, that I send them down here in the corner.”

“ Of course, I did not forget, my dear, that you were the Reverend Mr. O'Donagough, when I introduced you to my family at parting. It won't do to forget that, you know.”

“ Upon my soul, you are an angel!” he exclaimed; “ and I do not believe the whole earth could furnish another woman to suit me as admirably as you do!”

(To be continued.)

RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.—NO. VIII.

“The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart.”

LEAR.

Yes, dogs *are* honest creatures and the most delightful of four-footed beings. The brain and nervous system may be more highly developed in the Anthropoid apes, and even in some of the monkeys: but for affectionate, though humble companionship, nay friendship, for the amiable spirit that is on the watch to anticipate every wish of his master—for the most devoted attachment to him, in prosperity and adversity, in health and sickness, an attachment always continued unto death; and, frequently failing not, even when the once warm hand that patted him is clay-cold; what—we had almost said *who*—can equal these charming familiars? Your dog will, to please you, do that which is positively painful to him. Hungry though he be, he will leave his food for you; he will quit the strongest temptation for you; he will lay down his life for you. Truly spake he who said, “Man is the God of the dog.”

Of all the conquests over the brute creation that man has made, the domestication of the dog may be regarded as the most complete, if not the most useful: it is the only animal that has followed him all over the earth. And to see how these noble animals are treated by savages civilized as well as uncivilized; kicked, spurned, harnessed to heavy carriages, half-starved, cudgelled, they still follow the greater brute that lords it over them, and if he condescends to smile upon them how they bound in gladness! if he, by some inexplicable obliquity of good feeling, in a moment of forgetfulness caresses them, they are beside themselves with joy.

As a whole their lot seems to be the worst, if it is cast among savage or imperfectly-civilized nations. When Lawson was among the North-American Indians, he was present at a great feast where was “store of loblolly and other medleys, made of Indian grain, stewed peaches, bear-venison, &c;” when all the viands were brought in “the first figure began with kicking out all the dogs, which are seemingly wolves, made tame with starving and beating; they being the worst dog-masters in the world;—so that it is an infallible cure for sore eyes ever to see an Indian’s dog fat.” The tribe who exercised this summary calcitration on the poor dogs, that had most probably contributed not a little to the venison part of the entertainment, rejoiced in the appropriate name of the *Whacksaws* or *Waxsaws*; and yet these same Indians delighted in feeding up their horses till they were comparable to nothing more aptly than an English prize-ox. Though much advanced in the scale of civilization, the Javanese, according to Dr. Horsfield, seem to be little better dog-masters than the Waxsaws; for he remarks that the poor brutes, we mean the dogs, are not cared for, and are ill-treated, so that their famishing condition is disgusting to Europeans. This is the more extraordinary as many of these dogs pursue the Java deer called the *Kidang* with great ardour and courage. They are led in slips and loosed when they come upon the scent. Away they go, and the hunters,

who follow more quietly generally find the deer at bay and the hounds going gallantly into him. This is no joke, for the male *Kidang* makes a capital fight with his tusks, wounding his assailants severely, often fatally. "The sportsmen," says the Doctor, whose book is full of interesting passages, "uniformly are provided with remedies and applications, and by a simple suture attempt to unite those wounds which are not immediately fatal. In this operation they frequently succeed and preserve their most valuable dogs." But even this small care appears to be the exception to the rule. "The natives of Java, like other Mahomedans, entertain prejudices unfavourable to dogs; they rarely treat them with kindness, or allow them to approach their persons; and it is only in extraordinary instances, or when they contribute to their amusement, that they feed or care for them." To be sure, as a set off, they rarely show attachment to their masters, and no wonder; even Bill Sykes's dog could not carry his otherwise unqualified obedience to the length of getting over his very particular objection to being drowned.

On the other hand, the good dog-master considers his four-footed follower as his friend, his other self, his *duppelganger*, so that "Love me, love my dog," has passed into a proverb which has sometimes led to deadly results, we need only allude to the fatal duel between Colonel Montgomery and Captain Macnamara.

Nor can it be wondered at that a man should feel strongly for the faithful animal that distinguishes him from all others, an animal that may be a burr but is hardly ever a bore. Now and then, indeed, an ill-bred cur will, like Launce's Crab, thrust himself into the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs; but your Biped Bore constantly and unrelentingly intrudes into a happy knot of mortals, not of his quality, who are shaking off the cares of life with a little joyous converse, till he has succeeded in reducing the gaiety that was flashing so brilliantly to a heap of ashes, and the merry tongues to a dead silence. Or he finds out when you are sick, and by an incomprehensible power possessed only by the typical Bore or Augur—not Soothsayer—drills himself through all the doors barricaded against him, and having perforated to your sanctum preys upon you in your own arm-chair, giving you all the while, under colour of much pity, broad hints that you are "booked," and wimbling deeper and deeper still, till he has shattered the remains of your nerves to atoms; when, having absolutely devoured you in your shell, he leaves you a complete *caput mortuum* to go and finish with some other victim—the cannibal!

Occasionally, however, one of these worthies meets with his match.

Sir James Mansfield, who was very fond of greyhounds, and had a noble breed of them, would frequently, when he could not go out, have them up into his chamber; for he loved to look upon them and caress them, and they worshipped him. Upon a day, when he was confined, one of the most inveterate of the race whom Sir James especially eschewed, and for whose exclusion he had given positive orders, happened, through the ignorance of a new porter to get as far as the hall. Just as he had finished rubbing his shoes on the mat with the determined air of one who will not be driven back, Sir James's servant made his appearance from below with a couple of splendid long-tailed favourites, saw the monster, gave the wretched new menial a withering look,

and then with an impudent civility addressed him of the well-rubbed shoes with "Sir James not at home, sir."

"Not at home!" exclaimed the intruder, somewhat indignantly; "why you are taking up the dogs!"

"Yes, sir," replied John, determined upon strong measures, and to go the whole hog.—"Yes, sir,—but they *amuse* my master."

This was too much even for this drill-sergeant-major: he stood aghast for a moment, and then

"Away he ran and ne'er was heard of more."

Why, why, is there not in our great clubs a power of reprobation as well as of election? Surely it would not be too much for twelve hundred men to have the power of excluding eight annually;—a power, by the way, which would be seldom exerted, for the very knowledge of its existence would have its effect, though it might be necessary now and then to eject some incorrigible pachydermatous bore *pour encourager les autres*. There is already a law prohibiting the entrance of our friends the dogs into those masculine establishments, a law which one is, at first, disposed to regard as harsh; but the reflection that most of the members of a club show no backwardness in availing themselves of its privileges, reconciles the mind to the inhospitable practice of making the worthy beasts sit in the porch, anxiously watching for the egress of their masters. Think of the assemblage of the doggies belonging to a thousand or twelve hundred masters, and the duels—the principals, to be sure, nowadays, never hit each other—which would spring out of the collision. Besides, they are not admitted at court, according to the old French quatrain—for which of their qualities we may not guess:

"A la court les gros courtisans
Sont ours, ou tygres, ou lyons;
Les petits qui sont moins puissants
Sont regards ou cameleons."

But if they are not allowed to grace our assemblies within doors, there is no lack of them when men are gathered together under the canopy of heaven. At a fair, at a fight, at the most solemn spectacles; wherever, in short, there is a crowd, there are dogs to be seen, as a matter of course, apparently discussing the matter in hand, or inquiring of each new comer whether he had any thing to do with the embassy, and getting into little coteries and fights of their own; for, on these occasions, especially if there be a lady in the case, jealousies and suspicions do abound.

When the citizens feasted the allied sovereigns, we were snugly placed, at an early hour, at the window of a most worthy trader in the precious metals, upon Ludgate-hill; one who had been prime warden of the worshipful company, and had two gowns, and every thing handsome about him. His hospitable house was well filled with honest men and bonny lasses, but we who had not been long in the small village, were constantly drawn from the well-spread table, and the bright eyes that surrounded it, to the window aforesaid, by the note of preparation. In the street were the heaps of gravel intended for smoothing the path of the Regent and the crowned heads. Workmen were employed in levelling these heaps which the dogs, already collected

in considerable numbers, evidently considered as pitched exclusively for their accommodation. The thickening crowd were in their holy-day suits, every thing was bright and gay, the dogs were frisky beyond expression, and the gravel heaps produced the most social feelings among the assembled quadrupeds.

By and by the gravel was spread—the dogs, that had been chasing each other's tails from an early hour, began to be a little tired, but were still in good spirits. The troops now lined the streets, and at length there seemed to be a disposition on the part of the dogs to consider that they had had enough of the fête. Every now and then, a canine sceptic, who began to think that matters were taking an unpleasant turn, would go to the sides of the street and try to make his way through the living wall that bounded the carriage-way. In nine cases out of ten he was kicked back by the soldiers, and if some particularly enterprising individual succeeded in passing them, a greater obstacle remained behind; for there was no possibility of getting through the conglomeration on the foot-pavements: trampled upon by the crowd, and butt-ended by the soldiers, he was kicked back with curses into the arena, erst the scene of his gaiety, yelping and howling, and then and there immediately pitched into by his now hungry, peevish, companions.

Well, the day wore on, the dogs lay down;—the usual cries, “They are coming,” brought every body from the creature-comforts to the windows, and the usual disappointments sent them back to their more substantial enjoyments. At last, the pealing and firing of bells announced the advent of the kings of the earth. Shouts were heard booming from the distance—the heads in the crammed windows were all craning westward,—the procession was now coming in earnest. It was headed by a large body of distressed dogs, the phalanx increasing as it advanced. Worn out, kicked to death's door, and scarcely able to crawl, the miserable curs marched in solemn silence, with head depressed, and slinking tail, to which here and there might be seen appended the badge of the order of the tin canister or kettle. By the side there was no escape—they could not retreat, and so the dejected wretches marshalled the way, unwillingly and slow, till our country's honour, and that of Europe, were roofed in the Guildhall of the city of London.

Seeing these familiars, as we do, every where around us, and the infinite variety of form and colour exhibited among them, we are at once led to the inquiry whence they sprung,—what was the stock from which the canine family was derived? Your good cynogenealogist will trace out for you the pedigree of any particular race, and will be eloquent on King Charles's breed of spaniels, and the delicate Blenheim breed, nor will he not descant as learnedly as any historian of the turf on the Czarina, Snowball, or Claret blood, to him who loves “*The Couples* ;” but, if you ask him who was the common ancestor, you may “pause for a reply.” Ask the zoologists, and one will tell you that the jackal with his unearthly cry, and ghoulish habits, that robber of the Asiatic and African grave, is the impure source of all that is quadrupedally good and amiable. Another, with more show of reason, will point to the gaunt wolf.

“With his long gallop that can tire
The hound's deep hate and hunter's fire;”

but it will be difficult to find one who will give you any authority for the existence of a primitive race of dogs, in the common acceptance of the term. But little osteological difference is to be detected in the dog, wolf, fox, or jackal: none, indeed, on which generic distinction can be founded with any degree of safety, and, therefore, no satisfactory evidence is forthcoming from the fossil canine animals, such as the *canis spelæus* of the Bone-caverns, the *canis giganteus* of Avary, and the *Agnotherium*, an animal of the dog kind, as large as a lion, discovered at Epplesheim, by Professor Kaup; though there is ground for believing that Mr. Murchison's fossil quadruped found at Æningen, is a true fox. The dog, the wolf, the jackal, and the fox, are all collected under the generic appellation, *canis*, by Linnæus, Cuvier, and other great zoologists; but the principal character assigned by the first of these philosophers to the domesticated dog, or *canis familiaris*, is "*cauda (sinistrorsum) recurvata*," "tail curled towards the left." There are, indeed, well-marked external differences between the four animals just mentioned, as every one knows, who has looked with any attention at them; and other distinctions will be detected on a closer examination. In the dogs properly so called, the pupil of the eye is round; this modification of the organization exists in the wolf and the jackal, and for this reason the African Fennec or Zerda is now associated with the true dogs; but the pupil of the eye in the foxes, whose habits are more nocturnal, is vertical. The wild dogs, as they are called—and we do not mean to say that they are improperly named—in whatever quarter of the world they are found, do not, in our opinion, help the question, indeed they have embarrassed it. Now there is evidence of the existence of the domesticated dog from the earliest times, and we see no sound reason for concluding that these wild races, some of which are well known to our Indian friends, and one of which has been named somewhat boldly, *canis primævus*, do not owe their origin to dogs which have been once under the subjection of man, partially at least, and have from circumstances taken to roving habits and a natural state like the wild horses of America.

In pursuing this inquiry, it becomes of importance to ascertain in which of the supposed stocks we can trace the seeds of that affection for man,—yes, *affection* is the word,—that so highly distinguishes the dog. The jackal is altogether unamiable, and we know from the experiments of John Hunter, that though it will breed with the dog, the period of gestation is fifty-nine days. If the fox is looked to—we say nothing of an appeal to another of the senses—there does not appear any very inviting symptom to encourage us to make a fireside companion of *him*,

" Who ne'er so tame, so cherish'd and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors."

Now, your wolf, truculent though he be, is capable of a most cordial attachment to man. We have seen one follow his master about with all the manners of a faithful dog, and doing his bidding as obediently. In the instance recorded by M. F. Cuvier, the wolf was brought up and treated like a young dog: he became familiar with every body whom he saw frequently, but he distinguished his master, was restless in his ab-

sence, and happy in his presence, acting almost precisely as a favourite dog would act. But his master was under the necessity of being absent for a time, and the unfortunate wolf was presented to the *Ménagerie du Roi*—where he was incarcerated in a den—he who had “affections, passions.” Most disconsolate of wolves was he, poor fellow! he pined—he refused his food—but the persevering kindness of his keepers had its effect upon his broken spirit, he became fond of them, and every body thought that his ancient attachment was obliterated. Eighteen long months had elapsed since his imprisonment, when his old master came to see him. The first word uttered by the man, who was mingled in the crowd, had a magical effect. The poor wolf instantly recognised him with the most joyous demonstrations, and being set at liberty fawned upon his old friend and caressed him in the most affecting manner. We wish we could end the story here; but our wolf was again shut up, and another separation brought with it sadness and sorrow. A dog was given to him as a companion, three years had elapsed since he last lost sight of the object of his early adoration, time had done much to sooth him, and his chum and he lived happily together—when the old master came again.

The “once familiar word” was uttered—the impatient cries of the faithful creature, and his eagerness to get to his master, went to the hearts of all, and when he was let out of his cage, and rushed to him, and with his feet on his shoulders, licked his face, redoubling his cries of joy, because he who had been lost was found, the eyes of bearded men, who stood by, were moistened. His keepers, to whom a moment before he had been all fondness, now endeavoured to remove him; but all the wolf was then aroused within him, and he turned upon them with furious menaces. Again the time came when the feelings of this unhappy animal were to be sharply tried. A third separation was effected. The gloom and sullenness of the wolf were of a more deep complexion, and his refusal of food more stubborn, so that his life appeared to be in danger. His health, indeed, if health it could be called, slowly returned, but he was morose and misanthropic, and though the fond wretch endured the caresses of his keepers, he became savage and dangerous to all others who approached him. Here was a noble temper ruined.

Nor are these the only instances of the disposition which is latent in these animals. The she-wolf mentioned by Mr. Bell, in his delightful “*History of British Quadrupeds*,” would come to the front bars of her prison in the garden of the Zoological Society in the Regent’s Park, to be noticed; and when she had pups, she would bring them forward in her mouth to be fondled; indeed, she was so pertinacious in her endeavours to introduce them into society, that she killed all her little ones, one after the other, by rubbing them against the bars, that they might be within reach of the caressing hand of man. It was as if the poor creature had said, “Do take me and mine out of this place and make pets of us.”

When, therefore, we find this strong disposition for associating with man, we are no longer startled at the views of those who regard the domestic dog, with all its varieties, as the descendant of the wolf. Let us look a little further into this point. As far as the skeleton is concerned, generally, there is hardly any difference, or very little, between the wolf and the dog, while the skull is almost exactly similar. The days

of gestation in the bitch are sixty-three; precisely the same period is allotted to the wolf. The young of the domestic dog are born blind, as every body knows; those of the wolf come into the world in the same condition; and both first see the light at the same time, their eyes being opened on the tenth or twelfth day. In the wolf, as well as in the dog, the duration of life averages from fifteen to twenty years. It is true that the jackal, as well as the wolf, will breed with the dog; but we have no authority to prove that the offspring of the latter and the jackal is fertile, as that of the dog and wolf is. We do not think much of the principal difference between the two animals last mentioned, namely, the comparative obliquity in the position of the eyes of the wolf: domestication for a long series of years may have given a forward direction to those organs in the faithful follower of man. Then, if we look at the Dhole of India, the Dingo of Australia, and other wild or half-reclaimed races, we find the uniformity of colour, the tail, and somewhat of the general aspect of the wolf; indeed, one of the earliest English names for the Dingo was, *the New South Wales wolf*. It is also worthy of remark, that the wild dogs, and even those of the Esquimaux and Mackenzie River breeds, do not appear to bark, though, like the wolf, they may "howl the moon." The Dingo sent over to Mr. Nepean, by Governor Phillip, and kept at Hatfield House by the Marchioness of Salisbury, neither barked nor growled. Ashkelli, a male Esquimaux dog, brought from the Polar Sea, by Mr. Richards, in Captain Parry's first voyage, though domesticated and good-humoured, seldom barked, according to Mr. Children, but, if displeased, uttered "a low wolfish growl." Mr. Bennett, in his account of the Mackenzie River, or Hare Indian dogs, presented to the Zoological Society by Captain Sir John Franklin, and Dr. Richardson, says, "In their native country they are never known to bark, and this peculiarity is still retained by the elder dogs; but the younger one, which was born in this country, has learned to imitate the language of his fellows." Now these dogs were particularly good-tempered and familiar with those who noticed them. Upon the whole evidence, we incline to the opinion of those who would derive the domestic dogs from the wolf; and though the former will hunt the latter, it should be remembered that dogs, with a very little encouragement, will also hunt one of their own undoubted race.

But from whatever source the dog be derived, he is one of the most sensible of four-footed animals. Gifted with a most retentive memory, he applies his power of observation to the regulation of his conduct so skilfully, that the result has very much the appearance of reasoning; if, indeed, it may not, without violence, be considered as the exercise of that faculty. His intellect, when well developed, is of no common order, and its constant activity is exhibited when, like the Fury in *Æschylus*, he

"Opens in his sleep, on th' eager chase
E'en then intent."

Our patrons will, we hope, pardon us if we inflict on them a story or two in proof of our assertion.

We remember to have been once particularly struck with the behaviour of a dog that had lost his master. This, to us, is always a distressing sight, and enough, in our humble opinion, to have made

Democritus himself look grave: but in the instance alluded to, there was food for reflection.

We were walking down a hilly field, whose path terminated at a stile which opened upon a road running due east and west. This road was cut at right angles by another road running northward. A dog passed us with his nose close to the ground, keeping the downward path till he arrived at the stile, through which he squeezed himself, and, with his nose still down, he first hunted busily along the eastern branch, and then along the western. He now retraced his steps, and when he came nearly opposite to the northern road, he lifted his head, looked about him for a moment or two, and then set off along that road as fast as he could go, without again putting his nose to the ground, as who should think to himself—"he is not gone that way, nor is he gone *that* way, therefore he must have gone *this* way"—an operation of the mind very like a syllogism.

Then there is the well-authenticated story of the dog that was left, in December, 1784, by a smuggling vessel, near Boomer, on the coast of Northumberland; and we shall let Bewick, who records the fact, tell his own tale.

"Finding himself deserted," continues Bewick, speaking of the abandoned dog, "he began to worry sheep, and did so much damage, that he became the terror of the country within a circuit of twenty miles. We are assured that when he caught a sheep, he bit a hole in its right side, and, after eating the tallow about the kidneys, left it: several of them thus lacerated, were found alive by the shepherds, and, being taken proper care of, some of them recovered, and afterwards had lambs. From his delicacy in this respect, the destruction he made may in some measure be conceived; as it may be supposed that the fat of one sheep in a day would not satisfy his hunger. The farmers were so much alarmed by his depredations, that various means were used for his destruction. They frequently pursued him with hounds, greyhounds, &c.; but when the dogs came up with him, he laid down on his back, as if supplicating for mercy; and in this position they never hurt him; he therefore laid quietly, taking his rest till the hunters approached, when he made off without being followed by the hounds, till they were again excited to the pursuit, which always terminated unsuccessfully. It is worthy of notice, that he was one day pursued from Howick to upwards of thirty miles distance, but returned thither and killed sheep the same evening. His constant residence during the day, was upon a rock on the Heugh-hill, near Howick, *where he had a view of four roads that approached it*; and in March, 1785, after many fruitless attempts, he was at last shot there."

Now, to say nothing of the *ruse* whereby he regularly saved himself from his pursuers, this was very like communing with himself, and, as a result, taking up the best possible position for his security under existing circumstances, a position which enabled him to baffle his enemies for upwards of a year:—what is this if it be not reason?

One more illustration of this part of our subject. In the West of England, not far from Bath, there lived, towards the close of the last century, a worthy clergyman, who was as benevolent as he was learned. There were turnspits in those days—a most intelligent set they were, and Toby, who was an especial favourite, was a

model of the breed, with legs worthy of the *Gow Chrom* himself, upon which he waddled after his master every where, sometimes not a little to his annoyance; but Toby was a worthy, and he could not find it in his heart to snub him. Things, however, came at last to such a pass, that Toby contrived somehow or other to find his way to the reading-desk on a Sunday, and when the door was opened, he would whip in, well knowing that his reverend patron was too kind and too decorous to whip him out. Now, though it has been said, that

“He’s a good dog that goes to church,”

the exemplary Dr. B. who thought he had traced a smile upon the countenance of some of his parishioners on these occasions, felt the impropriety of the proceeding: so Toby was locked up in the stable on Sunday morning; all to no purpose, however, for he scrambled through the shut window, glass, lead and all, and trotted up the aisle after his annoyed master as usual. Matters were now getting serious; so as soon as he had on the Saturday caused the beef to revolve to a turn which was to be served cold for the Sunday dinner—for the good man chose that all around him should find the sabbath a day of rest—Toby was taken out of the wheel, and his dinner was given to him; but instead of being allowed to go at large to take his evening walk after it, Molly, to make sure of him, took him up by the neck, and putting him into the wood-hole where window there was none, drew the bolt, and left him therein. Toby revenged himself by “drying up the souls” of the whole family with his inordinate expostulatory yells during the whole of the remnant of Saturday and the greater part of Sunday. However, there was no Toby dogging the heels of the surpliced minister, and it was concluded that the sufferings that the doggie and the family had undergone, would have their effect. Well, the week wore on, Toby as amiable and as useful as ever, without a particle of sullenness about him—into the wheel went he right cheerfully, and made it turn more merrily than ever; in short, parlour, kitchen, and all were loud in his praise. However, as it drew towards twelve o’clock on the Saturday, Toby was missed. Poor Molly, the cook, was at her wit’s end.

“Where’s that vexatious turnspit gone?”

was the question, and nobody could answer it. The boy who cleaned the knives was despatched to a distant barn where Toby was occasionally wont to recreate himself after his culinary labours, by hunting rats. No—no Toby. The sturdy thrashers, with whom he used sometimes to go home under the idea, as it was supposed, that they were the lords of the rat-preserve in the barn, and who being fond of Toby in common with the whole village, used occasionally to give him

“A bit of their supper, a bit of their bed,”

knew nothing of him. Great was the consternation at the Rectory. Hints were thrown out, that “The Tramps” in the green lane had secreted him with the worst intentions, for he was plump and sleek, but their camp was searched in vain. The worthy family retired for the night, all mourning for Toby: and we believe there is no doubt that when the reverend master of the house came down on Sunday morning

his first question was, "Any tidings of Toby?"—A melancholy "No, sir," was the answer. After an early breakfast, the village schools were heard—their rewards distributed, not without inquiries for Toby—and when church-time came, it is said that the rector, who walked the short distance in full canonicals, looked over his shoulder more than once. He passed through the respectful country-people collected in the little green grave-yard, who looked up to him as their pastor and friend, he entered the low-roofed old Norman porch overhung with ivy, he walked up the aisle, the well-filled pews on either side bearing testimony that his sober-minded flock hungered not for the excitement of fanaticism, he entered the reading-desk, and as he was adjusting his has-sock, caught the eye of Toby twinkling at him out of the darkest corner. Need we say more, than that after this, Toby was permitted to go to church, with the unanimous approbation of the parish, as long as he lived. Now if this was not *calculation* on the part of Toby, we know not what else to term it, and we could refer our readers to well-authenticated stories *in print*—as our dear old nurse used to say when she was determined to silence all incredulity—that go as far, and even farther, to show that these animals can calculate intervals of time.

It is this intellectuality, joined with their individuality—for no two dogs are alike—that makes them such admirable subjects for the gifted hand of Edwin Landseer. It is said that dogs have been taught to utter, after a fashion, one or two simple words, not exceeding two syllables; however this may be, no one, we apprehend, who has seen *The Two Dogs* can doubt that they converse. When we "look around the walls," as the patronising orators say at the annual festival in Trafalgar-square, and catch the Promethean fire infused into the portrait of *A Respectable Member of the Humane Society* and others, his fellows, we suspect that a few of the gentlemen—ay, and ladies too—who have paid for having their faces mapped and hung on those same "walls," sigh occasionally as their eyes rest on the beautifully characterized doggies, and feel an irresistible preference for the Cynic school. The Mahommedans were forbidden to represent either man or other animals; and the prohibition, if we mistake not, arose from a tradition that those who are hardy enough to make the attempt will be called upon, hereafter, to put a soul into every one of their representations—or else—: if there be any foundation for this creed what an awful future awaits some of our exhibitors.

Another consequence of the intellect manifest in our friends, the dogs, and the almost human affections that belong to them, is, that superstition has conferred upon them a sort of immortality. To say nothing of "Cerberus," of the poor Indian's "equal sky," or the "Tomalins," and other black-dog familiars of the ages of witchcraft, we have the Mauthe Doog of the Manksman, the Fiend Hünd of Faust, and the Hell-hound of Britain. As the dog was supposed to be gifted with the power of seeing spirits when they were invisible to man, it is no wonder that we have spectre-hounds, or that our ghostly enemy himself should have been supposed in those dark and disgraceful times to which we have alluded, to have condescended to put on the shape of the most sagacious of four-footed beings, one that the ancient Egyptians worshipped as a god.

The variety of form and colour in the races of dogs is infinite. Con-

trast the mastiff with the spaniel—place the St. Bernard dog—the great Thibet watch-dog—that of Spain, or the gallant Scotch deer-hound, by the side of our rector's Toby, or one of that curious family of French—not Dutch—pugs, and it seems almost incredible that they should be all of one species. Yet the most acute observers have failed, and, in our opinion, always will fail, to seize on any character which shall be found to warrant specific distinction.

We have heard the little French dogs, above mentioned, libelled as being useless; but they have very winning ways, and gain upon you, till they almost become little friends. The great luxury of their life seems to consist in being nursed in the lap,—that of a lady for choice, —and for this they will sit up, and beg as pertinaciously, as other dogs will for food. The hound has been sung in every language since Cadmus taught his dragon-lads the alphabet. The bloodhound, and the greyhound, have been immortalized by our best poets, ancient and modern; a Newfoundland dog was the friend of Byron, and Scott had his Maida. There is hardly a great dog, from that of Ulysses downwards, that has not had his eulogist; but these little dogs are a despised generation, and though they may suffer by our pen, we venture a word or two, by way of introducing them to our readers, the more especially as none of them appear to have sat to Edwin. If they had, we would gladly have left their character in his hands. Very fine neat limbs, very high foreheads, prominent expressive eyes, long ears, which they erect, so as to look a little like Fennecs, a tight-curved tail, and a very close fine coat, are their characteristics: the true-bred and handsome ones show a great deal of blood. They are most intelligent and affectionate, and understand in a very short time whether the conversation relates to them, though not addressed to them, nor carried on in an altered tone—as indeed is the case with most sensible dogs.

It was amusing to see three of these little dogs in company with Randy, a beautiful beagle, especially when a splendid fellow of a French pointer was occasionally admitted into the party. The well-educated pointer, who could do every thing but talk as they say, was ordered into a chair, where he sat with a most becoming gravity, and there, wrapped in a cloak, and with his foraging cap, jauntily cocked over one eye, and a roll of paper in his mouth for a cigar, he looked much more manly than the whey-faced bipeds who pollute our streets and add their mouthful of foul smoke to “the fog and filthy air,” of this reeking town. When the little lapless dogs on the carpet saw this, they would surround his chair, hoping, apparently, that among his other accomplishments, he had learned the all-soothing art of nursing. Randy generally took this opportunity of securing the best place on the rug, where he lay stretched out on his side, before the fire. The suppliants finding that the Frenchman in the chair made no sign, and that they could produce no impression on the flinty hearts of the rest of the company, to each of whom, in succession they had sat up, adjourned one after the other, and after sitting up for a moment to the recumbent Randy, sat down upon him, looking, as a friend once said, like a coroner's jury sitting on the body; and indeed, Randy, who was good-tempered and used to the operation, lay as still as if he had been no longer of this world. They seemed to have the greatest objection to resting on the floor, richly Turkey-carpeted though it was. When they

were thus seated looking at the fire, with their backs to the company, the words, "Well, you may come," uttered without any particular emphasis, would bring them all in a moment bounding into the laps of the speakers. At night they were always on the look out for a friend who would take them to bed, otherwise the mat was their portion. At the well-known "*au lit, au lit*," they would rush from the snuggest of laps, and gambol before you to your bedroom. As soon as they entered it and were told, "you may go into bed," they would creep in between the sheets at the top, and work their way down to the bottom, where they would lie all night at your feet, without moving, unless a particularly favoured Lilliputian was permitted to come up and lay its head on the pillow or your arm.

That these faithful creatures should be subject to the most frightful and fatal of diseases—a disease which they too frequently communicate in their madness to their beloved master or mistress, is one of those inscrutable dispensations that sets all our philosophy at nought.

The chamber of a human being, writhing under hydrophobia, is a scene never to be forgotten by those who have had the misfortune to witness it. There lies the wretched victim under a certain sentence of death—death the most dreadful! His unsteady glistening eye wanders over the anxious faces that surround him—the presence of any liquid—the noise of pouring it out—a polished surface—or any thing that suggests the idea of it—even the sudden admission of a cold stream of air, bring on the most agonizing paroxysms of spasm in the throat. Oh! to see him strong in resolution, determined to make the rebel muscles obedient—to see and hear him

"Struggle with the rising fits,"

and sit up and say that he *will* take his medicine. And there he is apparently calm—the attendant approaches with the cup—he receives it—you almost think, so much does he seem to have his nerves under command, that he will drain it. He lifts it to his parched lips, his haggard eye rolls, the rising spasms overpower him—"I can't," he faintly utters, and falls back in an agony, absolutely barking in his efforts to relieve the air-cells, and

"Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart."

We dare not go on: it is too horrible!

But we may point out, especially as there is a good deal of misunderstanding upon the subject, the usual symptoms that denote the rabid dog; for it frequently happens that a dog is destroyed as mad, when he has no disease of the kind about him; whilst, on the other hand, the rabid animal is often suffered to live and deal destruction around. It is an error to suppose that a mad dog always shows aversion to water, as the name of the disease implies; he will, on the contrary, sometimes lap it—nay, swim across a river without manifesting any of the horror that marks the disease in man. The most sure symptom is a complete alteration of temper from the mild and the familiar to the sullen and the snarling; he snaps at all objects animate and inanimate, and gnaws them. Even in this state his behaviour often continues unaltered to his master or mistress; and hence the cases which have arisen from having been licked by the tongue of such a dog, on

some part of the face or hands where the skin had been broken. Though he goes wildly about, apparently without an object, foaming at the mouth generally, and snapping as he proceeds, he rarely gallops, but mostly keeps to a sullen trot with his tail down. The best representation of this mad gait that we have seen, is in "*Bewick's Quadrupeds*," where the vignette at p. 330, of the edition of 1820, gives a very correct idea of the rabid animal in its progress.

What produces the cruel disease in the dog, is a mystery: it can hardly be hardship or ill-treatment, for it frequently happens to pets

"Bred with all the care
That waits upon a fav'rite heir."

Just see what Sonnini says of the dogs at Rosetta, where, though "repelled by man, to whose personal use nature seems to have destined them, they are, nevertheless, incapable of deserting him." In modern Egypt the dog is considered an unclean beast, not to be touched without subsequent purification, and, therefore, carefully shunned by the Mahommedans. "There are few cities in the world," writes Sonnini, "which contain so many dogs as those of Egypt; or at least, there is no one which has the appearance of containing more, because they are there constantly assembled in the streets, their only habitation. There they have no other supplies of food but what they can pick up at the doors of houses, or scramble for by raking into filth and garbage. The females drop their young at the corner of some retired and unfrequented street; for a disciple of Mahomet would not permit them to approach his habitation. Continually exposed to the cruel treatment of the populace; massacred sometimes without mercy by an armed mob; subjected to all the inclemency of the elements; hardly finding the means of supporting a wretched existence; meager; irritated to madness; frequently eaten up by a mange which degenerates into a species of leprosy; hideous even from the forlornness of their condition; those miserable animals inspire as much compassion, as they excite contempt and indignation against the barbarians among whom they live. It is undoubtedly astonishing that amidst a life of misery and suffering, many of those dogs should not be subject to attacks of the hydrophobia. But this malady, rare in the northern parts of Turkey, is still more so in the southern provinces of that empire, and is totally unknown under the burning sky of Egypt. I never saw a single instance of it; and the natives whom I consulted on the subject, had not so much as an idea of the disease."

We willingly drop this distressing part of our subject; but we must not conceal that though hydrophobia generally makes its appearance in man between the thirtieth and fortieth days after the communication of the virus, fatal cases that have occurred after a lapse of eighteen months are on record; and there is not wanting high authority for the assertion that a person cannot be considered perfectly safe till two years at least have passed, reckoning from the time when the injury was received.

Thus much of dogs in general. To those of our readers, to whom this paper has not been even as the Dog of the Seven Sleepers was to the slumbering Ephesian youths in their cavern, we venture to observe that we may, if tolerated, hereafter say something of the several canine races in particular.

"APPLEBY'S THE MAN!"

"Devant toi, O Nature, vaste et éternelle! devant toi je jure que jamais, non, jamais a-t-il pensé de lui-même petite bière."—*Query, J. J. ROUSSEAU?*

Thus, tersely, though not poetically, rendered by the English translator:—"He never thought small beer of himself."

IN Drury-lane Theatre there was, during many years, a man, a Character, whose name was Appleby. He was messenger to the establishment, and, besides, did a variety of little odd jobs for the performers. To describe his person would be to do an unkindness to his memory: "*De mortuis*—;" and little Appleby has long been sleeping in his little grave. Yet let us endeavour, in a delicate way, to convey to you some notion of what manner of man he was; and this may be done least offensively by negatives. He was not qualified, then, for the adequate representation of Coriolanus—his stature and deportment were against it; nor for that of Lothario—his face was not in its favour; nor for Romeo—his voice did *not* sound "silver sweet by night"—nor, indeed, by day either; nor could he have succeeded as Harlequin, for (not his eyebrows, but) his shins being finely arched, they would have endangered his personal comfort as often as he had to risk them in a leap through a brick wall or a dripping-pan. But his voice having been, what a late noble orator might have called, his most remarkable "feature," it is necessary to say further of it, that it possessed considerable charms for those who delight in a compound of a snuffle and a lisp.

At the time when Appleby flourished, there flourished also in the same theatre with him, many persons of high distinction: amongst those were Sheridan, the finest comic dramatist that has existed since Congreve and Farquhar; John Kemble, a tragedian as yet unapproached, if not unapproachable;* and two others to whom the same remarks will apply—Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Jordan. Now, as Appleby frankly and honestly admitted the importance of those persons to the establishment to which they and he were attached, so was he unscrupulous in asserting his own: and for so long a period had he filled his situation, that, at last, he considered himself an integral part of

* This may truly be said, and said without offence to any one of Kemble's successors. To be less than he may still be to be great: we do not look down upon the Jungfrau as a mole-hill, because Mont Blanc has been celebrated as the "Monarch of Mountains." But, within these three or four years, it has become a practice with certain "profound," "widely-grasping," "soul-analyzing" critclings to prattle of the performances of that splendid actor; to compare others with him; to draw the comparison always to his disadvantage, and generally to dismiss him with a sneer. It is our intention, at no distant time, to amuse ourselves with the easy task—for easy it is to pierce holes in cobwebs, or tear tinder to tatters—the easy task of picking to pieces the opinions of those most competent judges, so far at least as the bombast and fustian in which their opinions are enveloped, will allow us to understand them. And we think we shall amuse our readers also, when we show that of those "learned Thebans," who write so glibly about him, *some never saw him*, whilst others at the period of his retirement from the stage (1817), were strutting about in the conscious dignity of a first appearance in inexpressibles. Oh, for one moment of glorious John! just to see him turn upon the parroted crew—(we use the word advisedly)—and witness his look and tone of withering contempt as he would say to them—"You common cry of curs!"

the theatre which could no more exist, and he not in it, than a watch perform its functions if one of its wheels were removed. Having said thus much, it will at once be perceived, that of Appleby's mind, the grand characteristic was vanity—not a small, sneaking, timid vanity, which is contemptible; but a vanity bold, boundless, and indomitable, compelling admiration. It was not of his person he was vain—his great soul was above such weakness—but of his abilities. He fancied not only that he could do every thing, but also that he could do every thing better than any body else. This he always thought, and never hesitated to say. Now, as occasions for the declaration of this opinion of himself were constantly occurring, a long phrase for the purpose would have been inconvenient: it would have caused a ruinous waste of time: he compressed his sentiment, therefore, into one short, compact, and most expressive sentence, consisting of only three words:—"Appleby's the Man!"

But in addition to his settled notion that whatever he did was right and best, he would have it believed also that he could do no wrong. He never would admit that he had made a mistake, or had lapsed into negligence. To err might be human, but error was a frailty from which little Appleby always contended that little Appleby was exempt.

But mere description is insufficient to do justice to his character: we must exhibit him in action, and make him speak for himself.

One day, just at the termination of a rehearsal, Wroughton, the stage-manager, received a message from Mrs. Siddons. She informed him that she was suddenly taken ill, and that, unless she should recover within a few hours, it would be impossible for her to act that evening. She requested, therefore, that, in case of the worst, he would be prepared for some change in the performances; but assured him that she would exert herself to the utmost to render any such change unnecessary.

What was to be done? It was too late to change the play (which was *Macbeth*) altogether: the manager's only resource, therefore, was to be prepared with a substitute for Mrs. Siddons. He wrote a note to Mrs. Powell, acquainting her with the circumstance, and requesting her attendance at the theatre that evening, in case her services should be required.

Appleby, the messenger, was sent for; and, in order to guard against any mistake, the manager was precise in his directions to him.

"Appleby," said Mr. Wroughton, "here is a note to Mrs. Powell; it is of great importance; you must not lose a moment in the delivery of it. And now, observe: if you do not find her at home, you must follow her to wherever she may be, and put the note into her own hands."

"That'll do, sir—note of importance—enough said, sir—Appleby's the man." Appleby's compound of snuffle and lisp, which defies the printer, the reader must supply—if he can.

"Then go; and lose no time."

"Lose time, sir? Beggin' *your* pardon, sir, Appleby never loses time, sir. I tell you what, Mr. Wroughton; there are some people in this theatre—and some of what I call the big wheels in the machine, too,—who do lose time; but beggin' *your* pardon, sir, for never losing time Appleby's the man."

"Now, sir," said the manager, sharply, "unless you go instantly with that note, I shall send somebody else with it."

"Beggin' *your* pardon, sir, there is nobody in this theatre can take this note but little Appleby. 'Tisn't a common note, sir—any body can take a common note, sir—but you told me very distinctly that—now beggin' *your* pardon, sir, for not allowing myself to be interrupted, you *did* tell me very distinctly that this is a note of great importance; and for delivering a note of great importance Appleby's the man."

"Then go at once, and make no mistake."

"Now beggin' *your* pardon, sir, I never made a mistake in my life; and, I tell you what, Mr. Wroughton, I'm the only man in the world that can say as much—at least in Drury-lane Theatre, and this Theatre is what I call the world in mini'tur', so that it's the same thing. Could make a mistake as well as any body else, if I tried, I dare say; but beggin' *your* pardon, sir, for never making a mistake Appleby's the man."

Appleby quitted the presence; and Mr. Wroughton drew up, and despatched to the printer, a notice which, in case of need, was to be posted at the doors of the theatre, prior to their opening. In the days of the Kembles, and Siddonses, and Jordans, ladies and gentlemen did not presume to "condescend" to do that which it was their duty to their employers and the public to do, even though that duty might involve the performance of a second-rate part of Shakespeare's;* so the notice ran simply thus:

"Owing to the sudden indisposition of MRS. SIDDONS, the indulgence of the public is entreated for MRS. POWELL, who has undertaken the part of *Lady Macbeth*, at a very short notice."

At the period in question, the entertainments commenced at half-past six, and the doors were opened at half-past five. Long, long before that time, however, the various entrances were besieged by crowds who were anxiously waiting to witness the sublime performance of Kemble and his sister. Mr. Wroughton had taken a hasty dinner, and at five o'clock was again at the theatre. His first question to the stage-door-keeper was, "Is Mrs. Siddons here?" To this the reply was in the negative.

"Then is Mrs. Powell come, or has she sent any message?" inquired the manager.

To this double-shotted question, the reply was as before.

"Then send Appleby to me instantly," said he; and he proceeded to his room.

But Appleby was nowhere to be found. It was ascertained that he had left the theatre, when ordered, with the letter to Mrs. Powell, but he had not since been seen. Now Appleby was the Magnus Apollo of a small circle who frequented a public-house near the stage-door (which was then in Drury-lane); he was the dictator, the unquestioned and unquestionable authority in all matters theatrical. The most profound secrets of the manager's room, stories of the most private

* In the bills of the Theatre Royal — (the play being Hamlet), it positively stands recorded of a second-rate actor of the present day, that—"upon which occasion, and for that night only, Mr. — will kindly condescend to perform the part of the Ghost."

doings of the principal performers, the last night's receipts to a fraction, the plot of the forthcoming, or even of the yet unfinished play, would all be communicated by Appleby to his auditors; and as he enjoyed their implicit reliance upon the correctness of any thing he told them, however improbable or absurd it might be, so did they, when disseminating the information they had received from him, command the belief of *their* hearers by the unanswerable—"I had it from Appleby!" In that scene of his glory was Appleby sought for, but in vain: wonderful to tell, he had not been there that day! The time for the opening was drawing near: it was necessary that something should instantly be determined upon. Mr. Wroughton himself went to Mrs. Powell's house, which was in the immediate neighbourhood of the theatre. He was informed by one of her servants that she believed her mistress had not received any note from him, for that only half an hour ago she had set off to visit a sick friend at Hampstead. All hope of her assistance, therefore, was at an end, so that he could not issue the notice he had had prepared. What should he do? He was mightily perplexed; so he did what many people, who are quite as wise as he was, do when they find themselves in a scrape—he resolved to trust to the chapter of accidents for getting out of it. Nevertheless, that nothing might be wanting on his part, he went to Mrs. Siddons: he made her acquainted with the difficult position in which the theatre was placed; and that lady, though scarcely capable of the exertion of acting, yet undertook to play that night. The evening's performances consisted of nothing more than the tragedy of *Macbeth*, with Kemble and Siddons in its leading parts, and the farce of "*High Life below Stairs*;" yet was the house as crowded as if the classic stage of Drury had presented a cage of wild beasts for the play, and Jim Crow, the elegant and the edifying, for the after-piece.

Before the conclusion of the play, Mrs. Powell came into the green-room: she confirmed the statement made by her servant, that she had not received Mr. Wroughton's note, and added that Appleby had not been at her house at all on that day. Shortly afterwards it was announced that Appleby had at length made his appearance. The culprit, who exhibited symptoms of having been indulging in potations of a stronger kind than water, was forthwith summoned into the manager's room.

The manager, assuming his severest look and sternest tone, thus began:—"Now, sir; what is the reason that—"

"Now, beggin' *your* pardon, sir, that isn't the point: there's four hundred and eighty-six pound in the house, at first account, this blessed night, and who have you to thank for it? I tell you, sir, Appleby's the man."

"None of your foolery, sirrah, but tell me, why—"

"Beggin' *your* pardon, sir; I don't mean to say that Mrs. Siddons is to go for nothing—in all machines there are wheels—big wheels and little wheels—wheels within wheels, as I say. Sometimes the big wheel does the work, sometimes the little wheel. Mrs. Siddons is a wheel, a big wheel—Mr. Kemble is a big wheel—but Appleby also is a wheel, and—now, please, beggin' *your* pardon, sir, don't interrupt me—I say Appleby's a wheel, though he is but a little wheel. Now, to-night the little wheel has done it. Four hundred and eighty-six pound, first ac-

count—Appleby's the man." And Appleby, with an air of importance, drew himself up to his utmost height.

Wroughton, angry as he really was, could scarcely suppress a laugh ; and aware of the man's weakness, and perhaps amused by this exhibition of it, he allowed him to make out his case in his own way.

" Appleby, I gave you a note for Mrs. Powell : the fact is you lost it."

" Oh !—now, I understand you, sir. You accuse me of losing the note. Beggin' *your* pardon, sir, I never lost a note in all my life." Here, with an air of triumph, he drew the note from his pocket, and threw it down upon the table. " Now, Mr. Wroughton, I hope you'll confess your *un*-justice. You accuse me of losing the note, and there it is. No, no, sir ; you may think what you please, but beggin' *your* pardon, rely upon what I tell you—little Appleby's the man."

" Why, this is making the matter worse and worse. Instead of obeying my orders, you have been passing the whole of the afternoon in some public-house."

" *In* course I have, sir," replied Appleby, in a manner the most unconcerned. " *In* course ; and where's the harm of it, when I had nothing else to do ?"

" What ! when I positively ordered you to deliver that note into Mrs. Powell's own hands !"

" *In* course you did : you're a perfect gentleman, Mr. Wroughton, and I don't mean to contradict you : but, beggin' *your* pardon, sir, there was no need to employ an *Appleby* for such a thing as *that*."

" What do you mean, sirrah ?"

" I'll tell you what I mean, sir. Any man in this theatre can deliver a note when he is ordered to do so : any *common* messenger can do that : but for knowing when to *deliver* a note, and when *not* to deliver a note, beggin' *your* pardon, sir, Appleby's the man. Now—now—please, sir, don't interrupt me. Setting the case I had done as you ordered me, what would have been the consequence ? First place, Mrs. Powell would have got the note ; second place, she'd have come to the theatre ; third place, you would have put up at all the doors, a notice of the change ; fourth place, more than eight-eighths of the people would have gone away—taken their money to the Garden, perhaps ;* fifth place, you'd have had seventy pound in the house. Now, sir, owing to my not delivering that note, there's four-eighty-six, first account, and who have you to thank for it ? Beggin' *your* pardon, sir, Appleby's the man."

And having satisfied himself, not only that he had done no wrong, but that, on the contrary, he had rendered a considerable service to the theatre, he, without waiting for another word from the manager, strutted out of the room,

There was in the theatre a bricklayer, who was constantly retained for the purpose of giving his professional assistance upon any sudden

* Meaning thereby Covent-garden Theatre. " You have a bad house to-night," said some one to S——, who was for many years the box-book keeper at Drury-lane Theatre. " Sorry to say, sir, very bad, sir," was that most civil functionary's reply. And with upturned eyes, a pious look, and a hand upon his heart, he added, " But Providence is very kind to us, sir, notwithstanding, sir : thank God it is a great deal worse at the Garden, sir."

emergency ; but as those occasions were not of daily occurrence he did duty also as a relief to the stage-door keeper. This man was a tall, athletic Irishman, named Billy Brown. It had happened that Brown being employed upon some necessary repairs, Appleby had (to use Brown's words) "dropt an insult upon him which he would never forgive." What was the nature of that insult we have not been able to learn : it seems to have been entirely between the parties, for it never was brought to light. The offence, however, must have been heavy ; for, the first time after its perpetration that the parties met (which was in the hall of the theatre), Brown caught Appleby up in his arms *and actually threw him behind the fire*. From this perilous situation he was instantly released by persons who were present, and all he suffered was some damage to his clothes. But Brown never forgave the insult nor Appleby the injury ; and when they met, as sometimes they could not avoid doing, they always passed each other in silence and with a sullen scowl.

On the morning after Appleby's interview with the manager, Brown was in attendance at the stage-door. Appleby came as usual. Greatly to his astonishment he was saluted with, "Good morning to you, *Misthur* Appleby." But the value of the salute was considerably diminished in Appleby's estimation by the sneering tone in which it was uttered. Appleby made no reply, but was passing on, when his progress was prevented by Brown's placing his huge arm across the doorway.

"None of your nonsense, beggin' *your* pardon, Mr. Brown : I'm Appleby !"

"Then you'll walk out of this, *Misthur* Appleby : you are discharged."

"Discharge Appleby ! pooh ! Let me know who'll dare discharge Appleby, and I'll soon let them know that Appleby's the man."

"Then you'll let *Misthur* Wroughton know it, *Misthur* Appleby, for it's by his orders ; so walk out of this, I tell you."

"I'll see Mr. Wroughton himself," said Appleby ; attempting to force a passage under Brown's guard.

"Then you'll see him in the *sthrate*, for out of this you must go—and quietly, if you *plase*." Brown uttered these words with a malignant grin, at the same time pointing significantly to the fire. The hint was sufficient ; the burnt child made no reply, but hastily shuffled out into the street.

Discharged ! *Appleby* discharged ! The doom of Drury was pronounced. The thing could not be ; it was an invention of his old enemy, Brown, for the purpose of annoying him. Such were the thoughts of Appleby as he paced up and down, outside the stage-door, in expectation of the arrival of Mr. Wroughton. At length that gentleman made his appearance.

"Beggin' *your* pardon, sir," said Appleby, taking off his hat, but standing erect and looking the manager full in the face ; "beggin' *your* pardon, sir, I have news that will astonish you : Appleby's discharged."

"Well, and what then ?" said Mr. Wroughton, in a tone of indifference.

"Beggin' *your* pardon, sir, I'm afraid you don't understand me : *I* say, 'Appleby's discharged,' and *you* say, 'What then?' *Appleby's* discharged, sir ; APPLEBY ! that's all."

"I have discharged you in consequence of your negligence yesterday. You will be paid the full week's wages, but you will not be wanted here again. You are discharged." Saying this, Mr. Wroughton entered the theatre, leaving Appleby utterly bewildered by this confirmation of his disgrace.

He staggered over to the other side of the way, and looked up at the building from which he was so unnaturally dissevered, as if he expected nothing less than that its fall must ensue.

"Can't go on," at length he muttered ; "can't go on, that's *very* certain ; a wheel out of the machine. Poor Drury ! I'm sorry for poor old Drury. Appleby *out* ? Can't be ! Mr. Wroughton's a wheel—a big wheel, I don't deny it ; but Mr. Sheridan's a bigger wheel. Now we'll see what Mr. Sheridan will say to this."

Appleby proceeded directly to the house of the "bigger wheel." Here he was informed that Mr. Sheridan was gone down to the House of Commons. Thither he followed him. He found him in one of the Committee-rooms. He scribbled something upon a piece of paper which was handed up to Sheridan, who, with evident alarm, read the words,—"*Don't be frightened, sir, but I have bad news for you.*"

Sheridan hurriedly led the way out of the room. "What in the name of Heaven is the matter," inquired he ; "is the theatre on fire, or what?"

"Not exactly that, sir, only, beggin' *your* pardon, the Concern can't go on."

"Oh, the old story, I suppose ; the performers have struck for arrears of salary?"

"No, sir ; but the thing will never enter your head, so I'll tell you : Appleby's discharged."

"Well, and is that all ? is that why you have dared to disturb me?"

"All ! !" exclaimed Appleby. "Beggin' *your* pardon, sir, allow me to ask you a question. Suppose I took a wheel out of your watch—a little wheel, we'll say—what would happen?"

"Why, booby, the watch would stop."

"That'll do, sir ; that's all I want ; for getting at once to the rights of things, Appleby's the man. Now, Mr. Sheridan, this is why the Concern can't go on : a little wheel is taken out of the machine : Appleby's discharged. *That's* all."

Sheridan, who knew and enjoyed the humour of the man, burst out laughing in spite of his vexation at this interruption. "Who has discharged you?" said he, "and why ? I suppose you have done something to deserve it."

"I'm discharged out of gratitude, sir. Four hundred and eighty-six pound in the house last night, at first account, letting alone the half-price, and who is to be thanked for it ? *You* know me of old, Mr. Sheridan ; so I needn't tell *you*—Appleby's the man."

Sheridan, having patiently listened to Appleby's story (which he told after his own fashion), desired him to meet him at the theatre in an hour, promising to intercede in his behalf with Mr. Wroughton.

Appleby, who now considered his reinstatement in office as a settled thing, loitered about the neighbourhood of the House of Commons till Mr. Sheridan came out, and unperceived by him he followed him to the theatre. He entered at the same moment with Sheridan.

"Oh, here you are, Appleby," said Sheridan, who had not till then observed him; "come along with me."

"Good morning to *you*, this time, Mr. Brown," said Appleby, as he strutted past his redoubtable foe.

The result of Sheridan's intercession was, as might have been expected, Appleby's restoration to his place:—a severe rebuke, and a fine of ten shillings for example's sake, being his only punishment. Appleby did not venture down to the hall until he had satisfied himself that all the persons who might be there, but chiefly Brown, were informed of his being again in power. He then made his appearance with a handful of letters for delivery. Of the fine and rebuke he said nothing; but, placing himself in the very centre of the hall, he folded his arms across his breast, and looking Brown steadily in the face, cried, "Discharge Appleby?" Then, striking his hat firmly down upon his head, he added, "Appleby's the man!"

But poor Appleby did not long live to enjoy his triumph. In his last moments, a friend was with him, who vainly entreated him to send for a clergyman.

"My good fellow," said the friend, "you wish to enter heaven?"

"In course," replied Appleby, faintly; "wheels—beggin' *your* par—big wheels—little—"

"Then if that be your wish," resumed the friend; "if you wish to enter heaven, how can you expect it, unless—"

"Leave that to me," said Appleby;—"Appleby's the man." And having uttered these, his last words, he turned his head upon his pillow, and expired.

Appleby is no more; but the race of those *qui ne pensent pas petite bierre d'eux-mêmes* is not extinct.

P.

TO A BEE.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

Most delicate of botanists, gay bee!
 Thus rifling honey-dews from every flower,
 That wafts its spicy odours o'er the bower,
 Hither thy gathered treasures bring to me;
 Teach me thy chymic skill, that every tree,
 And shrub, and plant, may try in vain the dower
 Of their bland juices and salubrious power
 Within their cups to hoard! Oh! then, like thee,
 Balsamic stores shall bless my pleasing toil,
 For not a bud that lurks in sylvan shade
 Shall hide from me its honey-breeding coil;
 And, when collected, to the peerless maid,
 Who rules my heart, I'll bear the luscious spoil,
 Love's offering at the feet of Beauty laid!

A SUMMER IN BAVARIA.—NO. III.*

BY THE HON. EDMUND PHIPPS.

*Bruckenaue—An English country-house—Royal host—A rural court—Anecdotes
A monarch's charity—Cheap barracks—Steel draughts—Sparkling champagne-
baths—Public pleasure-grounds—Cheap living—Gentleman landlord—Punish-
ment for duelling—Anecdote of Bavarian police—Close of the season—Broad
hints to quit—Bruckenaue band—Concord of sweet sounds—Further travels with
health as a companion.*

THERE are no post-horses kept between Kissingen and Bruckenaue, therefore the time taken on the road with the same horses, is five hours, and at the end of that period, after a drive between banks of wood, and over mountain-sides, we reached that most beautiful of baths, indeed the *beau idéal* of what a German spa should be.

We had been told, that as the whole establishment, lodging-houses, baths, hotels, &c., were the private property of the king, we should find our arrival there something like joining a large party assembled at a country-house in England. So indeed in some respects it was. Having by means of a friend, who preceded us there, secured our rooms (a very necessary precaution), and taken them from a day fixed, a fortnight beforehand, we naturally concluded that our right to them was good against all the world from that period. No such thing! On our arrival, rather late in the evening, we were shown into a wretched apartment and informed that we could not have those we had engaged till next day. When we remonstrated we were told that the Countess von something or other was to stay a day longer, and *that* was the reason. This sounded much more satisfactory to the countess than to us; however, it turned out afterwards that she did so by special desire of the king; and when we saw, next day, what pains he took to make their sojourn agreeable to all the visitors, and how completely he treated them as guests, we felt that we could no more complain, than if we had arrived at a country-house, and found that some agreeable persons, to whose apartments we were to succeed, had agreed to remain a day or two longer. I mention this little matter, as it gives a striking idea of the arrangements at these places.

The next day, the countess having taken her departure at early dawn, we were soon established in a very comfortable suite of apartments, looking on mountains, covered with wood, and far up a rich valley, laid out like an English park, with, on the right side, in the foreground, the magnificent Kursaal, lately finished by the king, a building approached by a noble portico, and with a grand colonnade, running all around it. The price of the rooms is a florin (1s. 8d.) a day for each room.

We were told that the king was only to stay one day more, and I felt anxious to get a sight of him as soon as possible, having heard many curious anecdotes about him. I was walking before breakfast in the broad walk, near our hotel, when I saw, coming down the steps which lead from the higher part of the hill, where the palace is situated, a tall man with a German cap on his head, a long surtout coat, and shepherd's plaid trousers; he was walking by himself, and talking

* Continued from No. ccxx., page 457.

very loud to some ladies (English ladies), from whom he had just parted. He waved his hand to them as he ran down the steps towards me, acknowledged my bow in passing, and walked into the grand promenade. This was the king, who kept walking up and down for some time. He appears nearer fifty than forty, has a dark complexion, short sandy mustaches, and a quick intelligent expression of countenance. When I met him I was proceeding to leave my card with his aide-de-camp, which I was told was the right thing to do.

Later in the same morning, and before the king had returned home, being seated on a bench a little removed from the great walk, we heard two people approaching us, talking very loud. To our great surprise, we distinguished our own names mentioned, and that our family history and connexions were the subjects of conversation. One of them, evidently an Englishman, was answering the questions, which were addressed to him from time to time, in broken English, by the other. When they emerged from the avenue which had concealed them from our view, we found it was the king and some English visiter. A little while after, a waiter came to say that the king's aide-de-camp had called with a message that his majesty would see me at a quarter to twelve. His aide-de-camp delivered the message personally a little later.

The palace in which his majesty resides, during the season, does not at all detract from the social character of all the arrangements here, as, though it is built on a commanding height, and enjoys a view, not only of all the immediate neighbourhood, but of the woody hills and blue mountains in the distance, yet in the interior arrangements it is not better, hardly so good, as our lodging-house. The kitchen is in the middle, just opposite the entrance. In the first apartment, I found several Germans awaiting their time for an audience. Very soon the aide-de-camp came in and summoned me first, bidding me go into the room opposite. There I found the king quite alone; and if I had been at all inclined to be dissatisfied with our rooms, I ought to have been reconciled on seeing that the king was not at all better lodged: the same sized apartment—the same uncarpeted floor, and want of all furniture, except two or three wooden chairs and a table. Notwithstanding all this, and the absence of all parade, and a slight impediment of speech, and singularity of manner, it was quite impossible to forget, during any part of the interview, that it was a king that stood before me.

It would neither be interesting nor proper, to detail the conversation which his majesty was pleased to hold with me. Suffice it to say, that it began with several personal inquiries, which showed a complete acquaintance with my family and position in England; a circumstance that would have surprised me more, if I had not heard, as I have already mentioned, the preparatory inquiries going on. Still I could not be insensible to the kindness and courtesy of his majesty, in thus preparing himself with that which must always be gratifying on a first interview, viz., a partial acquaintance with the position in society, and family connexions of the person introduced. We then conversed about Bruckenuau, Kissingen, his own picture gallery at Munich, his new sculpture gallery, the number of English travelling, &c. &c. At last he returned to the subject of Ireland, and asked me how many inhabitants it contained; I told him. He then said, "And they

are all so?" (making the sign of the cross). I told him the proportion of Catholics to Protestants. After a few more inquiries as to the length of my stay, intended route, &c. &c., he at last said, "Well, I am happy to have made your acquaintance, sir;" and with three or four bows, the last very low indeed, he dismissed me.

In the afternoon the king sent a message to say he should be very glad if we would join his walking party which was to assemble at five o'clock. At that hour we arrived at the place of meeting, in the great walk near the Bruckenauer spring, and found a large party, the greater proportion English, though with some German. It is said that the latter are rather jealous of his partiality for the English. He very soon joined us, dressed as in the morning, except that he had a straw hat instead of his cap. He bowed to all around, and then went up to an English lady, who had been here some time, and asked, "Where is your little boy, the young Arthur?" (This is a fine little fellow, about five years old, to whom he had taken a great fancy.) They said, he had not been brought out, but was in his room. "Because I have got something for him," he said; "I will go and give it him," and skipped off towards their lodgings. Before he got there he met the child, and giving him some bonbons, returned to us.

We now set off on our party, the king leading the way through a beautiful path in the woods, followed by nearly thirty people, or, as the chamberlain truly observed, "*presque tout notre monde excepté les boiteux.*" When he had got the whole troop in motion, his majesty divided his attentions as impartially as possible, dropping behind to those in the rear, or running by to those in front, as his fancy led him; while his loud voice might be distinguished by all, speaking German to his own subjects, and very tolerable, or indeed very good English to our countrymen. I have already mentioned the resemblance of the whole thing to a party at a country-house, and this was completed by the establishment of a drawing-room on the first floor of our hotel, which was furnished with a pianoforte and music-books, the newest songs, valeses, &c.; here the guests are in the habit of assembling at any spare moment of the day, to practise, if alone, or delight each other by their music when collected. To this room, then, we all adjourned after our walk, and after some splendid singing from a young Englishman and his sister, at which the king seemed enchanted, he went once more round, saying something to every body, and giving us a particular invitation to Munich; and at last, with every appearance of real concern, bid all "good bye," shaking hands with his old friends, as he called those who had been long at Bruckenu. Then giving three or four very low bows, he departed, leaving us very sorry that his stay is over, as he gives life and energy to the society, while he pleases all by his good humour and affability. Though I have laid more stress on the little anecdotes and appearances that denote these two latter qualities, it is not to be supposed that he is without that superiority of manner and regal bearing, which seems to emanate from "the Divinity that doth hedge a king." I have also heard many traits of kindness, and real good feeling, towards his humbler subjects.

Among other anecdotes, it is said, that on a cold evening in November, a poor Bavarian woman, but lately a mother, and in the greatest

state of destitution, had wandered about in the English Garden (the Kensington-gardens of Munich) till late, having, alas! no home to which she could betake herself. At last fatigue, partly caused by want of food, and partly by the weight of her child, which she had borne in her arms since the morning, overcame her, and she lay down in the long grass unable to proceed further. At this moment, a stranger wrapped in a cloak approached her, and cautioned her against the effects of the cold fogs, which prevail here in the evening at this time of the year. "Alas! sir," said she, "I have no home to go to, my infant is half dead, and I cannot support myself on my legs." The stranger, with the greatest tenderness, took the infant in his arms, promising to bear it to where it could be revived by warmth and care, and that he would send assistance to convey her also to shelter. Meantime, taking off his cloak, he spread it on the grass, to protect her from the dangerous dews till his return. The stranger was Louis of Bavaria, and the place to which the helpless babe was conveyed was the kingly palace.

The crown prince is as fond as his father of the English and their customs; but while the father cherishes the fine arts, the son, it is said, grudges all such expenses, and thinks they ought to be bestowed on the improvement of the army. An anecdote is told of him, that talking one day to a young friend about the Glyptothek and Pinakothek (the classical names of the new Statue and Picture Gallery at Munich), the crown prince said, "Oh yes, my father is building me some very fine barracks for the future."

On these, and many other points, the father and son are often at variance, and here is exemplified, what is, alas! so often seen, that they who are accustomed to see every body, and any body give way to them, cannot bear the opposition which their wishes must sometimes meet with in their own family.

This young prince, being refused by his father an outfit to attend the coronation in England, set off without saying any thing more, describing himself in his passport as a merchant from the town nearest his country-house. When in England, however, he was received and treated as a royal personage.

The place itself requires but little description, as far as its ways and customs are concerned, as one drinking and bathing-place resembles another not a little. The great distinction of this spa from Kissingen is in the baths, which are so charged with gas as to give one the idea of bathing in warm soda-water. The water is perfectly clear, and at the least motion of the body *fizzes* like champagne when stirred up with bread. The gas-bubbles collect so completely round the limbs as to form a sort of cloak to the body and give a great feeling of warmth, though the water is only at 26° of Reaumur on one's first entrance, and must descend much below that, before the half-hour in the bath is expired. The immediate effect is to produce great lassitude, but ultimately these waters very much strengthen those with whom they agree. The mineral properties of the principal spring, the Bruckenauer, is very strong; so strong, that the people of the place, if they see a stranger taking much of it, run up to caution him. Their taste is something like vitriol and water; they strengthen much sooner, but are so apt to heat and send the gas to the head, that they can only be taken in such

quantities as to require the simultaneous use of the baths. Their effect on the organs of digestion is much more salutary, than most steel medicines, owing, as it is said, to this great quantity of gas.

The country round about is ten times more beautiful than at Kissingen; indeed in this respect it is perfection; the walks are laid out as in a gentleman's grounds, and in the very best taste. They are carried out in seven different directions, much farther than a lady of not very robust constitution can pursue them, furnished at intervals with seats which are placed at the best points of view, and named after the king's children or friends; such as "Theresien Platz," "Carolinen Platz," "Washington Platz," "Otho Platz," &c. &c. The woods which are thus traversed by social parties, loving couples, or solitary wanderers, contained numberless oaks of a size both in height and girth, that would make each of them a prodigy in England, where their measurement and supposed age might make a very respectable paragraph in the papers at the dull time of the year.

Prices are here very reasonable for every thing. Rooms, as I have already mentioned, 1s. 8d. a day, for each room; breakfast, 4d. or 5d. a head; dinner, 1s. 4d., without wine; and tea, 4d. or 5d. So that one may reckon each person's expenses for board and lodging at little more than 4s. a day.

The fare at the table d'hôte was such as to make us inclined for a change, and as we heard that the innkeeper at the town of Bruckenuau, distant two miles, had a famous cook, we agreed with Mr. * * *, a gentleman living in the neighbourhood, to make a party to dine there. This innkeeper was intended by his father, for something higher, and received a university education; but falling in love with a girl of rank inferior to himself, he displeased his father by marrying her, and his prospects in life being thus changed, he settled quietly down to the inn he now keeps. Our Bavarian friend did not give us a very high idea of this gentleman-innkeeper's honesty, but added, that as he meant to visit his cook, and not to pay him any compliment by dining there, he would join us, and would himself order the dinner, agreeing beforehand with the landlord, what we were to pay a head. We went, and had the most excellent dinner that could be dressed, in a manner that would have done honour to a Parisian restaurateur, while only the stipulated sum was demanded for it. Whether it was that the man repented having so arranged as to have no opportunity of cheating us, or that he had not "made occasion" to do so, I know not; but on some stranger mentioning, that the gentlemen who had dined there were very well satisfied with him, he replied, "But it is more than I am with them—I let them have the dinner far too cheap."

The Germans pass most of their time out of doors here when it is fine; and one day I saw two or three of them sitting at a table in one of the public walks, playing at chess. As one of them had to depart after the first game to take his bath, I offered to sit down in his place, and soon found myself engaged in saying, "Schack der königinnen, schack dem königen," as if I had been "to the manner born," while a group of grave-looking Germans collected round us, making their remarks, or offering their advice between the intervals left by their dearly loved pipes.

As there are no attendants as at Kissingen, to serve out the water at the different springs, the drinkers are to be seen parading, glass in hand, between the intervals of their quaffing from the fount of health.

The season was so nearly over, that there were few left, except the English and the people holding situations here under the king, or living in the neighbourhood, who frequently come in to dinner at the table d'hôte. Among the latter, is a Mr. S., a German, who has married an Englishwoman, and in consequence of the constant practice he has in that way over his own fireside, speaks English very well. One is thus enabled to have very interesting particulars of the customs and laws of Bavaria; and, indeed, to gain information on many points in continental politics, about which, as he has frequent business in the funds, he takes care to inform himself.

Among the employés here, is a Baron * * * *, who is the Landgericht or judge of a large tract of country in this district, comprising a population of 15,000 souls. He is not merely justice of the peace, but has to overlook the internal arrangements in customs, rates, &c. His story is sufficiently romantic to deserve repetition. When he was a student, he got into a quarrel, which ended in a duel that terminated fatally. He was tried by the Court of Justice, found guilty, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment. There were some mitigating circumstances in his case, and depending on these, he appealed to the higher court. The appeal had to pass through the king's hands, who has a particular hatred to the practice of duelling, and he wrote at the foot of the appeal, "No appeal shall be allowed, I confirm the sentence." Baron * * * *'s father was Minister of the Interior, and used all his influence to get him released, but in vain. Meantime, the Count von * * * * continued Minister of the Interior, and his son had now been two years and a half in prison, when the king one day said, "Count, you have served me most faithfully, I am perfectly satisfied with you; and whenever you have a favour to ask, I promise to grant it to you."

"I feel the more grateful to your Majesty," answered his minister, "as I have a favour at this moment to ask of you; it is, that my son may be set at liberty!"

The king looked much displeased.

"No, no, Count," said he, "I cannot alter that."

"Then," said the Count, "I must humbly beg leave to tender to your Majesty my porte-feuille."

A few weeks after this, his son was released. He conducted himself well, and has since been appointed to the magistracy here. He is a good-looking young man, of remarkably pleasing manner, about thirty years of age. He told me a curious story of the activity of the police.

An Italian lady, soon after her arrival at Kissingen, discovered that her watch and gold chain were missing. As she did not know whom to suspect, nor even exactly where she had lost it, she said nothing about her loss to any one. Three weeks after this, about an hour after her arrival at Bruckenuau, this young magistrate called upon her, and producing the lost watch, asked if it was not hers, and if she had not lost it on such a day? I believe he left her uninformed as to the means by which he had been enabled to discover and to repair a loss of which

she had not breathed a syllable to any one. The solution he communicated to us was this: About three weeks before the lady's arrival, a man was found offering a watch for sale. He was apprehended, and desired to give an account of how he became possessed of it. He said it had been given to him by Baron — mentioning the name of a gentleman who was out hunting. They said, he must leave the watch till the Baron came home, and they could make further inquiries about it, and that he might return next morning. The Baron, on being applied to, knew nothing of him or the watch, and the man never returned to claim it. Upon this, the young magistrate wrote in every direction to the police describing the thief. About a fortnight afterwards, he was caught and brought back; and, being closely questioned, confessed that he had gone into a house at Kissingen, which he described, to beg, and that a lady had just arrived, and while they were bringing her things up from the carriage, he had stepped into one of the rooms, and made off with the watch which was lying on a table. The magistrate then wrote over to Kissingen, and heard, in answer to his inquiries for the lady, that she had left that place, having set off that morning for Bruckenaau. The young justice had then nothing to do but walk across the parade, and present the lady with her long lost watch.

We should gladly have staid here longer, as the fine weather which had succeeded the daily down-pour of drenching rain, had made the place look very tempting; but we received sundry broad hints that the time for departure had arrived, and that they thought it hardly worth while to keep up the expensive establishment for the sake of the few who wished to remain. First, a padlock was affixed to the door of the public drawing-room (*Gesellschaft-Zimmer*), the comforts of which I have already alluded to. Then the *Kursaal*, or great dining-room, which is also provided with newspapers, gratis, for the newslinger, and a roulette-table for the gamester, was cleared of its furniture, and closed against every one; while the cook at the same time took his departure, and we were obliged to dine at the servants' hall, on a repast provided by the kitchen-maid.

“Oh! what a fall was there, my countrymen!”

Then came one of the waiters, who took leave of us. Rather than see the expiring lamp die in the socket, we took wings, or rather our carriage and horses, which, however, for speed and easiness of motion over these terrible roads, by no means came up to the idea of wings.

Before we set off, we were surrounded by locusts of all kinds, anxious to devour our substance—such as bath men, zimmer men, band men, &c. &c. These last, the musicians, were about the sturdiest beggars I ever encountered. On the arrival of any stranger, they immediately come under his window and serenade him, and then rush up stairs and demand his subscription. They seemed to think it of the highest importance that the traveller, on his first arrival, should be under none of those imputations which the poet has insinuated against

“The man that hath not music in his ear,

Nor is not moved (*to a liberal subscription*) by concord of sweet sounds.”

We used to be amused afterwards at hearing every one complain of the

same conduct, and at the speed with which they collected under the windows of a new comer. They had the impudence to demand, in addition to the first subscription, something more every day they play, and they never failed to come at last for a parting present.

At length, with feelings of regret, very different from those which are said to afflict us,

“ At leaving e'en the most unpleasant people,
And places,”

we took our departure from this very agreeable spot.

Having thus had an opportunity of testing the aids Bavaria affords to all who wish to gain health, we were now about to try its attractions for those who had acquired that necessary prelude to pleasure in foreign travel.

E.

(To be continued.)

SHAKSPERE'S CRAB TREE.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

To Shakspeare's mighty line,
Let's drink with heart and soul :
'Twill give a zest divine,
Tho' humble be the bowl :
Then drink while I essay,
In slipshod, careless rhyme,
A legendary lay
Of Willy's golden time.

One balmy summer's night,
As Stratford yeomen tell,
Our Will, the royst'ring wight,
Beneath a crab-tree fell :
And, sunk in deep repose,
The tipsy time beguil'd,
Till Dan Apollo rose
Upon his greatest child.

Since then all people vow'd
The tree had wond'rous pow'r ;
With sense, with speech endow'd,
'Twould prattle by the hour :
Tho' scatter'd far about,
Its remnants still would blab :
Mind, ere this fact you doubt,—
It was a female crab.

“ I felt,” thus spoke the tree,
“ As down the poet lay,
A touch, a thrill, a glee,
Ne'er felt before that day :

Along my verdant blood,
A quick'ning sense did shoot,
Expanding ev'ry bud,
And rip'ning all my fruit.

“ What sounds did move the air,
Around me and above !
The yell of mad despair,
The burning sigh of love !
Ambition, guilt-possess'd,
Suspicion on the rack,
The ringing laugh and jest,
Begot by sherris-sack !

“ Since then, my branches full
Of Shakspeare's vital heat,
My fruit once crude and dull,
Became as honey sweet ;
And when, o'er plain and hill,
Each tree was leafless seen,
My boughs did flourish still
In everlasting green.”

And, thus our moral food
Doth Shakspeare leaven still,
Enriching all the good,
And less'ning all the ill ;
Thus, by his bounty, shed
Like balm from angel's wing,
Tho' winter scathe our head,
Our spirits dance with spring.*

* It may be necessary to state, that these lines have the authority of a legend, current at Stratford-upon-Avon, though, probably, not generally known. *

THE PHANTOM SHIP.*

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C.B.

CHAP. XXXII.

Tired out with the fatigue of the day before, Philip had laid himself down by Krantz and fallen asleep; early the next morning he was awakened by the sound of the commandant's voice, and his long sword rattling as usual upon the pavement. He rose, and found the little man rating the soldiers—threatening some with the dungeon, others with extra duty. Krantz was also on his feet before the commandant had finished his morning's lecture. At last, perceiving them, in a stern voice he ordered them to follow him into his apartment. They did so, and the commandant throwing himself upon his sofa, inquired whether they were ready to sign the required paper, or go back to the dungeon. —Krantz replied that they had been calculating chances, and that they were in consequence so perfectly convinced of the death of the captain, that they were willing to sign any paper to that effect; at which reply, the commandant immediately became very gracious, and having called for materials, he wrote out the document, which was duly subscribed to by Krantz and Philip. As soon as they had signed it, and he had it in his possession, the little man was so pleased, that he requested them to partake of his breakfast.

During the repast, he promised that they should leave the island by the first opportunity. Although Philip was taciturn, yet as Krantz made himself very agreeable, the commandant invited them to dinner. Krantz, as they became more familiar, informed him that they had each a few pieces of gold, and wished to be allowed a room where they could keep their table. Whether it was the want of society or the desire of obtaining the gold, probably both, the commandant offered that they should join his table and pay their proportion of the expenses; a proposal which was gladly acceded to. The terms were arranged, and Krantz insisted upon putting down the first week's payment in advance. From that moment the commandant was the best of friends with them, and did nothing but caress them whom he had so politely shoved into a dungeon below water. It was on the evening of the third day, as they were smoking their Manilla cheroots, that Krantz, perceiving the commandant in a peculiarly good humour, ventured to ask him why he was so anxious for a certificate of the captain's death; and in reply was informed, much to the astonishment of Philip, that Amine had agreed to marry him upon his producing such a document.

"Impossible!" cried Philip, starting from his seat.

"Impossible, signor, and why impossible?" replied the commandant, curling his mustaches with his fingers, with a surprised and angry air.

"I should have said impossible too," interrupted Krantz, who perceived the consequences of Philip's indiscretion; "for had you seen, commandant, how that woman doted upon her husband, how she

fondled him, you would with us have said, it was impossible that she could have transferred her affections so soon; but women are women, and soldiers have a great advantage over other people; perhaps she has some excuse, commandant.—Here's your health, and success to you."

"It is exactly what I would have said," added Philip, acting upon Krantz's plan: "but she has a great excuse, commandant, when I recollect her husband, and have you in my presence."

Soothed with the flattery, the commandant replied, "Why, yes, they say military men are very successful with the fair sex.—I presume it is because they look to us for protection, and where can they be better assured of it, than with a man who wears a sword at his thigh?—Come, signors, we will drink her health. Here's to the beautiful Amine Vanderdecken."

"To the beautiful Amine Vanderdecken," cried Krantz, tossing off his wine."

"To the beautiful Amine Vanderdecken," followed Philip. "But, commandant, are you not afraid to trust her at Goa, where there are so many enticements for a woman, so many allurements held out for her sex?"

"No, not in the least—I am convinced that she loves me—nay, between ourselves, that she dotes upon me."

"Liar!" exclaimed Philip.

"How, signor! is that addressed to me?" cried the commandant, seizing his sword, which lay on the table.

"No, no," replied Philip, recovering himself; "it was addressed to her; I have heard her swear to her husband, that she would exist for no other but him."

"Ha! ha! Is that all?" replied the commandant. "My friend, you do not know women."

"No, nor is he very partial to them either," replied Krantz, who then leant over to the commandant and whispered, "He is always so when you talk of women. He was cruelly jilted once, and hates the whole sex."

"Then we must be merciful to him," replied the little officer: "suppose we change the subject."

When they repaired to their own room, Krantz pointed out to Philip the necessity for commanding his feelings, as otherwise they would again be immured in the dungeon. Philip acknowledged his rashness, but pointed out to Krantz, that the circumstance of Amine having promised to marry the commandant, if he procured certain intelligence of his death, was the cause of his irritation. "Can it be so? Is it possible that she can have been so false!" exclaimed Philip; "yet his anxiety to procure that document seems to warrant the truth of his assertion."

"I think, Philip, that in all probability it is true," replied Krantz, carelessly; "but of this you may be assured, that she has been placed in a situation of great peril, and has only done so to save herself for your sake. When you meet, depend upon it she will fully prove to you that necessity had compelled her to deceive him in that way, and that if she had not done so, she would, by this time, have fallen a prey to his violence."

"It may be so," replied Philip, gravely.

"It is so, Philip, my life upon it. Do not for a moment harbour a thought so injurious to one who lives but in your love. Suspect that fond and devoted creature! I blush for you, Philip Vanderdecken."

"You are right, and I beg her pardon for allowing such feelings or thoughts to have for one moment overpowered me," responded Philip; "but it is a hard case for a husband, who loves as I do, to hear his wife's name bandied about, and her character assailed by a contemptible wretch like this commandant."

"It is, I grant; but still I prefer even that to a dungeon," replied Krantz, "and so, good night."

For three weeks they remained in the fort, every day becoming more intimate with the commandant, who often communicated with Krantz, when Philip was not present, turning the conversation upon his love for Amine, and entering into a minute detail of all that had passed. Krantz perceived that he was right in his opinion, and that Amine had only been cajoling the commandant, that she might escape. But the time passed heavily away with Philip and Krantz, for no vessel made its appearance.

"When shall I see her again?" soliloquised Philip one morning as he lolled over the parapet, in company with Krantz.

"See! who?" said the commandant, who happened to be at his elbow.

Philip turned round, and stammered something unintelligible.

"We were talking of his sister, commandant," said Krantz, taking his arm, and leading him away.—"Do not mention the subject to my friend, for it is a very painful one, and forms one reason why he is so inimical to the sex. She was married to his intimate friend, and ran away from her husband: it was his only sister; and the disgrace broke his mother's heart, and has made him miserable. Take no notice of it, I beg."

"No, no, certainly not; I don't wonder at it: the honour of one's family is a serious affair," replied the commandant. "Poor young man, what with his sister's conduct, and the falsehood of his own intended, I don't wonder at his being so grave and silent. Is he of good family, signor?"

"One of the noblest in all Holland," replied Krantz; "he is heir to a large property, and independent by the fortune of his mother; but these two unfortunate events induced him to quit the States secretly, and he embarked for these countries that he might forget his grief."

"One of the noblest families?" replied the commandant; "then he is under an assumed name—Jacob Vancheat is not his true name, of course."

"Oh, no," replied Krantz; "that it is not, I assure you; but my lips are sealed on that point."

"Of course, except to a friend who can keep a secret. I will not ask it now. So he is really noble?"

"One of the highest families in the country, possessing great wealth and influence—allied to the Spanish nobility by marriage."

"Indeed!" rejoined the commandant, musing, "I dare say he knows many of the Portuguese as well."

"No doubt of it, they are all more or less connected."

"He must prove to you a most valuable friend, Signor Richter."

"I consider myself provided for for life as soon as we return home. He is of a very grateful, generous disposition, as he would prove to you, should you ever fall in with him again."

"I have no doubt of it; and I can assure you that I am heartily tired of staying in this country. Here I shall remain probably for two years more before I am relieved, and then shall have to join my regiment at Goa, and not be able to obtain leave to return home without resigning my commission. But he is coming this way."

After this conversation with Krantz, the alteration in the manner of the Portuguese commandant, who had the highest respect for nobility, was most marked. He treated Philip with a respect, which was observable to all in the fort; and which was, until Krantz had explained the cause, a source of astonishment to Philip himself. The commandant often introduced the subject to Krantz, and sounded him as to whether his conduct towards Philip had been such as to have made a favourable impression; for the little man now hoped, that, through such an influential channel, he might reap some benefit.

Some days after this conversation, as they were all three seated at table, a corporal entered, and saluting the commandant, informed him that a Dutch sailor had arrived at the fort, and wished to know whether he should be admitted. Both Philip and Krantz turned pale at this communication—they had a presentiment of evil, but they said nothing. The sailor was ordered in, and in a few minutes, who should make his appearance but their tormentor, the one-eyed Schrifster. On perceiving Philip and Krantz seated at the table, he immediately exclaimed, "Oh! Captain Philip Vanderdecken, and my good friend Mynheer Krantz, first mate of the good ship Utrecht, I am glad to meet you again."

"Captain Philip Vanderdecken!" roared the commandant, as he sprung from his chair.

"Yes, that is my captain, Mynheer Philip Vanderdecken; and that is my first mate, Mynheer Krantz; both of the good ship Utrecht: we were wrecked together, were we not, Mynheer? He! he!"

"Sangue de—Vanderdecken! the husband? Corpo del Diavolo—is it possible?" cried the commandant, panting for breath, as he seized his long sword with both hands and clenched it with fury.—"What then, I have been deceived, cajoled, laughed at!" Then, after a pause—the veins of his forehead distending so as almost to burst—he continued, with a suppressed voice, "Most noble sir, I thank you; but now it is my turn.—What, ho! there! Corporal—men, here instantly—quick!"

Philip and Krantz felt convinced that all denial was useless. Philip folded his arms, and made no reply. Krantz merely observed, "A little reflection will prove to you, sir, that this indignation is not warranted."

"Not warranted!" rejoined the commandant with a sneer; "you have deceived me; but you are caught in your own trap. I have the paper signed, which I shall not fail to make use of. You are dead, you know, captain; I have your own hand to it, and your wife will be glad to believe it."

"She has deceived you, commandant, to get out of your power, nothing more," said Vanderdecken. "She would spurn a contemptible withered wretch like yourself, were she as free as the wind."

"Go on, go on ; it will be my turn soon. Corporal, throw these two men into the dungeon : a sentry at the door till further orders. Away with them. Most noble sir, perhaps your influential friends in Holland and Spain will enable you to get out again."

Philip and Krantz, were led away by the soldiers, who were very much surprised at this change of treatment. Schrifster followed them ; and as they walked across the rampart to the stairs which led to their prison, Krantz, in his fury, burst from the soldiers, and bestowed a kick upon Schrifster, which sent him several feet forward on his face.

"That was a good one—he ! he !" cried Schrifster, smiling and looking at Krantz, as he regained his legs.

There was an eye, however, which met theirs with an intelligent glance, as they descended the stairs to the dungeon. It was that of the soldier Pedro. It told them that there was one friend upon whom they could rely, and who would spare no endeavour to assist them in their new difficulty. It was a consolation to them both ; a ray of hope which cheered them as they once more descended the narrow steps, and heard the heavy key turned, which again secured them in their dungeon.

CHAP. XXXIII.

"Thus are all our hopes wrecked," said Philip mournfully : "what chance have we now of escaping from this little tyrant?"

"Chances turn up," replied Krantz ; "at present, the prospect is not very cheering. Let us hope for the best."

"I have an idea in my head which may probably be turned to some account," replied Krantz ; "as soon as the little man's fury is over."

"Which is"—

"That, much as he likes your wife, there is something which he likes quite as well—money. Now, as we know where all the treasure is concealed, I think he may be tempted to offer us our liberty, if we were to promise to put it into his possession."

"That is not impossible. Confound that little malignant wretch, Schrifster ; he certainly is not, as you say, of this world. He has been my persecutor through life, and appears to act from an impulse not his own."

"Then must he be part and portion of your destiny. I'm thinking whether our noble commandant intends to leave us without any thing to eat or drink."

"I should not be surprised : that he will attempt my life I am convinced of, but not that he can take it ; he may, however, add to its sufferings."

As soon as the commandant had recovered from his fury, he ordered Schrifster in, to be examined more particularly ; but after every search made for him, Schrifster was nowhere to be found. The sentry at the gate declared that he had not passed ; and a new search was ordered, but in vain. Even the dungeons and galleries below were examined, but without success.

"Can he be locked up with the other prisoners?" thought the commandant: "impossible—but I will go and see."

He descended and opened the door of the dungeon, looked in, and was about to return without speaking, when Krantz said, "Well, signor, this is kind treatment, after having lived so long and so amicably together; to throw us into prison merely because a fellow declares that we are not what we represented ourselves to be; perhaps you will allow us a little water to drink?"

The commandant, confused by the extraordinary disappearance of Schrifter, hardly knew how to reply. He at last said in a milder tone than was to be anticipated, "I will order them to bring some, signor."

He then closed the door of the dungeon, and disappeared.

"Strange," observed Philip, "he appears more pacified already."

In a few minutes the door was again opened, and Pedro came in with a chatty of water.

"He has disappeared like magic, signors, and is nowhere to be found. We have searched every where, but in vain."

"Who?—the little old seaman?"

"Yes, he whom you kicked as you were led to prison. The people all say, that it must have been a ghost. The sentry declares that he never left the fort, nor came near him; so, how he has got away, is a riddle, which I perceive has frightened our commandant not a little."

Krantz gave a long whistle as he looked at Philip.

"Are you to have charge of us, Pedro?"

"I hope so."

"Well, tell the commandant that when he is ready to listen to me, I have something of importance to communicate."

Pedro went out.

"Now, Philip, I can frighten this little man into allowing us to go free, if you will consent to say that you are not the husband of Amine."

"That I cannot do, Krantz. I will not utter such a falsehood."

"I was afraid so, and yet it appears to me that we may avail ourselves of duplicity to meet cruelty and injustice. Unless you do as I propose, I hardly know how I can manage it; however, I will try what I can do."

"I will assist you in every way, except disclaiming my wife: that I never will do."

"Well then, I will see if I can make up a story that will suit all parties: let me think."

Krantz continued musing as he walked up and down, and was still occupied with his own thoughts when the door opened, and the commandant made his appearance.

"You have something to impart to me, I understand—what is it?"

"First, sir, bring that little wretch down here and confront him with us."

"I see no occasion for that," replied the commandant; "what, sir, may you have to say?"

"Do you know who you have in your company when you speak to that one-eyed deformity?"

"A Dutch sailor, I presume."

"No—a spirit—a demon—who occasioned the loss of the vessel; and who brings misfortune wherever he appears."

"Holy Virgin! What do you tell me, signor?"

"The fact, signor commandant. We are obliged to you for confining us here, while he is in the fort; but beware for yourself."

"You are laughing at me."

"I am not; bring him down here. This noble gentleman has power over him. I wonder, indeed, at his daring to stay while he is so near; he has on his heart that which will send him trembling away.—Bring him down here, and you shall at once see him vanish with curses and screams."

"Heaven defend us!" cried the commandant, terrified.

"Send for him now, signor?"

"He is gone—vanished—not to be found!"

"I thought as much," replied Philip, significantly.

"He is gone—vanished—you say. Then, commandant, you will probably apologize to this noble gentleman for your treatment of him, and permit us to return to our former apartments. I will there explain to you this most strange and interesting history."

The commandant, more confused than ever, hardly knew how to act. At last he bowed to Philip, and begged that he would consider himself at liberty; and, continued he to Krantz, "I shall be most happy at an immediate explanation of this affair, for every thing appears so contradictory."

"And must, until it is explained. I will follow you into your own room; a courtesy you must not expect from my noble friend, who is not a little indignant at your treatment of him."

The commandant went out, leaving the door open. Philip and Krantz followed: the former retiring to his own apartment; the latter bending his steps after the commandant to his sitting-room. The confusion which whirled in the brain of the commandant, made him appear most ridiculous. He hardly knew whether to be imperative or civil; whether he was really speaking to the first mate of the vessel, or to another party; or whether he had insulted a noble, or been cajoled by a captain of a vessel: he threw himself down on his sofa, and Krantz, taking his seat in a chair, stated as follows:

"You have been partly deceived and partly not, commandant. When we first came here, not knowing what treatment we might receive, we concealed our rank; afterwards I made known to you the rank of my friend on shore; but did not think it worth while to say any thing about his situation on board of the vessel. The fact is, as you may well suppose of a person of his dignity, he was owner of the fine ship which was lost through the intervention of that one-eyed wretch; but of that by and by. Now for the story. About ten years ago there was a great miser in Amsterdam; he lived in a most miserable way that a man could live in; wore nothing but rags; and having been formerly a seaman, his attire was generally of the description common to his class. He had one son, to whom he denied the necessities of life, and whom he treated most cruelly. After vain attempts to possess a portion of his father's wealth, the devil instigated the son to murder the old man, who was one day found dead in his bed; but as there were no marks of violence which could be sworn to, although

suspicion fell upon the son, the affair was hushed up, and the young man took possession of his father's wealth. It was fully expected that there would now be rioting and squandering on the part of the heir, as is usually the case; but on the contrary, he never spent any thing, but appeared to be as poor—even poorer—than he ever was. Instead of being gay and merry, he was, in appearance, the most miserable, down-cast person in the world; and he wandered about, seeking a crust of bread wherever he could find it. Some said that he had been inoculated by his father, and was as great a miser as his father had been; others shook their heads, and said that all was not right. At last, after pining away for six or seven years, the young man died at an early age, without confession or absolution; in fact he was found dead in his bed. Beside the bed there was a paper, addressed to the authorities, in which he acknowledged that he had murdered his father for the sake of his wealth; and that when he went to take some of it for his expenses on the day afterwards, he found his father's spirit sitting on the bags of money, and menacing him with instant death, if he touched one piece. He returned again and again, and found his father a sentinel as before. At last, he gave up attempting to obtain it; his crime made him miserable, and he continued in possession, without daring to expend one sixpence of all the money. He requested that, as his end was approaching, the money should be given to the church of his patron saint, wherever that church might be found; if there was not one, then that a church might be built and endowed. Upon investigation, it appeared that there was no such church in either Holland or the Low Countries (for you know that there are not many Catholics there); and they applied to the Catholic countries, Lisbon and Spain, but there again they were at fault; and it was discovered, that the only church dedicated to that saint was one which had been erected by a Portuguese nobleman in the city of Goa, in the East Indies. The Catholic bishop determined that the money should be sent to Goa; and, in consequence, it was embarked on board of my patron's vessel, to be delivered up to the first Portuguese authorities he might fall in with.

"Well, signor, the money, for better security, was put down into the captain's cabin, which, of course, was occupied by my noble friend, and when he went to bed the first night he was surprised to perceive a little one-eyed old man sitting on the boxes."

"Merciful Father!" exclaimed the commandant, "what, the very same little man who appeared here this day?"

"The very same," replied Krantz.

The commandant crossed himself, and Krantz proceeded:—"My noble patron was, as you may imagine, rather alarmed; but he is very courageous in disposition, and he inquired of the old man who he was, and how he had come on board?"

"'I came on board with my own money,' replied the spectre. 'It is all my own, and I shall keep it. The church shall never have one stiva of it if I can help it.'

"Whereupon, my patron pulled out a famous relic, which he wears on his bosom, and held it towards him; at which the old man howled and screamed, and then most unwillingly disappeared. For two more nights the spectre was obstinate, but at the sight of the relic, he invariably went off howling, as if in great pain; every time that he went

away, invariably crying out 'Lost—lost!'—and during the remainder of the voyage he did not trouble us any more.

"We thought, when our patron told us this, that he referred to the money being lost to him, but it appears he referred to the ship; indeed it was very inconsiderate to have taken the wealth of a parricide on board; we could not expect any good fortune with such a freight, and so it proved. When the ship was lost, our patron was very anxious to save the money; it was put on the raft, and when we landed, it was taken on shore and buried, that it might be restored and given to the church to which it had been bequeathed; but the men who buried it are all dead, and there is no one but my friend here, the patron, who knows the spot.—I forgot to say, that as soon as the money was landed on the island and buried, the spectre appeared as before, and seated himself over the spot where the money was interred. I think, if this had not been the case, the seamen would have taken possession of it. But, by his appearance here this day, I presume he is tired, and has deserted his charge, or else has come here that the money might be sent for, though I cannot understand why."

"Strange—very strange!—so there is a large treasure buried in the sand?"

"There is."

"I should think, by the spectre's coming here, that he has abandoned it."

"Of course it has, or it would not be here."

"What can you imagine to have been the cause of its coming?"

"Probably to announce its intention, and request my friend to have the treasure sent for; but you know he was interrupted."

"Very true; but he called your friend Vanderdecken."

"It was the name which he took on board of the ship."

"And it was the name of the lady."

"Very true; he fell in with her at the Cape of Good Hope, and brought her away with him."

"Then she is his wife?"

"I must not answer that question. It is quite sufficient that he treats her as his wife?"

"Ah! indeed. But about this treasure: You say that no one knows where it is buried, but the patron as you call him?"

"No one."

"Will you express my regret at what has passed, and tell him I will have the pleasure of seeing him to-morrow?"

"Certainly, signor," replied Krantz, rising from his chair; and wishing the commandant a good evening as he retired.

"I was after one thing and have found another. A spectre that must have been; but he must be a bold spectre that can frighten me from doubloons—besides, I can call in the priests. Now, let me see; if I let this man go on condition that he reveals the site of the treasure to the authorities, that is to *me*, why then I need not lose the fair young woman. If I forward this paper to her, why then I gain her—but I must first get rid of him. Of the two, I prefer—yes!—the gold! But I cannot obtain both. At all events, let me obtain the money first; I want it more than the church does: but, if I do get the money, these

two men can expose me. I must get rid of them ; silence them for ever—and then perhaps I may obtain the fair Amine also. Yes, their death will be necessary to secure either—that is, after I have the first in my possession.—Let me think.”

For some minutes the commandant walked up and down the room, reflecting upon the best method of proceeding. “He says it was a spectre, and he has told a plausible story,” thought he; “but I don’t know—I have my doubts—they may be tricking me. Well, be it so: if the money is there, I will have it; and if not, I will have my revenge. Yes! I have it: not only must they be removed, but by degrees all the others too who assist in bringing the treasure away;—then—but—who’s there, Pedro?”

“Yes, signor.”

“How long have you been here?”

“But as you spoke, signor: I thought I heard you call.”

“You may go—I want nothing.”

Pedro departed; but he had been some time in the room, and had overheard the whole of the commandant’s soliloquy.

CHAP. XXXIV.

It was a bright morning when the Portuguese vessel on which Amine was aboard, entered into the bay and roadstead of Goa. Goa was then at its zenith—a proud, luxurious, superb, wealthy city, the capital of the East, a City of Palaces, whose Viceroy reigned supreme. As they approached the river, the two mouths of which form the island upon which Goa is built, the passengers were all on deck; and the Portuguese captain, who had often been there, pointed out to Amine the most remarkable buildings. When they had passed the forts, they entered the river, the whole line of whose banks were covered with the country seats of the nobility and hidalgos—splendid buildings imbosomed in groves of orange-trees, whose perfume scented the air.

“There, signora, is the country palace of the Viceroy,” said the captain, pointing to a building which covered nearly three acres of ground.

The ship sailed on until they arrived nearly abreast of the town, when Amine’s eyes were directed to the lofty spires of the churches and other public edifices—for Amine had seen but little of cities during her life, as may be perceived when her history is recollected.

“That is the Jesuits’ church, with their establishment,” said the captain, pointing to a magnificent pile. “In the church, now opening upon us, lay the canonized bones of the celebrated Saint Francisco, who sacrificed his life in his zeal for the propagation of the gospel in these countries.”

“I have heard of him from Father Mathias,” replied Amine; “but what building is that?”

“The Augustine convent; and the other, to the right, is the Dominican.”

“Splendid, indeed!” observed Amine.

“The building you see now, on the water-side, is the Viceroy’s palace; that to the right, again, is the convent of the barefooted Carmelites; yon lofty spire is the cathedral of St. Catherine; and that beautiful and light piece of architecture is the church of our Lady of

Pity. You observe there a building with a dome, rising behind the Viceroy's palace?"

"I do," replied Amine.

"That is the Holy Inquisition."

Although Amine had heard Philip speak of the Inquisition, she knew little about its properties; but a sudden tremour passed through her frame as the name was mentioned, which she could not herself account for.

"Now we open upon the Viceroy's palace, and you perceive what a beautiful building it is," continued the captain; "that large pile, a little above it, is the Custom-house, abreast of which we shall come to an anchor. I must leave you now, signora."

A few minutes afterwards the ship anchored opposite the Custom-house. The captain and passengers went on shore, with the exception of Amine, who remained in the vessel, while Father Mathias went in search of an eligible place of abode.

The next morning the priest returned on board the ship, with the intelligence that he had obtained a reception for Amine in the Ursuline convent, the abbess of which establishment he was acquainted with; and, before Amine went on shore, he cautioned her that the lady-abbess was a strict woman, and would be pleased if she conformed, as much as possible, to the rules of the convent; that this convent only received young persons of the highest and most wealthy families, and he trusted that she would be happy there. He also promised to call upon her, and talk upon those subjects so dear to his heart, and so necessary to her salvation. The earnestness and kindness with which the old man spoke, melted Amine to tears, and the holy father quitted her side to go down and collect her baggage, with a warmth of feeling towards her which he had seldom felt before, and with greater hopes than ever that his endeavours to convert her would not ultimately be thrown away.

"He is a good man," thought Amine, as she descended—and Amine was right. Father Mathias was a good man; but, like all men, he was not perfect. A zealot in the cause of his religion, he would have cheerfully sacrificed his life as a martyr, but if opposed or thwarted in his views, he could then be cruel and unjust.

Father Mathias had many reasons for placing Amine in the Ursuline convent. He felt bound to offer her that protection which he had so long received under her roof; he wished her to be under the surveillance of the abbess, for he could not help imagining, although he had no proof, that she was still essaying or practising forbidden arts. He did not state this to the abbess, as he felt it would be unjust to raise suspicions; but he represented Amine as one who would do honour to their faith, to which she was not yet quite converted. The very idea of effecting a conversion, is to the tenants of a convent an object of surpassing interest, and the abbess was much better pleased to receive one who required her counsels and persuasions, than a really pious Christian who would give her no trouble. Amine went on shore with Father Mathias; she refused the palanquin which had been prepared for her, and walked up to the convent. They landed between the Custom-house and the Viceroy's palace, passed through to the large square behind it, and then went up the Strada Diretta, or Straight Street, which led up to the Church of Pity, near to which the convent is situated. This street is the finest in Goa, and is called Strada Diretta, from the singu-

lar fact that almost all the streets in Goa are quadrants or segments of circles. Amine was astonished: the houses were of stone, lofty and massive; at each story was thrown out a balcony of marble, elaborately carved; and over each door were the arms of the nobility, or hidalgos, to whom the houses belonged. The square behind the palace, and the wide streets, were filled with living beings; elephants with gorgeous trappings; led or mounted horses in superb housings; palanquins, carried by natives in splendid liveries; running footmen; syces; every variety of nation, from the proud Portuguese to the half-covered native; Mussulmen, Arabs, Hindoos, Armenians; officers and soldiers in their uniforms, all crowded and thronged together: all was bustle and motion. Such was the wealth, the splendour, and luxury of the proud city of Goa—the Empress of the East at the time we are now describing.

In half an hour they forced their way through the crowd, and arrived at the convent, where Amine was well received by the abbess; and after a few minutes' conversation, Father Mathias took his leave: upon which the abbess immediately set about her task of conversion. The first thing she did was to order some dried sweetmeats—not a bad beginning, as they were palatable; but as she happened to be very ignorant, and unaccustomed to theological disputes, her subsequent arguments did not go down as well as the fruit. After a rambling discourse of about an hour, the old lady felt tired, and felt as if she had done wonders. Amine was then introduced to the nuns, most of whom were young, and all of good family. Her dormitory was shown to her, and expressing a wish to be alone, she was followed into her chamber by only sixteen of them, which was about as many as the chamber could well hold.

We must pass over the two months during which Amine remained in the convent. Father Mathias had taken every step to ascertain if her husband had been saved upon any of the islands which were under the Portuguese dominions, but could gain no information. Amine was soon weary of the convent; she was persecuted by the harangues of the old abbess, but more disgusted at the conduct and conversation of the nuns. They all had secrets to confide to her—secrets which had been confided to the whole convent before: such secrets, such stories, so different from Amine's chaste ideas, such impurity of thought, that Amine was disgusted at them. But how could it be otherwise? the poor creatures had been taken from the world in the full bloom of youth under a ripening sun, and had been immured in this unnatural manner to gratify the avarice and pride of their families. Its inmates being wholly composed of the best families, the rules of this convent were not so strict as others; licences were given—greater licences were taken—and Amine, to her surprise, found that in this society, devoted to Heaven, there were exhibited more of the bad passions of human nature than she had before met with. Constantly watched, never allowed a moment to herself, her existence became unbearable: and after three months she requested Father Mathias would find her some other place of refuge; telling him frankly that her residence in that place was not very likely to assist her conversion to the tenets of his faith. Father Mathias fully comprehended her, but replied, "I have no means."

"Here are means," replied Amine, taking the diamond ring from her finger: "this is worth eight hundred ducats in our country; here I know not how much."

Father Mathias took the ring. "I will call upon you to-morrow morning, and let you know what I have done. I shall acquaint the lady abbess that you are going to your husband; for it would not be safe to let her suppose that you have reasons for quitting the convent. I have heard what you state mentioned before, but have treated it as scandal; but you, I know, are incapable of falsehood."

The next day Father Mathias returned, and had an interview with the abbess, who after a time sent for Amine, and told her that it was necessary that she should leave the convent. She consoled her as well as she could at leaving such a happy place, sent for some sweetmeats to make the parting less trying, gave her her blessing, and made her over to Father Mathias; who, when they were alone, informed Amine that he had disposed of the ring for eighteen hundred dollars, and had procured apartments for her in the house of a widow lady, with whom she was to board."

Taking leave of the nuns, Amine quitted the convent with Father Mathias, and was soon installed in her new apartments, in a house which formed part of a spacious square called the Terra di Sabaio. After the introduction to her hostess, Father Mathias left her. Amine found her apartments fronting the square, airy and commodious. The landlady, who had escorted her to view them, not having left her, she inquired "what large church that was on the other side of the square?"

"It is the Ascension," replied the lady; "the music is very fine there; we will go and hear it to-morrow, if you please."

"And that massive building in face of us?"

"That is the Holy Inquisition," said the widow, crossing herself.

Amine again started, she knew not why. "Is that your child?" said Amine, as a boy of about twelve years old entered the room.

"Yes," replied the widow, "the only one that is left me. May God preserve him!" The boy was handsome and intelligent, and Amine, for her own reasons, did every thing she could to make friends with him, and was successful.

CHAP. XXXV.

AMINE had just returned from an afternoon's walk through the streets of Goa: she had made some purchases at different shops in the bazaar, and had brought them home under her mantilla. "Here, at last, thank Heaven, I am alone, and not watched," thought Amine as she threw herself on the couch. "Philip, Philip, where are you?" exclaimed she; "I have now the means, and I soon will know." Little Pedro, the son of the widow, entered the room, ran up to Amine, and kissed her. "Tell me, Pedro, where is your mother?"

"She is gone out to see her friends this evening, and we are alone. I will stay with you."

"Do so, dearest. Tell me, Pedro, can you keep a secret?"

"Yes, I will—tell it me."

"Nay, I have nothing to tell, but I wish to do something: I wish to make a play, and you shall see things in your hand."

"Oh! yes, show me, do show me."

"If you promise not to tell."

"No, by the Holy Virgin, I will not."

"Then you shall see."

Amine lighted some charcoal in a chafing-dish, and put it at her feet; she then took a reed pen, some ink from a small bottle, and a pair of scissors, and wrote down several characters on a paper, singing, or rather chanting, words which were not intelligible to her young companion. Amine then threw frankincense and corianda-seed into the chafing-dish, which threw out a strong aromatic smoke; and desiring Pedro to sit down by her on a small stool, she took the boy's right hand and held it in her own. She then drew upon the palm of his hand a square figure with characters on each side of it, and in the centre poured a small quantity of the ink, so as to form a black mirror of the size of a half-crown.

"Now all is ready," said Amine; "look, Pedro, what see you in the ink?"

"My own face," replied the boy.

She threw more frankincense upon the chafing-dish, until the room was full of smoke, and then chanted,

"Turshoon, turyo-shoon—come down, come down.

"Be present, ye servants of these names.

"Remove the veil, and be correct."

The characters she had drawn upon the paper she had divided with the scissors, and now taking one of the pieces, she dropped it into the chafing-dish, still holding the boy's hand.

"Tell me now, Pedro, what do you see?"

"I see a man sweeping," replied Pedro, alarmed.

"Fear not, Pedro, you shall see more. Has he done sweeping?"

"Yes, he has."

And Amine muttered words, which were unintelligible, and threw into the chafing-dish the other half of the paper with the characters she had written down. "Say now, Pedro, Philip Vanderdecken, appear."

"Philip Vanderdecken, appear!" responded the boy, trembling.

"Tell me what thou seest, Pedro—tell me true!" said Amine anxiously.

"I see a man lying down on the white sand. (I don't like this play.)"

"Be not alarmed, Pedro, you shall have sweetmeats directly. Tell me what thou seest, how the man is dressed?"

"He has a short coat—he has white trousers—he looks about him—he takes something out of his breast and kisses it."

"'Tis he! 'tis he! and he lives! Heaven, I thank thee. Look again, boy."

"He gets up. (I don't like this play; I am frightened; indeed I am.)"

"Fear not."

"Oh, yes, I am—I cannot," replied Pedro, falling on his knees; "pray let me go."

Pedro had turned his hand, and spilt the ink, the charm was broken, and Amine could learn no more. She soothed the boy with presents, made him repeat his promise that he would not tell, and postponed further search into fate until the boy should appear to have recovered from his terror, and be willing to resume the ceremonies.

"My Philip lives!—Mother, dear mother, I thank you."

Amine did not allow Pedro to leave the room until he appeared to have quite recovered from his fright; for some days she did not say any thing to him, except to remind him of his promise not to tell his mother, or any one else, and she loaded him with presents.

One afternoon when his mother was gone out, Pedro came in, and asked Amine "whether they should not have the play over again?"

Amine, who was anxious to know more, was glad of the boy's request, and soon had every thing prepared. Again was her chamber filled with the smoke of the frankincense: again was she muttering her incantations: the magic mirror was on the boy's hand, and once more had Pedro cried out, "Philip Vanderdecken, appear!" when the door burst open, and Father Mathias, the widow, and several other people made their appearance. Amine started up—Pedro screamed and ran to his mother.

"Then I was not mistaken at what I saw in the cottage at Terneuse," cried Father Mathias, with his arms folded over his breast, and with looks of indignation. "Accursed sorceress! you are detected."

Amine returned his gaze with scorn, and coolly replied, "I am not of your creed—you know it. Eaves-dropping appears to be a portion of your religion. This is my chamber—it is not the first time I have had to request you to leave it—I do so now—you and those who have come in with you."

"Take up all those implements of sorcery first," said Father Mathias to his companions. The chafing-dish, and other articles used by Amine, were taken away; and Father Mathias and the others quitting the room, Amine was left alone.

Amine had a foreboding that she was lost; she knew that magic was a crime of the highest description in Catholic countries, and that she had been detected in the very act. "Well, well," thought Amine; "it is my destiny, and I can brave the worst."

To account for the appearance of Father Mathias and the witnesses, it must be observed, that the little boy Pedro had, the day after Amine's first attempt, forgotten his promise, and narrated to his mother all that had passed. The widow, frightened at what the boy had told her, thought it right to go to Father Mathias, and confide to him what her son had told her, as it was, in her opinion, sorcery. Father Mathias questioned Pedro closely, and, convinced that such was the case, determined to have witnesses to confront Amine. He therefore proposed that the boy should appear to be willing to try again, and had instructed him for the purpose, having previously arranged that they should break in upon Amine as we have described.

About half an hour afterwards two men, dressed in black gowns, came into Amine's room, and requested that she would follow them, or that force would be used. Amine made no resistance; they crossed the square; the gate of a large building was opened; they desired her to walk in, and, in a few seconds, Amine found herself in one of the dungeons of the Inquisition.

(To be continued.)

THE METAPHYSICIAN AND THE MAID.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

LORENZO SILVERTOP had arrived at the thoughtful age of forty-eight, only the day before he became the lodger of Adam Buttons, breeches-maker, and liveryman, of the worshipful company of master tailors. Lorenzo was a bachelor; more, he was a metaphysician. He could take mind to pieces as easily as a watchmaker could take a chronometer to bits—knew every little spring of human action; and, in a word, looked through the heads of the sons and daughters of Eve, as easily as though they were of glass, and the motives therein working, labouring bees. To have gained this wisdom is, indeed, to have achieved the noblest triumph of human wit—to look down upon the world the unmoved spectator of its great, as of its little ways, is to sit upon the highest pinnacle attainable by man; only a little higher, stand the angels.

Adam Buttons, never having heard of metaphysics, was, unhappily, ignorant of the proper importance of his new lodger: not that Adam was wholly insensible of his worth—certainly not; for his value to Adam was that of fourteen shillings a week, in payment for the accommodation of two small rooms, domestic service included.

The house of Adam Buttons was, in truth, given up—that is, let out in many divisions. In the first floor was a flourishing young lawyer, sleek with a fine practice; his office being in Lothbury. Above him was the cashier in a banker's of Lombard-street; in the front attic, lived one of calling unknown—in the back garret, a person who had once been a gentleman. In a dark parlour, with a darker anteroom, filled with a bed, dwelt Lorenzo Silvertop, metaphysician. Where Adam Buttons, his wife, and daughter, consumed the four-and-twenty hours, was never ostentatiously made known; however, there ran a dark suspicion that they inhabited the kitchens. From this, it will be gathered that Buttons was one of those unconscious worldly philosophers, who are content to make the most of their possessions—taking no heed of extrinsic appearance, so that their pockets hold an inward good. Mrs. Buttons was flesh of Adam's flesh, and bone of Adam's bone; but for Bridget Buttons,—as she was in Bow church books registered the daughter of Adam and Wilhelmina Buttons, we must believe in her parentage, otherwise—to avoid all circumlocution, to come at once to a plain statement of the case,—Bridget Buttons was an angel! We repeat it; an angel!—and there were five lodgers in the house, and all of them, on their own showing, in the comfortless state of celibacy.—An angel in the furnace.

At the time Lorenzo Silvertop took Buttons's parlours for his abiding-place, he was immersed, chin deep, in a new quarto volume on "Free Will." For the past three years he had sunk, and sunk, in that *mare profundum*, when at length he began to think that he touched ground.

He alone, who has for months, nay years, lived upon great imaginings—whose subject hath been a part of his blood—a throb of his pulse—hath scarcely faded from his brain as he hath fallen to sleep—

hath waked with him—hath, in his squalid study, glorified even poverty—hath walked with him abroad, and by its ennobling presence, raised him above the prejudice, the little spite, the studied negligence, the sturdy wrong, that, in his out-door life sneer upon and elbow him—he alone, say we, can understand the calm, deep, yea severe joy, felt by Lorenzo, as he stood tiptoe on page 250, and heard afar the silver trump of fame—and, with his fingers felt amid his thin, his gray-flecked hair, the budding bays.

In another month, and Lorenzo would change his old familiar for a more profitable demon. He would no longer creep along the streets, accompanied by Desert, a pretty fellow, yet withal, a timid, blushing, stammering knave, content to slink with him he waits upon, down dismal alleys, over barren heaths, at length, it may be, conducting his master to a dry ditch for his bed, and to wild cresses and water for his breakfast—a trick the varlet hath often put upon brave spirits,—but, in his place, that swaggering, brow-beating, gold-laced lackey, Success, would clear the way for Silvertop, would strike off the hats of the mob, content to be so unbonneted, seeing that Success—oh! the magic of his name upon the world, hath willed it—nor ever ask whence comes he, what's his value? No matter for his birthplace, his parentage; Success has all-in-all in his name. Though he were born on the way-side, his mother a gipsy, and his father a clipper of coin,—for his name, and name alone, men shall bow down and worship him. Desert weeps at the early grave of the broken-hearted, Success eats ortolans with a quacksalver at threescore. Men may certainly be brought to allow the possible existence of unrewarded Desert, but for Success, there can be no doubt of his vitality; he is seen, known, touched; nay, sometimes men dine with him.

Silvertop was far gone in “Free Will,” and on rising, had girded himself up for new endeavour, when Bridget Buttons entered with his breakfast. She smiled, courtesied, bade the new lodger good morning, and having filled the teapot, left the metaphysician to explain to himself the cause of a sudden agitation of the divine faculty, at the time perplexing Lorenzo Silvertop. Strange, that he who could so ably unriddle the moral enigmas of other men, could by no means discover the clue of his own perplexity. He pondered, and pondering, raised the teapot—poured and poured—and at length leaped, with something like an oath, from his chair, the scalding fluid having overflowed the cup, and run in a burning torrent down the table-cloth, upon the metaphysician's breeches.

“Did you call, sir?” asked Bridget, at the time passing the door, and hearing Silvertop, who with extraordinary presence of mind dropped his Bandana handkerchief before his soaking garment, at the same time, despite of blistering flesh, smiling very blandly: word he spoke not.

“Dear me!” said Bridget, observing the mischief; and then with a cheerful voice, and treading the carpet like a fawn, she added, “but I'll change it sir, directly.”

Scarcely five minutes elapsed, and another snowy cloth decorated the table—the teapot was replenished, and saving the little personal discomfort felt by Silvertop, he had as goodly promise of breakfast as before. Again, however, the metaphysician fell into a study—again he

felt strangely bewildered, and was again sturdily seeking the cause of his annoyance: thus, for ten minutes with his two hands clasping his right knee, and raising the leg two feet from the ground, he leant back in his chair, and tried to analyze his own emotions: whether he had arrived at any satisfactory conclusion we know not; but to this fact we can vouch: he had unconsciously wheeled himself from the table, his right leg dangling over a plate of toast at the fender; suddenly the limb descended, and on the instant the plate was split in twain, and the buttered toast lay scattered beneath the ashes.

"Did you call, sir?" again asked Bridget, instantly looking in; but ere Silvertop could make reply, Bridget saw the ruin and observed, "Oh, that wicked cat!"

"Cat!" exclaimed Silvertop.

"He's always in mischief—but I'll make some more, sir, in a minute," said Bridget, and with a beaming face she tripped from the room.

"Cat!" said the metaphysician to himself. "Ha! that proves she has great delicacy of mind—considerable delicacy." Again he lapsed into thoughtfulness, then, after a few minutes rose, and striding up and down, exclaimed in the highest notes of self-satisfaction, "There was no cat!"

A fresh supply of toast was brought by Bridget; she approached the fireplace, placed the toast upon the fender, stirred the fire. This done, she was about to turn away, when she found her hand grasped by the new lodger.

"Bridget," said the metaphysician.

"Sir," said Bridget.

"There was no cat," cried Silvertop, at once satisfying his love of truth—and to him truth was an idol—and showing to Bridget Buttons his full appreciation of her motives. "There was no cat," said the metaphysician; and what think ye, reader, answered Bridget?

Bridget brushed down the corner of her apron, took it up, and replied, "La! sir."

"She has great delicacy," again thought Silvertop, as the maiden quitted the apartment; "great delicacy, and, yes, considerable intelligence." Now, thinks the reader, the metaphysician is in a fair way for breakfast; at length, he will pause in his study of human motives, make his meal, and then return to his tome on "Free Will." Let the reader learn that Lorenzo Silvertop added no leaf of laurel to his crown that day, and for the breakfast he made, will the reader listen to the dialogue of Dame Buttons and her daughter, standing at the hearth of the lodger, five minutes after he had quitted the house.

"He seems a strange customer," said Mrs. Buttons, looking suspiciously about the room.

"A very odd gentleman," remarked Bridget. "La! look here."

"Lord bless us!" cried Mrs. Buttons; "and I'm blessed!—look there too." Be it known, that Bridget pointed to the sugar-basin, into which the philosopher had emptied the contents of the teapot, and that in the dry saucepan on the fire, were two eggs baking, the water having boiled away.

"He has made no breakfast," said Bridget.

"And spoilt the saucepan," said the thrifty Mrs. Buttons.

"Do you know, mother, I think he's a scholar," was the speculation of the daughter.

"God forbid!" ejaculated the parent; who almost immediately continued, "Do you know what's in his trunks?"

"La! mother," was the reply of the simple, the intelligent Bridget.

"We've been pretty lucky in lodgers till now;—so, I say, God preserve us from all scholars," exclaimed Mrs. Buttons, who dived into the kitchen, to inquire of her husband what references he had taken with the man in the parlour.

Little thought Silvertop of the evidences of his self-abstraction left behind him; he thought only of the beautiful, the ingenuous, the intelligent daughter of the breeches-maker.

"It is clear that a great revolution had taken place in the cold, the ceremonious habits of our metaphysician; for the next morning, at breakfast, he called Bridget Buttons, simply—Biddy.

Having so called her, he leant two hours in his chair, and pondered another chapter upon "Human Motives."

"Mr. Bunch, sir," said Bridget, as she entered the apartment of the philosopher on the third morning.

"Bunch, Biddy?" asked Lorenzo; "who is Bunch?"

"The gentleman, sir, who—who makes clothes, sir," answered Bridget.

"Gentleman!" cried Silvertop, "you mean the—stay, why should not a tailor be a gentleman? For, in my essay on "Human Motives—"

"He's a very punctual tradesman, sir," continued Bridget.

"So your father tells me. Show him in—wait, not yet. Biddy," said the philosopher in the mildest tone.

"Yes, sir," said Bridget, correcting an evil disposition to laugh.

"Biddy, look at me, Biddy," cried Silvertop.

"La! sir," answered the girl, and her beautiful face was suffused with a blush, and her large blue eyes swam in frolicsome good-nature, as with a sudden twist of her elbows, she coquettishly complied with the request of the philosopher.

Lorenzo Silvertop sat almost breathless, with his eyes fixed upon the glowing face of the handmaid, who simperingly, and, as if enjoying the eccentricity of the new lodger, patiently underwent the scrutiny. Lorenzo said no word to her; but as he gazed, thus communed in whispers with himself: "She's a Titian—pink and white—flesh like cream—Titian—damme!—Titian."

"There's Mr. Bunch, sir," at length observed Bridget.

"Quite an old master," exclaimed the rapt Lorenzo.

"No, sir," replied Bridget, with one of her sweetest smiles, "only three years set up."

"The simplicity of a dove," thought Silvertop. "Biddy—bless you, Biddy."

"La! sir."

"Show him in." Bridget left the room, somewhat astonished at the warm benediction of the philosopher, who, himself, a little surprised by his enthusiasm, rose and took two or three turns in his room to collect

himself for the interview with Bunch, the tailor, of whose visit it may here be necessary to say a few words.

Silvertop had ever manifested a most philosophical contempt of the tailor and his works: his outward man made no part of his studies laudably directed to the higher and more ennobling developments of the mind. What should a man, with his thoughts fixed upon "Free Will," care for a hole in his waistcoat?—what, to true philosophy, was a coat of antique cut, by time and accident defrauded of half its buttons? Such was the lofty creed of Silvertop when he entered upon his new lodgings; yet had he not been there two complete days, ere he asked his landlord to recommend to him a tailor. We leave it to the metaphysical reader to seek out the cause of Silvertop's conversion to the decencies of dress; all we propose to ourselves is, to narrate, not analyze. Hence, be it known, that Adam Buttons spoke in the very highest terms of the abilities and probity of Joel Bunch; eulogized the beautiful fidelity of his cut, praised, in measureless terms, the lustre and durability of his cloth, and closed with an eloquent tribute to the conscience of the tailor, as manifested in every item of his account. Buttons had known Bunch from his boyhood, and could, and would be answerable for him.

Mr. Bunch, sir," cried Bridget, opening the door, and showing in the tailor. "Mr. Bunch, sir, to measure you." Saying this, Bridget, like a young kitten, frisked from the room.

Joel Bunch—it would be unjust to him to omit his portrait, was exactly four feet six inches high. His back was not a back, but a wide slanting shelf; his nether man was sufficiently bulky for the upper works of a giant; whilst, for the lovers of curves, his right leg bent like Cupid's bow; his arms were very long—his hands large and bony; and his head, thatched with stiff, short black hair, of monstrous amplitude. It seemed as if nature in a freak, had flattened a fine tall fellow down into the compass of Bunch, but that he had bulged considerably in the process. Certain it is, Joel might have been pulled up into a tall fellow of his hands; his head seemed not made to glance nearer to earth than from an altitude of six-feet two, and yet was it abated to four-feet six. In a luckless, hot-blooded sally of his youth, Joel had lost the light of his left eye; quenched by a watchman's iron-shod stave, in a nocturnal row in Threadneedle-street. He yet carried a white scar across his nose from some undivulged mishap; and, if we glance at the loss of three front teeth, which loss gave a sibilant sound to all his words, we have enumerated the few personal defects of Joel Bunch. Dwelling on the last flaw, we may, in illustration of the high spirit of Joel, state that he had then an apprentice, doomed to Bridewell Clink, for having audaciously said of his master, that "he talked like his own goose."

"Is your name Bunch?" asked the metaphysician, somewhat astonished at the tailor.

"I have that honour," answered Bunch, with an habitual grin, which looping up either side of his upper lip, displayed to the full, his dental hiatus.

"Do you make for many people?" inquired Silvertop, suddenly fastidious—doubtful of his tailor.

"The first of people," replied Bunch, looking very loftily for his

height. "This—my own—is my cut," added the tailor, twirling himself round.

"You made that coat?" asked Silvertop, a smile breaking at his mouth and eyes.

"I made this coat," replied Bunch.

"Did you? Then you could fit a corkscrew!" cried Lorenzo, laughing so heartily, that the humour carried away the doubts of Joel; and he took for a very delicate compliment what, at his first blush, he thought was a thing to be majestically resented. "Ha! ha!" cried the metaphysician.—"Ha! ha!" squeaked the tailor.

"I think, my man, you may measure me," said Lorenzo; and without waiting for another word, Bunch pulled forth his parchment slips, and placing a chair close to Silvertop, jumped on it. Already he had placed his hand on Silvertop's collar, when Lorenzo swung round, and the face of Bunch being, by means of the chair, on a level with his own, he looked full at him as he proceeded with his questions. "Do you make for any one in this house?"

"For all but the garrets," answered Joel.

"And not the garrets?" asked Silvertop; "and why not?" he needlessly inquired.

"Quite beyond me—too much in the skies—talk of first—first prin—"

"First principles?" suggested the metaphysician.

"That's it; first principles—of matter and all that. But, sir, can't I measure you while we chat?—Thank you, sir.—Clever man in the back-garret, sir.—A little up in the neck, sir?" asked Bunch, proceeding to his task.

"As they wear 'em," answered Lorenzo, shortly.

"A little up there, sir.—Yes, clever fellow, but devilish idle; lies in bed half the day, sir, and t'other half talks of *viz—viz* something, sir."

"*Vis inertiae*?" asked Silvertop.

"That's it, and nothing less.—Rather low in the back, sir?" inquired the measuring tailor.

"As they wear 'em," repeated Silvertop, with new veneration for the mode.

"That's it, sir.—Very clever young man, sir: wears his hair, sir, half down his coat—got very odd notions, sir; says he has not the slightest doubt, sir, that every thing is nothing, sir.—How about the cuffs, sir?—so deep, sir?"

"I should say,—but, quite as they wear 'em," determined the metaphysician.

"Just as deep, then.—Buttons declares he's mad; but for my part, I think he's only lazy. He says, that if he likes to give his mind to it, he can make diamonds as big as cricket-balls."

"And what do you think?" asked Lorenzo.

"Why, sir, if he could, sir, I shouldn't mind measuring him, sir; one day he nearly got into my books—it was a wonderful escape.—Lapel, broad, of course?—A wonderful escape for me."

"How?"

"Why, sir, he came to my house, and talked about the—the penetration of matter, and asked me if I knew what was a first principle? And I said, yes."

"And do you mean to say," asked Silvertop, "that you understand first principles?"

"He's a poor tradesman as doesn't, sir,—ready money, sir.—That will do for the coat, sir.—Well, then, he talked and talked, and said there was no such thing in the world as colour, sir; it was all a matter of eyesight; and more than that, there was no nothing in the world; that there was no wood, no bricks, no stones, no trees—nothing at all real, but only as we thought it. Well, sir, what do you think all this ended in?"

"I can't say," replied Silvertop; "but I am curious to learn."

"Why, it ended in his asking me to make him a beautiful olive-green coat, a scarlet waistcoat, and a pair of claret-colour trousers. I'd nearly done it, sir, on account of his talk. Yes, sir, I had out my measure and was going to take him, when I looked in his face, and seeing his mustaches, my heart failed me."

"What! at his mustaches?"

"Don't know how it is—but books speak for themselves, sir. If you was to see my ledger, among the bad debts, for every single flourish there's five double ones; that's how I mark 'em, said the enigmatical tailor."

"What do you mean by double flourish?" inquired the metaphysician.

"Why, the bad debts with mustaches, I used to make with two flourishes—I tried it for a year, sir, and you should see the majority. The fact is, sir, experience tells me never to take mustaches without a security."

"And did you tell the gentleman as much?" asked Lorenzo.

"No, sir; I didn't like to hurt his feelings;—not, sir, that philosophers, as I think, ever have any. So I took him on his own ground, and I said, 'Mr. Chisler, since you've convinced me that there is no colour, and no nothing—that it's all a vulgar prejudice what we see and touch, why can't you do as well in your rusty black coat, and your pepper-and-salt trousers with a hole in 'em, as if you'd a beautiful olive green, and a pair of bran new claret-colours?' So you see, sir, I got rid of him on first principles."

"And the other lodgers, Mr. Bunch?"

"Most respectable gentlemen: Mr. Swanquill's father—that's the attorney, sir—grows his own pine-apples at Brixton, man of undeniable name, sir. Then, for Mr. Balance, the gentleman at the Bank, his uncle hasn't chick nor child, and doesn't know his wealth, sir."

"Tell me, Bunch," and Silvertop hesitated—then proceeded; "what do you think of Miss Buttons?"

The tailor turning his one eye up in the grave face of the metaphysician grinned and made answer, "A nice lump of a girl, sir."

Lorenzo Silvertop, dressing Bridget Buttons in the radiant colours of his own imagination, had pictured her a glorious creature—a thing of infinite grace and beauty—a being worthy of a Titian to paint, and a Petrarch to eulogize. To Silvertop, the man of sensibility, of wisdom, of profoundest speculation, the breeches-maker's daughter was a goddess; to the hunchback tailor, she was "a nice lump of a girl." Thus do men of imagination make idols, and thus do the wise sons of earth, in the blindness of their ignorance, profane them. That a divinity to one man, should be merely a "a lump of a girl" to another!

"What I was about to ask, Mr. Bunch—that is—I—you are not aware that Bridget thinks of any of the young men up stairs?" added Silvertop.

"She!" exclaimed Bunch with some animation, "she wouldn't be seen to wipe her feet upon any of 'em. Take my word for that, sir—Bridget's been taught her worth, sir."

"I thought so; and yet in a lodging-house, where there are so many faces, and some very handsome,—for women, Mr. Bunch, are caught by good looks sooner than by—"

"I know it, sir; nobody better," said the hunchback quickly, shaking his head, and stretching himself as he spoke. "I've seen life, sir, and the best or worst half of life, sir, is made up of women. And now, sir—"

"She looks all purity," said Silvertop, "and then her colour! Yes," and the metaphysician and lover of the arts, muttered complacently to himself—"a Titian—a perfect Titian—damme!—a Titian."

"And now, sir," cried Bunch, "I have your measure for the whole suit—what do you think of the colours?"

"Titian—quite a Titian," repeated Silvertop, confounding Bridget Buttons with his coat, waistcoat, and trousers."

"Whatever you like, sir, it's all the same to me," and the tailor flung out upon the table a voluminous pattern-book.

"True—I see," said Lorenzo, "ha! now, what colour?" Silvertop, placing his hand upon his lips, stood silently pondering on the many hues beneath him. Some minutes he remained in profoundest thought, the tailor now glancing at the bits of cloth, and now up at Silvertop—now, deferentially pointing his finger towards one piece, now towards another, the metaphysician the while greatly perplexed by the different appeals of different hues. That he who had sounded the very depths of "Free Will" should be puzzled—his wits sent woolgathering by the colour of a waistcoat!

"Now, *I* should say," at length began the tailor, "*I* should say for a coat of my own—"

The metaphysician deigned no word, but knitting his brows, and frowning the dwarf to silence, he stepped one pace backward, and rang the bell. In an instant, the face of Bridget Buttons beamed at the door.

"Biddy, child," said Silvertop, beckoning her forward, "you must make a choice."

"La! sir," cried Bridget, approaching the table.

"Well," cried the tailor, winking his wicked one eye at the maiden, "I should say no colour but this; no, if I was a young woman, and a gentleman *would* give me a riding-habit, this colour for my money."

"A riding-habit!" said Bridget, jerking round, and looking at the metaphysician, who looked again at her ripe, half-closed lips, as a boy looks at a peach. "A riding-habit! La, sir!"

"Do you ride, Biddy?" asked Silvertop, in gentlest tones.

"You should see her gallop a bit at Easter on Blackheath," cried the tailor.

"La! Mr. Bunch," exclaimed Bridget, blushing to her eyelids, "but you are such a man!"

"She rides!" thought the delighted Silvertop, "and a woman on

horseback is a most beautiful thing—she has such a presence—such a look of courage—such a hardy daring—” and then Lorenzo, speaking aloud, said to the tailor, “Measure Miss Buttons for a habit.”

“With pleasure, sir; but now the book’s out, sir, if you’ll make up your own mind for—”

“The lady shall choose. Biddy, my dear,” and Silvertop took Bridget’s hand, “in these matters I want taste, and—and—” all this time the metaphysician was squeezing the tips of Bridget’s fingers with the greatest cordiality, the tailor grinning at the process.

“Biddy,” at length said the impatient Bunch, “you must choose for the gentleman.”

“Oh, dear me! Well, I never—oh, sir!” cried Bridget.

“She’s as simple as a cherub,” thought Silvertop.

“And so, let’s begin with the coat,” urged the unceremonious Bunch.

“Come, suppose you was choosing for your husband—”

“Well, I never, Mr. Bunch!” said the blushing Bridget; and then she laughed and showed her rows of pearls, and the metaphysician, gazing at her, drew his breath heavily, and again muttered—

“A Titian—damme!—a Titian.”

“Now, Biddy,” cried the hunchback, “now, for the gentleman’s coat.”

“If I must, I must,” said Bridget, and she let her eyes wander over the pattern-book, the eyes of Silvertop following them. There was a moment’s pause.

“Come, Biddy,” exclaimed the tailor.

“Don’t be in a hurry, man,” cried the metaphysician, his wrath rising; “and—just to please me—call the young lady, Miss Buttons.”

“Now, Miss Buttons,” said the obedient, but grinning tailor. “Now for the coat.”

“Well, I should say,” observed Bridget hesitating, putting her finger to her lip, looking timidly at Lorenzo, and then pointing out a patch of bright apple-green—“I should say that.”

“A very pretty coat it makes, too—great many of ’em worn,” said the tailor; and he immediately stuck a pin into the patch of apple-green. “And now for the waistcoat.”

It was evident that Bridget had already made her election of the waistcoat-pattern, for she instantly, and with some determination, stuck her finger upon a very brilliant thing—a crimson ground, worked with buttercups.

“So much for that—very handsome, too,” said Bunch, and he stuck a second pin. “And now, Biddy—Miss Buttons—there is only one more choice to make.”

“Another, sir?” asked Biddy, looking with pretty helplessness at the all-admiring Silvertop.

“To be sure; it’s a complete suit—there’s another choice, of course,” said the hunchback.

“Well, you are such a man!” said Bridget, and again she laughed, and blushed.

“Come, Miss Buttons,” said the sarcastic tailor; “what shall we say for the—why, what stuff!—what trade’s your father?”

“La, Mr. Bunch! Well—what is it? I’m sure I—how should I know? how should I tell any thing of—if I must then—*that’s* a

pretty thing," and Bridget turned her head aside, as she ventured to place her finger on the cloth, touching it as timidly as if it were a nettle.

"Very gay; and what isn't common with gay things, it wears well," said Bunch; and he stuck a third pin into a piece of sky-blue kerseymere, the chosen pattern for Silvertop's nether garments.

Oh, ye gods of Mount Olympus! Oh, ye heroes—oh, ye philosophers—oh, ye thousands, wisest of the wise turned into simpletons, and put into motley by the prettiest of the pretty—receive among ye a fellow-victim, take him to your arms; although the solemn metaphysician, the sloven Silvertop, he, under feminine influence, awhile disguised in a coat of apple-green, a vest of crimson dotted with buttercups of gold, the whole of his wardrobe to conclude with kerseymere of most celestial blue. Nor is this all, for Silvertop looks upon his livery with the profoundest complacency; he considers his colours, as of old, the knights considered the badges of their ladye-loves, and thereupon glories in his metamorphosis.

Days pass, and every day Silvertop, thinking less of "Free Will," falls deeper into love. Bridget Buttons has risen upon his noon of life, the goddess of his future destiny. A goddess, nothing less; for how beautifully—how completely, can Silvertop explain away her defects,—nay, translate them into the most ravishing attractions! Her ignorance is the sweetest simplicity—her want of conversation, a most delicious humility—her frequent blushing, and a habit of playing with the corner of her apron an innocence, and that in the very heart of wicked London, almost pastoral. If she run along the floor, Silvertop thinks of Diana—if she put the tea-kettle on the fire, there is in her attitude, in the whole disposition of her figure, something inexpressibly Raffaelesque: and thus, Bridget Buttons, homely daughter of a homely breeches-maker, walks and talks, and does her housewifery, encircled and dignified by a halo of grace and beauty,—the gift of an imagination, to her a riddle and a mystery, a thing at first to be smiled at, and then made merry with. How many Lorenzos have wedded Bridgets, the dowry of the bride, nothing more than what the fancy of the bridegroom hath bestowed; a fleeting good, waning almost with the honey-month!

"Well, Williams, did she let you in?" asked Silvertop one day of a younger friend, to whom he had disclosed the story of his sudden admiration.

"Who?" inquired the new-comer, carelessly taking his seat.

"Who? Why, man, who but—hark! hark! that's she—"

"Oh! ha! I understand," said Williams, suddenly recollecting the divinity of the house.

"Did you ever hear a step like that?" asked Silvertop, just above his breath.

"I can hear nothing," answered the visiter.

"Ha! that's why it's so beautiful. She trips like a gazelle, sir—a gazelle; hark! there—there—now she's going up stairs—now she's—d—that fellow!"

"What fellow?" asked the visiter.

"Why, that fellow in the first floor. Would you believe it, sir, he plays the flute, sir—the flute!"

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"Well," said Williams, "and what of that?"

"What of that? Why—she has gone into his room. You'll hear him, sir, in a minute, women like the flute, sir—I know it. So it is; some men can dance, some sing, some play the flute, now I—" and the metaphysician looked suddenly crest-fallen—"I can do nothing."

"You're a capital hit at backgammon," said the comforting Williams.

"Backgammon, sir!" exclaimed Silvertop, resenting even an allusion to the worthless accomplishment; "women don't care a dump for backgammon. Hark! she's coming down stairs—she's—no she isn't. This is too bad," said Silvertop; and then he quickly added, "but perhaps it's all for the best."

"Really sir," said Williams, "you take this matter very seriously; is it, indeed, sir, a matter of the heart?"

"I bought her a muff yesterday," said the melancholy metaphysician.

"But, sir, you wouldn't marry her?" pressed Williams.

"And a gold chain," continued Silvertop.

"A servant at a lodging-house!" said Williams with a light laugh.

"You've not seen her, sir," fired Silvertop; "you've not seen her! Raphael would have worshipped her. All the regality of voluptuous beauty, sir; all the irresistible force of feminine grace—all that something in the face that carries a man off his legs, sir; all that dewy lustre of eye—that fruity pulpiness of lip—that—that—that—d—her!"

"Really sir," said Williams, very deferentially, "you should be cautious in this affair; because, a girl in her situation of life—you perceive—if you should be caught."

"That's it; and that's—no—I don't hear her yet—that's why I want you to come here often. Listen: you know, Williams, you're a good-looking fellow—yes, you are; tall, and young, and impudent with the women, and all that. Now, I want you to look at her—you understand—to look at her."

"And what then, sir?" asked Williams.

"What then? You can then tell me how she receives it; whether she frowns or laughs, and—and so I shall be satisfied, confirmed of my hopes of her—of her—" and a slight flush coloured the metaphysician's cheeks, "of her affection."

"You've never talked to her of—of affection, sir?" inquired Williams, with some hesitation.

"When I gave her the muff yesterday," replied Silvertop, "she said she thought she could love me."

"Only thought she could," observed Williams.

"But, don't you perceive, sir," rejoined Silvertop, "there was great delicacy in that! And when I gave her a gold chain—"

"What did she say then, sir?"

"Then, sir—but you should have seen her look! Guido never did any thing finer—then she owned that I was the man to make any woman happy. I am forty-eight; and no woman before ever said as much to me. Now you, as a painter, Williams, will go mad about her; such form, such outline, such colour—she's an angel, Williams."

"But she's a long time up stairs," said the artist.

"A d—d cat," growled the metaphysician. On this there was

silence for some minutes, and Silvertop sat, intently listening. At length he jumped to his legs, and passionately exclaimed, "Why should she go up stairs?—I don't hear her, sir; not a footstep, sir; not a sound, sir; not the lightest."

At this moment, Mr. Swanquill began playing upon his flute, "Be-gone, dull care!"

"You hear that, sir," shouted Silvertop; "now that any woman could give up the conversation, the intellectual talk of a man like myself, to hear a fellow make a noise like that with a piece of wood! And there she'll stay, sir; stay, with her ears nailed to that puppy's finger-ing; why the devil, sir, couldn't she hear the flute in her own room—I ask that, sir?"

Williams, who was in no condition to return a satisfactory answer, remained silent.

"They're all alike, sir, all alike," continued Silvertop: "women, sir, are animals, mere animals, sir; not a bit more, sir; they've no minds, sir; no more minds than sieves—no more."

Here the musician stopped, and a smile began to break in Silvertop's face, and he stood breathless, listening for the foot of Bridget on the stairs. Suddenly, however, the minstrel struck up in a high key, the soul-inspiring air of "*Bob and Joan*;" Silvertop's face became black with passion; he gnashed his teeth, and striking his clenched fist upon the table, he roared, "I've done with her, it's all over, thank God! No; the woman who could listen to that—my dear fellow, let us go out, I'll change my lodgings to-night. No, no, any thing but that tune; any thing but that." And the writer on "*Free Will*" sank gasping in his chair, the musician above continuing his dulcet strains. After a few minutes, Silvertop, who had sat in agony, violently pulled the bell. Bridget tripped down from the flute-player, and appeared before the metaphysical Silvertop.

"Did you ring, sir?" asked Bridget.

"I am going out—going out," growled Silvertop, frowning most furiously.

"Yes, sir," said Bridget; and with no further words she quitted the room. A pause ensued.

"Williams," at length spoke the philosopher; "Williams, you know the Cleopatra of Michael Angelo?"

"Very well, sir," replied the painter; "a mighty, a glorious thing."

"Humph!" said Silvertop, musing. "No, I don't mean Cleopatra, that's not quite it. But you recollect Eve, sir; Michael Angelo's Eve, sir?"

"Perfectly," said Williams; "magical union of grandeur and sweetness."

"The Eve, sir, plucking the apple? You recollect the—the shuddering consciousness that seems to creep over her—the shadow falling on her lustrous face, betokening the unborn consequence!"

"I recollect, sir; you have again placed her quite before me," said the painter.

"Well, sir," continued the philosopher, rubbing his knees, "did you see nothing of that just now?"

"Where, sir?"

"Here, sir," answered Silvertop.

"Michael Angelo's Eve!" cried the astonished painter.

"I mean, sir, if you had your eyes, did you see nothing when the girl came in that—that at first forcibly reminded you of the freshness of Titian, suddenly saddened into the severity of Buonarotti—I mean, when I frowned at her, there was Eve, sir; every inch, sir; a perfect Eve."

"She is very handsome—a remarkably fine girl," said Williams; "good teeth, too."

"Teeth!" cried Silvertop; "good God! sir, look at her outline."

"Very nice," said the painter.

"Nice!" exclaimed the philosopher; "did you see the line from her ear to her shoulder—is there any thing like it? In all the great masters, any thing comparable to it?"

"It's a pity she hasn't a better taste in music," said Williams—we think, maliciously.

"Oh, an animal, sir, quite an animal; I have done with her!" cried the inexorable metaphysician. "Thank God, I've found her out in time; it might have been too late, sir; but I've done with her."

A low tap was heard at the door, and then it was immediately opened, and again Bridget Buttons stood before Silvertop. He sat in his chair like one enchanted, gazing with unmoved eyes upon the face of the maiden, who with downcast looks, gently advanced towards him. Something she carried in her open right hand; Silvertop spoke not. Bridget approached his chair, and smiling, and her eyes being slowly raised to a snow-white garment, carefully folded, and borne in her right palm, she spoke in most melodious voice, "You said you was going out, sir."

"Well?" said the mollified metaphysician—"well?"

"Your aired shirt, sir;" and saying this, Bridget put forth her right hand towards the sitting philosopher, who looked now at the folded shirt, and now at the bearer; his rigid face relaxing into a look of the deepest devotion, and so for two or three minutes, he sat, silent and admiring. Bridget stood, and received the fire of his eyes with nerve incomparable. She made no attempt to lay the shirt upon the table; the philosopher offered not to take it from her hand; and thus the maid and the metaphysician might have remained, we know not how long, two statues, "to enchant the world," had not Williams began, we fear to keep down his laughter, to cough very violently. On this, Silvertop gently half-rose from his seat, and opening his hand, advanced it to the shirt-carrying hand of Bridget; she, with sympathizing delicacy, shifted the garment from her palm to the palm of Silvertop, as though it were a rose-leaf passed from hand to hand, when, the operation silently finished, Bridget, with a new smile and almost a look at Silvertop, swam from the room.

The metaphysician stood, gazing at the door, with the shirt in his hand; he then laid it reverently upon the table, and fully awakened to his state of bliss, giving himself a smart slap on the thigh, he cried, with an exulting voice, "She has me again!"

Williams was about to speak, when a loud knock at the door, demanded the attention of Silvertop. "Hush!" cried he; "I think I know who this is. Come in."

In obedience to the mandate, a tall, rustic-looking man entered the room, and stood, now stroking his hair, and now smoothing his hat. "Oh!" cried Silvertop, "take a chair, Mr. Hawkweed;" and Mr. Hawkweed immediately complied. "Well, and how do we get on? Oh! you may speak before this gentleman; how do we get on?"

"Capital, sir; as well as heart could wish; quite purely, sir," replied Hawkweed.

"Well; let me hear: proceed," said Silvertop; "what happened yesterday?"

"Going down stairs," said Hawkweed, "I winked my eye, and pinched her elbow."

"Well?" asked the metaphysician, with an anxious face.

"She fetched me a slap on the cheek, and told me not to pinch my betters."

"I thought as much," said Silvertop. "Well, what next?"

"In the afternoon, I chucked her under the chin, and trod upon her toe."

"He!" cried Silvertop, "what followed then?"

"She called me a ploughman brute, and said her father should give me warning."

"Yes, to be sure," said the satisfied philosopher. "Well, that's all, I suppose?"

"When she let me in last night," continued Hawkweed, "I caught her round the neck, and swore I'd have a kiss. She said, if I did, she'd squeal. I did have a kiss."

"Well!" exclaimed Silvertop.

"And she didn't squeal," said Hawkweed.

"To be sure, it was late, and she might have disturbed the house, and—there, that will do, Mr. Hawkweed; you needn't kiss her again," said Silvertop.

"Just as you please, sir,—it's all the same to me;" and with this avowal, Mr. Hawkweed scraped a bow, and lounged out of the room.

"There now—what do you think of him? Handsome fellow for a clown, isn't he?—red cheeks, curly hair, tall, stalwart rogue—just the animal to take a girl's fancy, if she hadn't some refinement; and yet, you hear—you hear how she resents his advances!"

"Who is he?" asked Williams, in astonishment.

"The fellow lives here—luckiest thing in the world, sir; he took the attic the very day that the scamp with the mustaches left. Well, sir, I've retained him; treated him to make love to the girl, sir; and you hear," cried the exulting Silvertop—"you hear what she thinks of it. You know I can't be too cautious; but now, I think, I may swear for her. It would be hard at my time of life to be tricked, and so I—I am justified in making every experiment upon her affection."

"And is it possible, sir," questioned Williams; "do you really propose marrying the wench?"

"Wench! Raphael never painted wenches, sir; and she's quite a piece of the old masters—don't say wench, Williams—is Correggio's Venus a wench? Stay," continued Silvertop, as Williams rose to depart. "You are new here—she has not seen you before: now, as you go out, just—you understand me—just look at her."

"Well, sir, if 'twill give you any satisfaction, as far as a wink goes, I—"

"You know what I mean, and as a friend, let me know how she receives it." Saying this, Silvertop rang the bell, and Bridget appeared to show Williams to the door. The metaphysician sat with quickened ears to catch the slightest sound. He heard no syllable; all was hushed. Surely Williams was not all this time in the passage, and yet Silvertop

had not heard the street-door close. Was it—could it be Bridget smothering a laugh? The philosopher violently pulled the bell—there was a hurrying sound in the passage—the street-door was flung to—and in the same instant, the placid Bridget presented herself to the summons of Silvertop.

“Did you ring, sir?” asked Bridget.

“I—Biddy!” and Silvertop looked in her face, and smiled at its sweet tranquillity. “Biddy—I have changed my mind—I shall stay at home to-night, Biddy.”

“Very well, sir—thank you, sir,” and Bridget taking the shirt, tripped from the room.

“I’ll marry her—I will,” said Silvertop to himself, “and finish ‘Free Will’ afterwards.”

A fortnight had elapsed, and every thing had jumped to confirm the metaphysician in his goodly purpose of marriage. He had received numberless proofs of the purity of Bridget—of her ingenuousness—her decided preference for him above all men. Silvertop felt proudly satisfied that he was the first man who had taught her heart to throb with sweet emotions. She had never—he could take his affidavit to the flattering fact—never loved before. He, Lorenzo Silvertop, was Bridget Buttons’s first and only passion.

“I will immediately speak to her father,” was the determination of Silvertop one morning after breakfast, such resolve being, we strongly suspect, assisted by a remarkably pretty cap, worn for the first time by Bridget. “It is but a mob-cap,” said the admiring Silvertop, as the girl left the room; “yet on her head it becomes classical. I’ll speak to her father.”

Even as Silvertop muttered the words, a knock was heard at his door, and who should present himself but Adam Buttons, breeches-maker, and father to Bridget. “Some men,” thought Silvertop, “would take this as a happy augury;” then said to the breeches-maker, “Mr. Buttons, take a chair.”

“You’re very good, sir—very good, indeed,” said Adam, seating himself, and trying to look at his ease.

“Mr. Buttons,” said Silvertop, “you are a very happy man, Mr. Buttons.”

“Why, sir, I manage to make both ends meet, sir; pay the rates and all that,” said Adam.

“But, sir, you have a peculiar source of happiness,” observed Silvertop.

“’Tisn’t for me to brag, sir,” replied the modest breeches-maker; “but I believe my cut’s as good as any in the city; I’ve made, sir, for two Lord Mayors in my time, three Sheriffs, and half-a-dozen Aldermen.”

“I alluded, Mr. Buttons, to your happiness as a father,” said Silvertop.

“Why, yes, Biddy’s a good un, sir,—a real good un; shall lose our right-hand, sir, when she goes.”

“Goes!” exclaimed the metaphysician; and he felt a spasm about the region of his heart.

“Gals must marry, sir, some time,” said the breeches-maker.

“True,” replied the philosopher.

"There's no help for it, sir; none, sir, unless, to be sure, they keep single, and that's all very well, sir, when father and mother's alive; but, as I'm getting old, sir, and, howsomever, sir, to make a long matter short, I shall not be sorry to get Biddy off my hands."

"Silvertop unconsciously shrank at the homeliness of the breeches-maker, and then prepared himself to receive the proposition of the father, who was evidently come to have with his lodger a proper understanding."

"You have been very good indeed to us, since you have been here—indeed, I may say, quite a blessing to the house," said Buttons.

"Say not a word about it," entreated the modest Silvertop.

"I'm sure Bridget does nothing but talk about you—I'm sure, sir—I—I ask your pardon, sir; but I can hardly get out what I was going to say."

"I believe, Mr. Buttons, I can almost interpret the object of your visit," said Silvertop.

"Only to think, sir,—if you should!" remarked Buttons.

"Is it not about the—the settlement—that is, the marriage of your daughter?"

"You're as good as a witch, sir."

"Believe me, Mr. Buttons," said the metaphysician, offering his hand to the breeches-maker, "believe, me, sir, I was about to address you, and this very morning, too, on that most interesting subject."

"Only to think!" repeated Buttons.

"Pray do not mistake me—but you give no dowry with Miss Bridget?"

"Dowry, sir?" asked Buttons, possibly unconscious of the meaning of the word—"dowry?"

"I mean, you give her no fortune?" asked Silvertop.

Buttons gently rubbed his hands, smiled, and answered, "Why, sir, not much in that way."

"Well, never mind," said Silvertop; "my means, though not great, are tolerably well."

"I thought he would—I was sure of it," was the silent opinion of the gladdened father; "I knew he'd give her something handsome."

"I shall put you to no expense whatever," said Silvertop, "I shall defray all the expenses of the ceremony—the fitting out of the bride—indeed, every thing myself."

The munificence of the lodger was too much for the landlord; Buttons rose, and seizing both hands of Silvertop, declared him to be the noblest gentleman that ever lived. What had he—Buttons—done to have deserved such a friend? "You will indeed, make Bridget happy," said her father.

"I hope," said Silvertop, very meekly, "I hope I shall."

"Well, sir, as all that's settled, I hope you won't think that I'm in much of a hurry, if I say Monday next. Will that day be quite convenient, sir?" asked Buttons.

"Monday next!" There was something in the naming of this day—in this fixing of the time, that made Silvertop pause; it was but for a minute, for with admirable self-possession, he observed—"Well, as it is to be—perhaps, the sooner the better. Say Monday."

"Bridget, sir, has fixed on Bow church. No objection, I hope, to Bow church, sir?"

"None, whatever: only, I have to request that the ceremony may pass off as quietly as possible, let us have no crowd, Mr. Buttons: don't let us make a show of ourselves," said Silvertop.

"Certainly not, sir—it isn't decent; just a dozen friends or two, and nobody more. Biddy, sir, has set her heart upon Gravesend, sir; no objection, I hope to Gravesend?" asked Buttons.

"Gravesend—what do you mean? Gravesend!" cried Silvertop.

"To spend the honeymoon at, sir; you know, we can all go down and see her at Gravesend, sir; a pretty place, sir, for young married folks, sir.

"If Biddy have a preference for Gravesend," said Silvertop.

"She's such a gal for shrimps, sir," cried Buttons, "and so fond of the sea. What's more, she's never ill."

"We can talk about Gravesend; all the principal points, are I hope, settled. The ceremony is to take place on Monday—at Bow church—"

"And you, sir, see to the dinner, and all that? Ecod! sir, I'm the happiest breeches-maker in the world—I am, indeed, sir; and how happy Bridget's husband will be!"

"I hope it," said Silvertop.

"I'm sure of it," exclaimed Buttons; and as he spoke he opened the door, and forcibly pulled in Bunch, the hump-backed tailor, Bridget Buttons, with downcast eyes, following him.

"Mr. Bunch!" said Silvertop with dignified surprise.

"Thank him, Joel, for the best friend you have in the world," and Buttons pushed Bunch towards the metaphysician; "thank him—he'll find the wedding dinner—fit out your wife, and all."

"Wife! wife!" cried Silvertop, turning pale; "what is all this?"

"My wife, sir, as is to be on Monday, sir," said Bunch, introducing Bridget Buttons.

"Marry you!" screamed the metaphysician.

"It's been a settled job these six months," cried Bunch, smirking.

"You marry him!" raved Silvertop at Bridget, looking with inexpressible loathing at the self-complacent lump of deformity—"you marry him! Impossible. What! Do you love him?" roared Silvertop.

"Answer me. I say, do you love him?"

Bridget Buttons took up the corner of her apron, glanced at Silvertop, then at Bunch, and colouring, said—"La! sir."

The metaphysician groaned; his whole frame quivered with passion, and it was with considerable difficulty that he asked—"If—if this infernal porwiggle is to marry your daughter—what did you come to ask of me?"

"To give her away, sir," said the breeches-maker.

To the horror of the metaphysician, Bridget Buttons, that incarnation of grace and sweetness, became the wife of Joel Bunch. The happy couple were married at ten o'clock in the morning at Bow church, and at six were seen in a Gravesend boat embarked for the place of their honeymoon. Bridget looked remarkably well; her riding-habit, her muff, tippet, and gold-chain attracting the admiration of all beholders.

Lorenzo Silvertop is still a bachelor, and still at work on "Free Will."

LETTERS FROM IRELAND.—NO. VIII.*

BY JOHN CARNE, ESQ.

ABOUT a mile from the lake was the national school, a new and handsome building, that looked like a little palace in the lone hamlet: its master, a well-educated man, had about fifty pounds a year—an ample income where all things were cheap. The kitchen fire of our host was absolute comfort; but soon he waved his hand impressively towards another room. Mistrustful of any change, we declined leaving the chimney-nook: his look and gestures grew impatient, and almost indignant; “wasn’t the parlour claner, with a better fire for his honour.” A parlour in an Irish cottage had a misgiving sound. Reluctantly following to a small room, he pointed proudly to the clean swept floor, the noble fire, a chair, a table, and a little bed, of whose merits the peasant we met had been so eloquent. This fire of turf, the rich black Irish turf, is about the best in the world, so brilliant and heartfelt its flame, and its long glow of heat: even the pine and fir logs of the Alpine homes, must yield to its inspiration. As the smoke-wreaths slowly passed away, a tall figure, in black, was seen standing in the middle of the floor, that had entered unseen. “I am Mr. Sullivan,” he said, “the master of the national school of Lara. I saw from the window your honour pass by to Paddy Sha’s, and I thought you would be lonely there.” He was an intelligent man, a Roman Catholic, but no bigot: to the people of this territory he appeared a most learned man. It was rarely that a stranger halted for the night in Glanmore, and he was delighted to pass the evening with one freshly come from the world, whose rumour alone reached this retreat. And the stranger will long remember the evening at the lake of Glanmore: the utter loneliness of the place, deep among the mountains; its extreme beauty; the wild harp, the bright fire, and the tale.

The wilderness behind us had afforded no dinner; and when supper was hinted at, Paddy Sha had waved his hand mysteriously, and said that all would soon be ready. The words and the manner had awakened some indefinite ideas, almost of a banquet, and when at last the parlour-door was thrown open, and the husband entered with an enormous dish of potatoes, followed by his wife, with an equally large one of milk, we saw our fate. A plate with about a dozen eggs came last: no bread, meat, or fish, is to be found in these homes, or beneath the farmer’s roof,—not at least in the summer. A shebeen was sure to be near; some whiskey being procured, a little punch was made. The host groaned in the bitterness of his heart, and shook his white head, at the little inroad made on his supper. Ere ten minutes had elapsed, the door flew open, and the wife entered with a second bowl of potatoes, “quite hot for his honour,” and shortly a third bowl ensued, “quite timptin’, and sure he would taste them.” Fresh turf was piled, and the table cleared, and Sullivan importuned to tell an Irish story; and at last he related the following, which he entirely believed.

“The story was told only to his riverence and to me, by the young woman Cathleen, who is the finest girl in Lara. Her father was a tai-

lor, a little man, with a long pale face, and very long arms, quite different from his daughter, who was tall and graceful. He had a good business, and the nicest cottage and garden in the neighbourhood, which was owin' to Cathleen, for her flowers were tended with such care, there were none like them in the parish. But he was ruined by the whiskey, which he loved better to drink lonely than in company, and would often go over to the little island in the boat, with the bottle in his pocket, and sate himself on the bank. There he would drink for hours, quite by himself, and look upon the mountains one time, and then upon the waters, as if he was thinkin' of their grandeur; but his look was evil, and so were his thoughts, and sometimes I didn't like to meet him on the shore. But one evenin' I met him, face to face, by the water-side; his body and his face were very wasted, and his eye was very bright and evil. 'Kelly,' said I, 'your last inimy will soon have you, and that with very little trouble to him.'—'And who, Count,' says he (it's the name the people call me here), 'is my last inimy?'—'Death,' said I; 'it's very kind of you to make so much haste to meet him, it's trating him like a jintleman.' He stretched out his long arms to strike me, but they shook so that he could only swear that he would be revinged.

"A few weeks afterwards he died: they gave him a great wake, for besides the house and garden, he had some fields. One day, exactly a week after he died, Cathleen was out pickin' furze-seed, which is sold to the steward of the Marquis of Lansdowne, to sow by the sides of his dykes and ditches in his English estates, to grow into hedges, for a fence and a beauty. It was in the summer, in July, and about noonday, and as she lifted up her eyes from the work, she saw her father comin' on his gray mare, that died for grief a few days after him: he rode to the other side of the furze bush, and looked long and fearfully at her. 'O my father!' she said, 'is that you?' Her arms fell quite to her side for fear, but she did not fall or lose her prisence of mind. 'My daughter,' he said, 'how is Paddy Sullivan's cow, that got the gout? and how is Casey's boy with the paralytic?' 'Twas me that gave that to them, by the arts I tried; for I hated that boy.'—'The cow is better, and the boy's no worse, father,' she answered. 'Cathleen,' said he, 'that's a comfort to me, for where I am they were heavy upon my mind, and I'm come back to ask about them; depind upon it they'll be better soon:' and he told her how they might be cured. And while he spoke, he looked suddenly over his shoulder and said, 'They that I go with are comin' after me: Cathleen, as you loved your father, meet me here to-morrow at the same hour.' He looked down once on the lake of Glanmore, so long, so sadly, on the little isle: was it the beauty of the mountains and the waters the spirit loved, or was it the whiskey it thought upon? surely your honour won't be long in doubt.

"That very evenin' Cathleen went and told his riverence the whole: he was struck with grate surprise, but gave her a bottle of holy water, to hang round her neck, that he might do her no harm. The next day, at the appointed hour, he was there,—not on the gray mare, but on foot,—and as he stood on the other side the furze bush, being a little man, she quite, she tould me, looked down upon him; for she was tall and graceful, and very handsome.

"He stood without speakin', his eyes cruel with misery; she lifted the bottle of holy water to drink, bein' afraid: he saw the sun shinin'

upon it, stretched his long arm over the bush, snatched it from her, and put it to his lips, for he thought it was whiskey. When he returned the bottle, it was quite empty; and his face was so full of spite and malice, and his look so queer and uncomfortable, at gettin' the could water, believin' 'twas what he loved so dearly, that she covered her eyes with her hands, and when she looked up, he was gone, and she saw him no more."

When he had finished his story, the master of Lara departed to his home, in a neighbouring farm-house, for it was now late. The bed in Paddy Sha's parlour justified the description of the peasant, of being a clane and iligant one, the linen was as white as snow, and it was as soft as down; and at its side burned all night the noble turf-fire. Nearly opposite was the national school, which we visited next day: about a hundred children of both sexes are educated here, a tenth part of whom only were Protestants. Sullivan loved his office, and was well suited to it, being a good scholar, patient, and of a kind temper; the reputation of his learning got him the name of Count from the people in this wild and romantic parish of Tuosist: the children were clean and more neatly dressed than was usual, and seemed to be fond of their tasks.

A facility of apprehension, a quick development of mind is observable in Irish, to a greater degree than in English children, if the testimony of teachers and impartial observers may be believed. Ireland is said to be advancing every year in improvement and civilization; the merchants from Bristol, Liverpool, and other towns say, that on each annual visit, they find a growing and commercial prosperity and activity. Yet the slow but sure influence of education, will do more to burst her people's inthralments, than even the railroads or the poor-law. Her rising generation can never be so grossly ignorant and bigoted as are their fathers: Romanism, here in her darkest and foulest home, the very "castle of Bunyan," whose halls are paved with the skulls and bones of victims, can never bind her legends and delusions on the far better instructed and informed minds which a few years will foster.

A proof of the credulity of the common people was afforded on the following day, in a walk at sunrise, accompanied by Sullivan, to a celebrated scene of superstition, three miles distant. The walk was beautiful, along a clear stream, that connects the lake with a narrow arm of the sea, far inland from the harbour of Kenmare. It leads through a hamlet by the water-side, in which it was reported that the rare luxuries of tea, coffee, and sugar, might be procured—it seemed but a vain report; was it likely that such exotics could come to such a solitude—even Paddy Sha, when interrogated the previous evening, shook his head in doubt; "If they were to be got in the country, wouldn't he send every where for them."

At the door of a little dwelling, a young man was pointed out as the merchant and somewhat more, of the place. "Is that your shop? and what do you sell in it?"

"It's throe for you, your honour, the little shop sure it's mine: I sell timber and tay, and salt and coffee, sugar and clothes, and other things also. Isn't that a pleasant and iligant parlour? (as we entered.) Three English gentlemen dined in it every day: they brought

their yacht here, and advised me to have a wood floorin'; and there's a sweet chamber above, that looks out over the mountains—and the weather, quite lovely: they said they'd come next summer, and stay many weeks—won't it be a nice lodgin' then?"

He had a merry eye, and a kind and earnest look and voice, this aspiring merchant of Bona, and sold his groceries laughably cheap. A large group of people, fishermen and their wives, and peasants, were gathered on the beach round a quantity of pilchards, freshly taken, which seemed as great strangers in this long arm of the sea, where they had wandered, as the "Indian weed."

About a quarter of a mile from the village was the Holy Lake—a small sheet of water in the hollow of a field, deep and still, its banks thickly fringed with tall bent, that springs from the green turf. Adjacent is the fragment of, it may be, an ancient chapel, and on its broad gray stone rests a very large skull, whitened like snow by the rains and winds of centuries, being the relic of St. Quilnan, the priest and afterwards the saint of this neighbourhood, who flourished above two hundred years ago. The empty eyes, and mouth and ears, were filled with portions of the hair of young women; who had cut them off the raven, the auburn, the Saxon locks, and stuffed them in this sainted skull, in the belief that the headaches or other pains they suffered, would be thereby cured. The miraculous virtues of the lake go far beyond this—in the summer, it is observed that a singular movement often takes place on the water and the shore, and this is generally on the Saturday, as if the "things inanimate" were aware, like mortals, that the cares and sins of the week were about to close, and they sought a preparation for the morrow. There is a rush of water as it were into the lake, which swells to a level with its banks, by some connexion probably with the arm of the sea a quarter of a mile distant. Portions of the turf begin to separate from the shore, a crackling as if of roots or filaments is heard beneath, and these turfs or tossacks, as the people call them, sail away upon the lake in a various and eccentric course. This is the hour and power of miracles—whoever, stripping quite naked, gets into the water there, is sure to be cured.

"Is it always on Saturday, Mr. Sullivan, that the turfs separate, and go out on the lake—and do they always, as you said, come back the same evening to their former position?"

"I do not think," he replied, "that it is quite a miracle—but that there may be natural causes for it—but the people all believe, to a great distance, that it is entirely a sign of the divine goodness to them, when it has a mind to cure their disorders. I have sat here for hours, sometimes, observing this curious sight—sometimes on a Sunday it is observable, but not often—I've seen the tossacks take some days before they returned; and I once knew a turf that did not come back for a month, and they mostly find their way in the evening to the place they left in the morning."

It is in the month of June, and on the eight of the month, when the annual Pattern is held here, that the most surprising cures are wrought. At the last celebration two thousand persons were gathered, who came from mountain and valley, lake and moor; they spend several days on the spot, bring their sick and dying relatives, and light fires by night along the shore. So diminutive is the lake, and so numerous are the fires from this multitude, that its surface is one glare of light, in which each

group of mountaineers, each company of mourners, and merry youths and lasses, who seek not to trouble the waters, are wildly and vividly seen; some laughing, some praying or weeping, others mourn apart, where the night falls more darkly. Around the mass of gray stone, on which is St. Quilnan's skull, blaze the brightest fires; and the loudest sounds arise, from suppliants who kneel thickly on every side of the sloping bank, on whose summit is this relic; tier above tier of heads and clasped hands, and eager and hoping eyes is visible there. The blind are put into the lake, and after a few good bathings, generally come out seeing; the lame and rheumatic, as well as the helplessly weak and in pain, who have been brought with great trouble over the mountains, are put into this blessed water, while the turfs, like so many creatures conscious of their merciful mission, are sailing about pleasantly on every side.

Clifford, the piper, a young man who played his Irish harp beautifully, was a firm believer in these things, and told an interesting incident which Sullivan did not contradict; in fact, he corroborated having been a spectator. "It was the last Pattern," said the former, "when two thousand people were round the shore in the mornin'. Wasn't it a blessed sight to see, if your honour had but been there! Isn't it throe for me what I'm telling? for you saw it, Mr. Sullivan, with your own eyes. The people were kneelin' by the lake, a grate many of them close to the water, which is very deep: and there was one holy man, a stranger, in the first rank, prayin' with his eyes fixed upon the water, and never turnin' them to the right or left, when the turf on which he was kneelin', broke from the bank, and sailed slowly away into the lake, with him upon it. The people set up a cry after him; they said he was a lost man: the women wept, a grate many of 'em, and said they were sure he was a saint, or the turf would not have sailed away with him; but he would never come to land alive again; and what would his poor wife and children do? Perhaps his skileton be left upon the turf in the lake for a sign and a blessin'. Sure he was a good man, and not a poor sinner: he kept his prisence of mind, and lookin' over his shoulder, as he was still kneelin' with his hands lifted, he said to the people, 'Pray for me.' Oh, had your honour but been there; such a silence there was, while all the people prayed that he shouldn't be forsaken. As their lips were movin', and their eyes fixed upon him, glory be to God, the turf turned about of his own accord, and came slowly back to the place it left, with the man still kneelin': and as calm, with a pleasant smile, tho' his face was quite pale, for death had been very near to him, and the rejoicins and blessins over him; weren't they a pleasant thing to behold!"

Returning to the hamlet of Lara, it was pleasant to observe the kind and earnest greetings of the people to each other, but especially to our companion. "God be with you, Mr. Sullivan, isn't this a blessed morning in the heavens," and the young women who were at work in the fields and gardens, paused and cast a look of good-will. "May you be happy, Count; isn't it an iligant mornin'!" At Paddy Sha's, we realized something like an English breakfast, the first of the kind ever seen beneath his roof, though kettle, cups, saucers, bread, were wanting. The ignorance and bigotry in this neighbourhood were very gross; yet it may be said that the influence of the priesthood is not

on the increase ; on the contrary, it is on the decline throughout a large portion of the country ; the minds of the people are less easy of subjection, and more awake to the exactions and inconsistencies of their spiritual rulers. The dues of the latter must be paid even by the poorest, and they often fall heavily ; there being no separate fee for baptism, this ceremony is often delayed till churching, the fee for which is 3*s.* 6*d.* ; thus the priest avoids a gratuitous ritual, and gets a meal moreover, as in the more decent families a repast is mostly provided for him at the “ churching the mistress.” For extreme unction, 2*s.* 6*d.* is always the fee ; for funerals, there is no fee, so the priest is rarely seen at them, except the people be in good circumstances, and are likely to make him a present for his trouble. Two instances of this fell under our observation : one of the farmers in the parish of —, about twenty miles from Cork, paid Father M—, at his receiving-day, less than he thought his due : he demanded more, and after some altercation, being flatly refused, he knocked the farmer down with a heavy candlestick, which he snatched from the table. The man was confined for some weeks by the injury he received. The only atonement he would receive, was the payment of five pounds by Father M— to the poor. The behaviour of Father Green was yet more violent, in the parish of —, six miles from Macroom, where we resided some weeks.

A new chapel was greatly wanted : it was the wish of the greater part of the population, that the site should be in the centre of the parish. This he refused, and insisted that it should be built not far from his own dwelling, which was pleasantly situated on a gentle elevation. In defiance of the parishioners, who complained that the spot was remote and inconvenient to most of them, he, supported by a small minority, began to build in his own vicinity, and set them at defiance. His walls had made but little progress, when they came one evening and pulled them down, and soon after began to build a chapel in the centre of the parish, by the bank of a stream. A few feet only were raised of the new structure, when the priest Green, at the head of a body of adherents, with sticks or shillelahs, drove off the workmen, and, mounted on horseback, pursued them for some distance, calling to his followers “ to shed no blood, but to break every bone in their skin.” One young man being overtaken, was most severely beat : the more respectable Romanists came to our friend Mr. C—, and entreated him to support them against their priest. He did this zealously, and in a few weeks Father Green was convicted of the assault before three magistrates, two of whom were Catholics, and sentenced to pay ten pounds, or go to prison for three months. The parishioners wrote to the bishop, and requested another priest to be sent them : they received an unsatisfactory reply. Murmuring and discontent prevailed in this extensive parish, and another and more decided letter was sent to the bishop, intimating that if another and a better priest was not appointed, they should apply to the brothers Crotty, at Birr, to recommend one. The secession of the latter, who were two priests in the Romish church, caused a great sensation, and will have a very injurious influence on her interests, for these gentlemen are zealous, clever, and persevering. Their present adherents, who were their former flock, and amount to above two thousand persons, have built them a large chapel at Birr, where

they preach the pure truths of Protestantism, and write as well as preach.

After breakfast, we walked to the shore of the lake, and passed again by the national school—instruction is the only way by which the ignorant Roman Catholic can be led to read and think for himself, which he rarely does. Other and effectual means of education and instruction are silently in progress throughout Ireland : in the Sunday-schools under Protestant guidance, and in the ceaseless march over mountain and moor, to every hamlet and cottage of the Irish teachers, part of whom are converted Catholics, the rest are Protestants : their salaries are as low as three and five guineas each. These unwearied men take copies of the New Testament, and useful treatises or tracts, in Irish, and find their way into wild and untrodden regions ; received with a smile or a curse,—welcome, or driven from the door,—they shrink from no toil or danger. The good they are effecting is incalculable, and is exciting serious uneasiness and alarm among the heads of the Romish church. This national school of Lara was beautifully situated : the circle of mountains around, the lake of Glanmore at their feet ; the river winding into the adjacent arm of the sea. It was a glorious morning, the sun bright in the heavens, the sky full of gladness, its feathery clouds borne softly by the mountain air—there was music in the song of the birds. Yet the life of these children was begun in an evil scene of passion and blood, and guile, and misery, for such may Ireland be said at present to be. If the force of instruction, if the light of intellect, can ward off or break these dark shadows from their way, will it not be a blessing, the highest that can be offered them ?

The boat that was oarless on the shore the previous evening, now bore a village party to the isle—the teacher, the piper, Paddy, and his son Lewis, a handsome youth, the Glengariff guide, who had never been here before, and gazed around him with true Irish curiosity. On the islet was a cottage, of two spacious rooms, deserted now. A few years since it afforded a home to two gentlemen, one of whom came to fish and shoot, the other fled to this solitude to avoid his creditors. Most gentlemanly debtors would probably prefer a home in the King's Bench, with the hum and excitement of the busy world around them : books and newspapers every day, with the faces and voices of friends or enemies. The ripple of the lake—the eagle's cry—the mountain storm—the peasant's legends, are the choicest sounds here. The lake of Glanmore is in a site of exquisite beauty, at the foot of a mountain that falls sheer and precipitously into it. On the opposite shore its waters sleep on a bank of richest green, a half-mile distant from which are three mountains, each rises alone, and pointed ; the intervening space is field and garden-ground, with scattered cottages. On the verdant bank of the isle, on which is a single ash, a holly, and an arbutus, the harper played some of his native airs ; the sounds passed sadly and beautifully over the waters and the shore and along the mountain-side.

“ LADY MAY.”

“ His sunshine and his showers,
Turne all the patient ground to flowers.”

HERRICK.

“ Alas ! poore Maypoles ; what should be the cause
That you were almost banisht from the earth ?
Who never were rebellious to the lawes ;
Your greatest crime was harmelesse, honest mirth.”

DENIZENS of all climes, of all times and seasons, of every age and every nation, wherever the “patient ground” rises under the tread of man, there (unless perverted by him from its natural course) will flowers rise to gladden his senses and his heart. And few in comparison with the whole, few indeed are those who are not more or less impressed by their innocuous beauty and fragrance. Even the sanguinary character of the Mexicans possessed this gentle and refined trait ; for at the court of Montezuma, a garland of flowers was thought to be the most fitting and honourable offering to an ambassador : they used them in their idolatrous worship, and they are still, as a nation, remarkable for their passionate fondness for them. The Chinese adorn their temples with them ; the Brahma women make use of them in their devotional self-sacrifices ; and the ancient classical nations carried their fondness for them to an almost vicious excess. In all times, flowers have been considered as fitting accompaniments to the varied drama of life. Emblems of triumph, they have been wreathed around the conqueror’s brow, and flung in his path. Typical of gaiety and gladness, they were infused in the purple juice, or they encircled the winecup, and added to the brilliancy of the feast—they adorned the sacrifices and crowned the altars of the gods ; while divine honours were attributed, and grateful adoration paid to the beneficent goddess FLORA, to whose influence the production of these fairies of life was supposed to be owing.

Ever giving token of the mighty hand by which they grow, the application of them alters not with the overthrow of nations, or the downfall of thrones. We indeed decorate not the temples of heathen gods, but at festival seasons our Christian temples are enriched by them. In chastened joy, we place their radiant blossoms on the brow of the blooming bride,* and deck her path to the altar with them ; and “as one of the last, so one of the holiest offices of love,” in humble hope we strew them on the bier of the early dead, or hang a garland near the empty place in church to commemorate the dearly loved, the too early mourned. That “gentle and beautiful thing,” the pale snowdrop, meek emblem of consolation, rising in beauty from its grave amid the chills of winter, placed on the bier of the youth or maiden early summoned, carries its mute but cheering lesson to the heart of the mourner ; or the

* This custom is of remote antiquity. Among the Anglo-Saxons, after the benediction both bride and bridegroom were crowned with flowers. In the eastern church the chaplets used on these occasions were blessed. It was quite usual, at a much later period, for those who were betrothed to wear some flower, usually a pink or a gilliflower, as a conspicuous external mark of engagement.—*Brand*.

rose, sleeping in perfume, intimates, not darkly, the comfort which the *memory* of a good man's actions may diffuse even after he is laid low ; for, though this sweet flower is chiefly appropriated to lovers, the *red* rose is not unfrequently displayed in commemoration of persons in more advanced life, who have been remarkable for benevolence. But indeed it has been the symbol of sentiments as opposite as various. "Piety seized it to decorate the temples,* whilst Love expressed its tenderness by wreaths, and Jollity revelled, adorned with crowns of roses. Grief strews it on the tomb, and Luxury spreads it on the couch. It is mingled with our tears, and spread in our gayest walks ; in epitaphs it expresses youthful modesty and chastity, whilst in the songs of the Bacchanalians, their god is compared to this flower. The beauty of the morning is allegorically represented by it, and Aurora is depicted strewing roses before the chariot of Phœbus." The box, the rosemary, and many other evergreens carried by the mourners at rural funerals, are dropped by them into the grave as a specific emblem of the certainty of a rise from thence. Nor is the superstition unpleasing, however ill-founded, which teaches that the surest way to prevent evil spirits from haunting the graves of those we love, is to keep them freshly planted, or strewn with flowers, which by their purity are supposed to prevent the approach of any unearthly evil. They are, at any rate, most touching mementos ; and no chiselled marble or sculptured verse could have that effect on the mind, which we have known produced by the grave of an infant, without name, date, or stone—a simple mound of moss-grown earth, with wild-blowing, but kindly-nurtured roses shading it. "Come away," said the visiter to his guide, and it was his only remark. More touching, from incongruity of situation and circumstances, which would naturally tend to the discouragement of such occupations, is a grave now to be seen in the burial-ground of one of the least attractive and most thickly-populated parishes of the metropolis. The simple word "ELLEN" appears on the recumbent stone, at the head of which is growing a wreath of golden moss, duly and carefully tended, at the close of his weekly labour, by the sorrowing and unforgetting father.

The times of festival, of hockcarts, wassails, wakes, &c.,

" On which the young men and maids meet,
To exercise their dancing feet,
Tripping the comely country round,
With daffadils and daisies crown'd,"

would lose a great charm if these "daffadils and daisies," or other seasonable flowers were not procurable. One indeed, the most engaging and beautiful of the whole, the May-day gala, or festival in honour of the "LADY MAY," is entirely founded on, and commemorative of,

" The flowers, which cold in prison kept,
Now laugh the frost to scorn."

Most nations seem to have been, and to be in the habit of testifying their joy at the opening of the summer season by some sort of festivity and rejoicing, in which flowers, those beautiful and incontestable evi-

* We believe the clergy of the Roman communion always, in its season, select the rose, in preference to other flowers, to strew before the Holy Sacrament in solemn processions.

dences of the revival of nature and the approach of fruit, always sustain a conspicuous position. Even the Laplander, in whose chill clime vegetation is so feeble, decorates his reindeer and his sledge with tufts of moss that peep through the snow, when the sun reappears above the horizon, beneath whose disk he has been so long concealed. After their long winter, the northern nations were accustomed to welcome the return of the sun with feasts and dancing, in joyful gratulation that a better season for fishing and hunting was at hand. May-day was considered the boundary between the confines of Summer and Winter, and in its honour, the Goths and southern Swedes had a mock battle between the personified seasons and their forces; one party for the continuance of Winter, the other for bringing in the Summer. The latter fought *con amore*, were of course victorious, triumphantly divided the spoil,

“ And then rejoysen in hir grete delite.”

The Italian youth of both sexes are accustomed to bring, with songs and rejoicings, branches of trees from the fields at the beginning of May, wherewith to adorn their houses. This is probably a relic of the Roman Floralia. In Switzerland and in France, similar customs prevail; and, even at the time of their deepest abasement, the Grecian youth “ forgot or braved their Turkish masters,” whilst with guitars in their hands and coronets of flowers on their heads, they celebrated the arrival of May.

Our neighbours in the Isle of Man had, at a recent date, a game on May-day, much resembling that of the Scandinavian tribes. A young maiden is chosen as Queen of May, with several attendant damsels ycleped, right regally, “ Maids of Honour;” she is also attended by a young man as captain of her forces, equipped in the light and airy vestiture of Summer; they are bedecked with the choicest florets which the awakening earth at this season affords, and are ushered along to the merry melody of the flute and violin. *Per contra* a most ungentle masquerader in feminine attire, habited in December’s rough garb, and attended by a train, well qualified by their rough visages and furred garments, to represent Winter in all its deformity—whilst tongs and cleavers produce dissonances somewhat more unharmonious than the bitterest howls of that ungenial season—attack with no gentle semblance the attendants of the fair Lady of May, who is sometimes, despite the earnest exertions of her followers, taken prisoner. Her liege and loving subjects, however, speedily ransom her at such a price as may pay the expenses of the day’s festivity. This point arranged, Winter and her forces retire, and leave the wide earth to the sway of the blooming Queen of Summer.

This character of Lady of the May, or as it is shortly written “ Lady May,” though from its degradation in latter times (more especially since the pageant of Robin Hood was intermixed with the May games, and “ Maid Marian,” and the fair Lady of May became blended in one) it is of low repute—this character was a simple, a pure, and an engaging one; and one to which the maiden of fairest repute, and brightest honour in the village, was proud to be elected. For it was the custom, in “ elder times, when merriments were,” for all ranks to go a Maying; and “ on May-day every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows, and green woods, there to rejoice their

spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the noise of birds praising God in their kind." All the young people went betimes in the morning, and the maidens would diligently wash their faces in May dew, an infallible beautifier of the complexion, whilst, however, they would carefully abstain from such as lay on the fairy rings, and not indeed venture even to place a foot within those magic circles. But our ancestors were far from having the radiant beauties of our parterre and shrubbery to attract them. The gorgeous double peony did not then hallow the soil* on which it flamed, nor did the flaunting tulip cast its disdainful yet envious looks on the humble but beautiful dogtooth violet at its side: the Portugal broom did not scatter its pearly gems, nor the laburnum fling abroad its showers of gold, nor the lilac spread its odorous perfume, nor the horse-chestnut tower aloft with its pyramids of flowers. But "the yellow cowslip and the pale primrose," were clustered with that sweet and fragrant flower, the emblem of modesty, the violet. The lily of the valley gave already some token of the sweet odour which in its allotted, and fast approaching season, it would diffuse over the bosky dells; the wood anemones lay like stars among the shadowy grass, above which the hyacinth lifted its clusters of azure bells; the daisy spangled the sod at the foot of the giant oaks, the wild strawberry-bloom revelled in the coverts, and every where was sparkling around, that *ever-blooming* pride of the wilderness, furze. For when its bright yellow florets are no longer visible, "lads and lasses leave off courting," a circumstance greatly to be deprecated on "May," or any other "day," in good old England. But the great object of our ancestors' quest was the hawthorn, or whitethorn, called also aubépine, the *morning of the year*, and by the credulous, noblethorn, from the supposition that with this plant our Saviour's brow was encircled. This plant was an especial charm against witchcraft, and on May-day, particularly, was of potent use; for on this night the witches, "together with the devils, doe dance and feast; and the common people doe, the night before the sayd day, fetch a certain thorn, and stick it at their house-door, believing the witches can then doe them no harme." It is still requisite in certain parts of Ireland to drive all cattle through a fire at this time, as the Druids did of old, in order to preserve them from disorders in the ensuing year; and in the isle of Lewis, the day has hardly broken on the first of May, ere some well-disposed person, of "the more honourable gender," patriotically crosses the Barvas river: for were any female to cross it first, the salmon would not come into the river all the year round. Great and many indeed were the peculiar attributes of May-day, caused, doubtless, by the expiring efforts of the genii of the dark and unpropitious season of winter; but armed with a branch of holy thorn, which was scrupulously hung in each doorway, and adorned with all the flowers which Lady Flora in her benignity scattered around, the votaries of the May gave themselves up to "harmeslesse mirth, and honest neighbourhood."

"When no capritious constables disturb'd them,
Nor justice of the peace did seek to curb them;
Nor peevish puritan, in rayling sort,
Nor overwise churchwarden, spoil'd the sport."

* Demons will fly the spot where it is planted.

The May-day, or rather May merriments (for the sports were not confined to one day, although the first of the month is generally, *par excellence*, referred to) are alluded to in the old romances, and immortalized in the old poets: princes and nobles, fair dames, and plumed knights, joined in the gay hilarity of the season, and took an active share in the rural requirements of the time: aristocratic shoulders stooped beneath the burden of the hawthorn boughs; royal arms wielded the woodman's axe, and delicate and courtly fingers invested the "noble thorn" with its varied decorations. The crowned king of England did not disdain to do homage to his brother of the May, and gracefully lowered his golden diadem to the oaken one with which the mighty and merry "King of May" was invested; and the fair partner of his day's state and dignity, the gentle and beautiful "Queen of May," coronetted with a circlet of hawthorn, was supported in her blushing honours by the greatest as well as the fairest ladies of the land. When the various preliminaries were adjusted, and the coronations were completed, the "Summer King and Queen," arranged the entertainments, settled the disputes, and reigned paramount over the wills and affections of their liege and loving subjects for the remainder of the festival. Even "the troublesome season of Kyng Henry the Sixt" has its May games recorded; and the *May* pageants form a notable feature in the age of pageantry comprised in the early years of "bluff King Hal." His virtuous and excellent Queen, Katharine, was frequently his companion on these festive occasions, and amongst many others, one has been particularly recorded, in which two hundred archers of the king's guard personated Robin Hood and his men, and "had thus appareled themselves to make solace to the kyng." After some feats of archery, which "much pleased the kyng and quene, and all the company, Robyn hood desyred the kyng and quene to come into the grenewood, and to see how the outlawes lyue. The kyng demaunded of the quene and her ladyes, if they durst aduenture to go into the wood with so many outlawes. Then the quene sayde, that if it pleased him, she was content, then the hornes blewe tyl they came to the wood vnder Shoter's hil, and there was an Arber made with floures and swete herbes, whiche the kyng much praysed. Then said Robyn hood, Sir, Outlawes brekefastes is venyson, and therefore you must be content with such fare as we vse. Then the kyng and quene sate doune, and were serued with venyson and wyne by Robyn hode and his men, to their great contentacion. Then the kyng departed and hys company, and Robyn hood and hys men them conduicted; and as they were returnyng, there met with them two ladyes in a ryche chariot drawen with five horses, and in the chayre sate the *LADY MAY*, accompanied with the *LADY FLORA*, rychely appareled. At this Maiyng was a great nūbre of people to beholde, *to their great solace and comfort.*"

It was about the close of the fifteenth century, that the stories of Robin Hood were popularly and extensively diffused in ballads; and it soon became a favourite entertainment to personify the famous outlaw and his attendants; of whom little John, Maid Marian, and Friar Tuck, were the principal; and these personifications soon became part and parcel of the May games, which heretofore had been simply dances round a garlanded Maypole, by the lads and lasses of the village. In time too the characters of another pageant, the morris-dance—a caricatured

imitation of the Spanish morisco, which perhaps found its way into England in the train of John of Gaunt, though few vestiges of it can be traced beyond the reign of Henry the Seventh—became inseparably blended with those of Robin Hood's company, and of consequence, an important addition to the May-day pastimes, of which by this time "jolly Robin" himself was invariably king. For "every one of these, his men, he investeth with his liveries of greene, yellow, or some other light wanton collour. And as though they were not gaudy ynough, I should say, they bedecke themselves with scarffes, ribbons, and laces hanged all over with golde ringes, precious stones, and other jewels: this done, they tie about either legge twentie or fortie belles, with rich handkerchiefs in their handes.—Thus all things set in order, then have they their hobbie horses, their dragons and other antiques together with their pipers and thundering drummers, to strike up the Devil's Daunce withall: then march this heathen company towards the church and church yarde, their pypers pyping, their drummers thundering, their stumpes dauncing, their belles iynghing, their handkerchiefs fluttering about their heads like maddemen, their hobbie horses, and other monsters skirmishing amongst the throng."

Our readers will not fail to observe the charitable and forbearing spirit which gleams in the foregoing quotation. We offer another for their perusal on that peculiar characteristic of these festivals—the MAY-POLE. "Against May, Whitsonday, or other time, all the yung men and maides, olde men and wiues run gadding ouer night to the woods, groues, hils, and mountains, where they spend all the night in pleasant pastimes, and in the morning they return, bringing with them birch and branches of trees, to deck their assemblies with-all, and no meruaile, for there is a great lord present amongst them, as superintendent and lord over their pastimes and sportes, namely Sathan prince of hel: But the chiefest jewel they bring home from thence, is their Maypole, which they bring home with great veneration as thus: They have twentie or fortie yoke of oxen, euery oxe having a sweet nosegay of flowers placed on the tip of his hornes; and these oxen drawe home this Maypole (this stinking pool rather), which is couered all ouer with floures and hearbs, bound round about with strings, from the top to the bottome, and sometime painted with variable colours, with two or three hundred men, women and children following it with great deuotion. And thus hauing reared it up with handkerchiefs and flags houering on the top, they straw the ground rounde about, binde green boughes about it, set up summer haules, bowers and arbor hard by it. And then fall they to daunce like the heathen people at the dedication of the idols, wherof this is a perfect pattern, or rather the thing itself. Neither the Jewes, the Turcks, Sarasins, nor Pagans, nor any other nation, how wicked or barbarous soever, have euer used such deuilish exercises as these, nay they would have been ashamed once to have named them, much lesse to have used them. Yet we that would be Christians, think them not amiss. The Lord forgiue vs and remoue them from vs."

The Maypoles are "remoued from vs," we are sorry to say. Within a small circle, and in a country district, we have lately lamented over the removal of three; and in some places, such as the Strand and Cornhill (both formerly adorned by them), it is difficult to suppose it possible that any thing so simple and rural ever could have found a

place. Some consider these Maypoles a relic of Druidism; others deduce them from the custom of our ancestors in some parts of the country, to hold "an anniversary assembly on May-day; and the column of May (whence our Maypole) was the great standard of justice in the ey-commons or fields of May. Here it was that the people, if they saw cause, deposed or punished their governors, their barons, and their kings."

It is needless to inform our readers what was the fate of the May games when the reign came of the

" Puritans
And censuring Precisians,
That lov'd not Maypoles, mirth and plays;
But stopp'd their ears and shut their eyes,
Lest they beheld such vanities."

If the world was to be improved by their abolition, we hope that desirable end has been accomplished, for certainly "there's nothing remains but their epitaph now." Even the chimney-sweepers, at any rate the "literary" portion of them, begin to think them vulgar, and disdain to represent the "majesty of the people"* any longer; and the only lingering remnant of the May-day of olden time, is seen in the magnificent head-dresses of the milk-cart boys and horses on this day, when it seems difficult to tell which is the proudest—the boy or the horse.

It is a happy circumstance that the Puritans had not the arrangement of the natural world, as well as the supervision which they assumed of the consciences of its inhabitants. Assuredly they would have exploded the flowers if they could have done so, for it must have grieved their immaculate spirits to behold them flaunting in all the colours of the rainbow,

"Blooming in sunshine, and glowing in showers,
Dancing in breezes,"

as if there were nothing to be thought of in this mortal life but to be gay, and beautiful, and happy. One of these "sour-visaged" gentry thus delicately arraigns the Lady Flora: "Flora, hold up thy hand; thou art here indited by the name of *Flora*, of the city of *Rome*, in the county of *Babylon*, for that thou, contrary to the peace of our Sovereign Lord, his crown and dignity, hast brought in a pack of practical fanatics; viz., ignorants, atheists, papists, drunkards, swearers, swash-bucklers, maid-marrions, morrice-dancers, maskers, mummers, Maypole-stealers, health-drinkers, gamesters, &c. &c."

We have already so far exceeded our limits, that we cannot touch on the endless diversity of the beautiful occupants of the "Lady Flora's" kingdom—flowers. We cannot allude to their universal applicability to the various purposes, useful and ornamental of human life—their numberless medicinal virtues—their peculiar and beautiful fitness in construction, form, colour, and use to the varied places in which they are found—and above all, to the universality of their growth

* On seeing the chimneysweeps "in all their bravery," parade the streets on May-day, George Selwyn remarked, that he "had often heard of the 'majesty of the people,' and he supposed these were some of the young princes."

—for the wildest mountains, the most barren heaths, are clad in a verdure which, seen by the aid of a microscope, is found to consist of *forests* of the most luxuriant foliage, florets of the richest colours, of the most complicated and beautiful construction; and the sea-shore cherishes amid its wilderness of sand, flowers of elegant forms and of fairy hues, which, true to their nature, would sicken and pine if transplanted to the richer soil and more tempered breezes of an inland garden.

The love of flowers is implanted by nature in the minds of most people, though the cares and stern realities of life may smother, if not eradicate, the sentiment. But it is one that should ever, where circumstances permit, be encouraged, especially in young persons. It is simple, refined, innocent; and partakes, in some degree, of the purity of the flowers themselves by which it is excited.

These—unconscious of sin, of guile, of evil, appear on earth but to fulfil their Creator's will, in contributing to the pleasures of his creatures; and this part fulfilled, they yield up their "sweet lives." Yet mute witnesses of the first sin, they could not escape the penalty, and their beauty was dimmed, and their glory obscured by thorns, thistles, and venomous plants, which then first sprang, and in Paradise had been unknown.

"Before man's fall the rose was born,
St. Ambrose says, without the thorn;
But, for man's fault, then was the thorn,
Without the fragrant rosebud, born;
But ne'er the rose without the thorn."

But even now, poisonous or unwholesome plants were so formed, as not to attract the fancy or deceive the taste, but were made repulsive to the sight and senses by a disagreeable appearance, by thorns and prickles, or by strong offensive odours. All creation else was imbued with the taint of the first sin; to "kill and eat," is a motto of universal application. For to speak not of tigers and crocodiles, the most sparkling and beautiful of Nature's fairy broods have a tinge of cannibalism about them. But flowers, though they beautify and refresh the earth, and afford nutriment for million tribes of devourers, make no depredation in return. "The dews of heaven and Providence" support them, and in requital, they silently and graciously exhale, throughout their short lives, odorous incense and grateful perfume.

ZEMIA.



LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

DIARY OF THE REV. JOHN WARD.*

THIS is one of those literary Godsendings of which we should undoubtedly have many more, if we were to follow the advice of Jupiter to the waggoner, and put our shoulder to the wheel, instead of waiting till they turn up by the chapter of accidents. It cannot be but there are many such treasures extant, if literary men who have leisure for the task would search for them, instead of spinning their own brains into those cobweb ephemera that are the crying sin of the (so called) literature of our day. The strange indifference with which treasures of this nature are overlooked is singularly exemplified in the history of the highly interesting and curious work before us,—which has lain from year to year, for nobody can tell how long, looking beseechingly in the face of successive visitors and conservators of the Library of a public society (the Medical Society of London), crying as it were to each and all, “Come print me,”—until the present registrar of the society had the will to hear the “still, small voice,” and the wit to obey it. “On examining the third press in the library,” Dr. Severn says, “my attention was at once arrested by finding, in excellent preservation, a series of seventeen duodecimo volumes, in the original binding, carefully and legibly written, which proved to be genuine commonplace-books, extending from 1648 to 1679”—a portion of time, as the doctor justly remarks, “fraught with intense interest to the historian, the practitioner of medicine, the student, and the philosopher.” But how deeply is the interest excited in this announcement increased, when we learn that these MSS. are from the pen of an accomplished scholar, a sensible and liberal-minded man, and above all, “Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon.” That the diary of such a man, written in such a place, during such a period, could fail to contain *something* touching the name and fortunes of one of whom we know less, and desire to know more, than of any other human being that ever lived,—was scarcely to be expected; and though our *hopes* may not be fully satisfied by the result of its examination, they are not entirely disappointed. Need we say more to impress on our readers the singular interest of this work? But the above, though decidedly the most precious gems of the casket, are very far, indeed, from being the only objects of value which it contains; as may readily be supposed, when we describe it as touching (to the extent of fifteen volumes) on every subject which was calculated to claim the attention of a cultivated and observant man, during a period of (till then) almost unexampled *personal* interest in the history of our country—a period which witnessed the restoration of the Second Charles; the Plague and the Fire of London; the literary career of Milton, Dryden, Cowley, &c.; the medical discoveries and writings of Harvey, Sydenham, &c. How it happens that we are favoured with extracts occupying one volume only, is more than we can very well un-

* Diary of the Rev. John Ward. Arranged by Doctor Severn.

derstand from the editor's explanations on this point. But we are (for the present at all events) content to accept "the good the gods provide us," and heartily do we recommend it to the attention of all classes of our readers; only regretting that our limits forbid the transfer of any considerable portion of the matter to our pages. A taste of its quality, however, we cannot refrain from giving, especially as the volume can scarcely yet be in the hands of any of our readers.

We are not able to offer unqualified praise to the manner in which this volume of extracts from Mr. Ward's Diary is placed before us. There is a most provoking absence of dates; we are not in any way given to understand what principle has been adopted in the selection of the extracts, or in what order they occur in the original; during the first hundred pages the matter is given in a miscellaneous form, and all the rest of it is divided, and arranged under separate heads, as "Shakspeare," "Theology, Politics, &c.," "Medicine, Surgery, &c.;" and, finally, we have sixty pages of matter about Shakspeare, collected by the editor from other quarters, while we are, at every step of the Diary itself, led to regret that *that* has been restricted to little more than two hundred pages, out of the fifteen duodecimo volumes of MSS. Let us, however, be grateful for what we have, and only hope that the reception which this portion cannot fail to meet with, will induce the early production of a larger instalment, arranged with the view to a more exact and specific impression of the Diary itself than this volume, valuable and interesting as it must be pronounced, is capable of affording us.

Here are a few specimens of the curious matter of which this Diary consists :

"Dr. Conyers dissected a person not long since who died for love in London, and they found (at least as they fancied) the impression of a face made upon his heart."

"Almanack-makers doe bring their almanacks to Roger le'Strange and he licences them. Sir Edward Walker told me he asked him and he confest that most of them did foretel the fire of London last year, but hee caused itt to be put out."

"In the reigne of Queen Marie one Walter Rippon made a coach for the Earl of Rutland, which was the first that ever was made in England."

"I have heard of a tradesman in London that was found kicking a 100 pound bag of money about a roome, and calling it by strange names, and being asked the reason hee answered hee had sent itt of an errand for half a year and itt had staid 12 years: meaning that hee had lent itt for awhile but it was 12 years before he could get itt again."

"The Countess of Castlemaine (one of Charles's mistresses) is now much declining in favor. Shee was lately brought to bed. After shee had lyen in nine days shee followed in the progress, as Sir John Compton told me. Before shee came home again her child was buried at the Savoy. They say shee would be reconciled to her husband and has sent for him. There is one Mrs. Steward who is a renowned beautie, and is much in esteeme above her, whom it is said they have a mind to marry to the Duke of Norfolk, and send for him home—which Henry Howard, who is next brother, takes ill; and this year, returning home, has spent, it is said 20,000£. in housekeeping this Christmas, which is taken ill, in regard the King himself hath given over housekeeping. They say all this talk of the Lady Castlemaine hath proceeded from her own follie; she is not willing her children should be esteemed her husband's owne. I heard also that my Lord Chesterfield was a person much acqu'd with her formerly."

"I have heard they put on the Queen's head when she was sick a nightcap

of some sort of precious relick to recover her, and gave her extreme unction, and that L^d Aubignie told her shee must impute her recovery to these. Shee answered, not, but rather to the prayers of her husband."

"I have heard a story of Dr. Syngleton in Oxford, that when several persons had wrote to him about a place, some for one person and some for another, hee took a pair of gold scales and weighed the letters which weighed heaviest; so he had the place whose letters were heaviest."

"I have heard of a gentlewoman in Oxford, who hearing that one was accounted a beauty who^d had a heavie, sleepe look with her, when she went to the play, sate uppe the night before, that she might look sleepy too."

"One said merrily, he wisht he hadde a sinecure, for his part lay much that way."

"Sir Thomas More's 'Utopia' was by somme believed to be real; where-uppon Budæus and Johannes Paludanus, out of fervent zeal, wished some learned divines might be sent thither to preach the Gospel."

"I have heard that King James towards his latter end, was one day lying on a couch, and his servants thought him to be asleep, but he starts up and tells them that hee was not, but was thinking that hee was an old man and must shortly die, and must leave behind him three fooles—the King of Spaine, the King of France, and his owne sonne. This Mr. Brace told me."

When we state that the foregoing are all taken (almost at random) from the first few pages of this Diary, the various and amusing nature of its contents may be readily imagined.

RURAL SKETCHES.*

It has ever gratified us to meet Mr. Miller,—whether among the actual and simple scenes of his early love, or the (to him) less congenial, because less quiet and contemplative ones, which his imagination has conjured up in connexion with the feudal glories and grandeurs of his "Royston Gower." But we have never been more pleased at the encounter than now that we find him falling back upon those objects and associations which brightened and beautified his boyish days, when that fame, for which he has bartered his humble birthright, was unknown to him, even in his dreams. These "Rural Sketches" are evidently the result of thoughts and recollections that are dearer to his heart than any thing with which "the great world" has been able to supply him;—and their appeal, therefore, to the hearts of his readers, will be strong in proportion. What, for instance, can be more interesting, even to the most world-tethered of observers, than to watch a man whose fate has been so singular as that of the author of this charming volume, going back, after an absence of twenty years, to the humble hearth where his boyhood was spent, and finding himself "another yet the same," in all the feelings and associations which that scene was certain to call forth? And such is the touching and pleasant spectacle offered to "the mind's eye" in the opening sketch of this volume, "Home Revisited." How simple are the following details of this visit—yet how pregnant with human passion—how prompt in their appeal to human sympathy! Such memories as these constitute half the posses-

* Rural Sketches. By Thomas Miller, Esq.

sions of the human mind—whether it be that of a prince or a basket-maker.

“ My eye fell upon the mirror into which I had looked twenty years ago, on which I gazed when a child, and marvelled how another fire, and another room, could stand within the compass of so small a frame. It gave me neither flattery nor welcome, but gravely threw me back, seated by the same hearth which I had so often scrawled over with misshapen figures of men and monsters, when a boy. We confronted each other with familiar boldness, as if proud that we had stood the wear and tear of time so well. We looked seriously but not unkindly on each other. The image in the mirror seemed as if it would have accosted me, and had much to utter, but its lips became compressed as if it seemed to murmur. It gave back another form for a moment—a lovely maiden stood arranging her ringlets before it—but that was only fancy, for I remembered that she had long been dead. The very crack which I had made along the old looking-glass, when a boy, with my ball, seemed like a landmark, dividing the past from the present. I could have moralized for an hour on the old mirror. On the wall hung the old slate on which I had ventured to write my first couplet. What I then wrote was easily obliterated; my ragged cuff was the willing critic that passed lightly over my transgressions, and shone all the brighter after the deed. I knew not that such men as authors lived; every book was taken up without a suspicion of its lacking truth, and strange as they might seem, I felt proud of the wisdom I gathered from their pages. I could point out to my playmates the green rings made by the fairies on the grass—tell them the very colours which the elfins wore, and show them a valley which resembled that where Sinbad gathered his diamonds. Ignorance was then indeed bliss!”

Such are the simple materials of which much of this volume is composed; and those to whom it will not prove more acceptable, with its unpretending woodcut vignettes, and its heart-appealing simplicities, than the all elaborate illustrations of all the gorgeous “books of beauty” of the season,—have tastes and sympathies which Nature knows nothing about.

RAMBLES IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.*

THESE light, graceful, and pleasing volumes give as true and characteristic a picture of the scenes to which they relate, as they do of the mind and pen from which they proceed. No country but Ireland could have furnished the materials treated of, and none but a lady's hand could have set them forth so agreeably, and placed them in so true as well as so becoming a light. Like the beautiful pieces of embroidery that female fingers weave out of a shred of slight canvass, and a few skeins of coloured silk, we have here a delightful denial of the axiom, that “nothing can come of nothing.” We of the *un-fair* sex know not how to treat matters of this impalpable and intangible nature. If, in travelling “from Dan to Beersheba,” we do not “find all barren,” it is only when our heavy progress is impeded by the ruins of a feudal castle, or the remains of a Roman aqueduct, over which we prose and doze, till our readers are as much mystified and fatigued as ourselves. Whereas an intelligent and cultivated woman, like the one whose pages are now smiling before us, if she happily misses the “sermons in stones,” by which *we* set so much store, more than makes up for the oversight, by finding

* *Rambles in the South of Ireland.* By Lady Chatterton.

“Tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks,
And good in every thing.”

These volumes are chiefly the result of desultory “Rambles” in the south of Ireland during the last year, and the form they take is that of personal remarks on the scenes, incidents, and objects which present themselves from time to time to the writer’s notice; all tinged and tempered by the intellectual character of the observer, and all so light and lively, so desultory and digressive, that while they cannot be read without learning something that one did not know before, the reader fancies that he is merely listening to the pleasant table-talk to which we fly as a relief from thought or from books. In short, we do not know, among recent publications, of a better example of that “easy writing” which is any thing but “hard reading,” and the production of which is unquestionably reserved, in our own day, for the female pen. These volumes are also illustrated by numerous most pleasing views of some of the most picturesque and interesting scenes in Ireland—all from the same graceful and airy hand to which we are indebted for the rest of the work.

THE UNITY OF DISEASE.*

THIS is a book against which “the profession” may naturally be expected to set their faces and their wits, and which, consequently, it behoves the rest of the world to examine with more than usual interest and curiosity. It asserts the startling propositions that the human frame is liable to but ONE DISEASE—namely, intermittent fever;—that there is but one CAUSE of that disease—namely, change of temperature;—and that, consequently, the present practice of physic is little better than a fatal blunder, when it is not something almost worse than an ordinary crime—that is to say, when it is knowingly practised against the conscience of the practitioner.

It would be too much to say that all these propositions are proved, or that they are even capable of proof, in a slim essay. But we have no hesitation in saying that much strong evidence is adduced as to the probable unity of the type of all chronic disease; and what is of still more import to the *patient* part of the community, still stronger is brought forward as to the more than fallacy, the fatality, of the present system of practice—above all in that particular of it which Dr. Dickson calls the “murderous” one of blood-letting. As non-professional critics, we shall not of course attempt to go into the professional questions mooted in this work; but we cannot abstain from earnestly recommending it to the attention of our readers,—for this especial reason, that we have every reason to fear that none *but* non-professional critics will care to do so. And if it be asked on what specific ground we do so—we reply in the words of one of the most enlightened and honest, howbeit the most eccentric practitioners of modern times. Abernethy says, in that bitter spirit of satire which he contrived so happily to put into the form of sly humour, “There has been a great increase of medical men, it is true, of late years; but upon my life diseases have increased in pro-

* *The Unity of Disease.* By Dr. Dickson.

portion." The saturnine humorist adds, "That is a great comfort." And we shall not deny the proposition; since we may safely adduce it as a proof of the necessity as well as the value of such works as this on the unity of disease.

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.*

WE cannot let slip the occasion this volume affords us, of urging on public attention the interesting subject which it advocates, and of commending the noble and persevering efforts, "through good report, and through evil report," of the excellent society from whose exertions it has emanated. "The Animal Kingdom—its claims on our humanity stated and enforced," is the result of a prize of one hundred pounds, offered by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for the best essay on the subject of their praiseworthy endeavours. The adjudicators appointed, were the Earl of Carnarvon, the Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel, and Mr. Sergeant Talfourd; and among thirty-four candidates, they have awarded the prize to the present volume,—which is prepared with great care, industry, and skill, and cannot fail, if read to the extent its merits and interest deserve, to prove highly beneficial to the objects of the society and the claims of humanity. At the same time it is full of details which, though they must excite deep pain in one respect, are pretty sure to lead to a salutary result upon the mind and heart even of the humane reader; while those (if such there be) who approach the subject with a view to scoffing and ridicule, must be strangely constituted indeed, if what is here stated and urged, does not move them to a better feeling and a wiser consideration of the matter treated of.

DEERBROOK.†

THERE is a world of pure and quiet wisdom in this admirable production, which, we grieve to anticipate, will be sadly thrown away upon the class of readers to whom its generic title of "a novel" may recommend it—of wisdom that will be worse than foolishness to a large proportion of those whom it is intended at once to please and to benefit. The only persons who will derive much delight and instruction from *Deerbrook* are precisely those who are, comparatively, little in need of it; those we mean (and the world happily contains a large number) whose intellect and heart are qualified to appreciate and echo the thoughts and sentiments of such a writer as Miss Martineau,—though they may be wholly incapable of originating them, even for themselves, much less for others. To the rest of the world it will be *caviare*,—so far at least as regards its power of leaving them wiser and better than it finds them. That they will be entertained by it, need not be doubted; but it will be *in spite of* its characteristic merits, not by reason of them. The most frivolous of novel-readers will be attracted and fixed by the interest of the simple story out of which the scenes arise,—at least if they should not be deterred at the outset from taking up the thread of that interest, by the beautiful veins of thought, reflection, and feeling,

* The Animal Kingdom. By the Rev. John Styles, D.D.

† Deerbrook: a Novel. By Harriet Martineau.

through which it winds. The story of *Deerbrook* is simple and most natural, both in its conception and its working out; the characters are as forcible, and at the same time as original, as any thing so strictly *true* can be; and the scenes are those of the every-day life of the middle classes of society—with this sole qualifying character, that they are all, without exception, more or less “o’er-informed” with that deep and subtle vein of intellect in which their distinguished writer excels every other female of her day.

DR. URE’S DICTIONARY OF ARTS, MANUFACTURES AND MINES.

WE cannot allow this excellent work to reach its completion (as it has now done) without offering to its indefatigable writer the tribute of our thanks and admiration. To say that there is no other general work so good on the great subjects which it embraces, is but poor and inadequate commendation. It is, perhaps, as good as the comprehensive nature of such a work renders possible to the appliances and means of one individual, to produce in so comparatively short a space of time; and it is in every respect worthy to rank with that admirable Encyclopædic series of which it is no doubt intended to form a part—namely, the Dictionary of Commerce, &c., by Macculloch; the Dictionaries of Agriculture and of Gardening, by Loudon; Dr. Copland’s Dictionary of Practical Medicine, &c. The progressive results of such works as these on the national wealth and civilization of the country which produces, and renders them producible, are incalculable, and they afford the strongest evidence that our own day has witnessed of the deep and permanent spirit of improvement which pervades our social system, and places it beyond the rivalry of that of any other contemporary nation, and still more beyond comparison with that of any other of times past. On the day on which this notice will issue from the press, Dr. Ure’s Dictionary of the Arts, Manufactures, &c., will be completed in ten parts, containing thirteen hundred closely-printed pages of small type, with twelve hundred engravings on wood,—the price of the whole being fifty shillings.

THE BANISHED.*

THIS is strictly an *Historical Romance*; and though it will owe its immediate popularity to the strange and romantic nature of the incidents and characters which crowd its pages, its more permanent value will be derived from the truth with which those incidents and characters recal the real history of the times to which it relates. “*The Banished*” is avowedly modelled on the *Historical Romances* of Walter Scott, with this only difference, that the writer has felt himself called upon to adhere more strictly to historical records than our own great novelist was usually disposed to do: and he has found a reason and a justification for this, in the singularly romantic career of the individual whom he has chosen as his ostensible hero, namely, Duke Ulerich of

* *The Banished*: a Swabian Historical Romance. Edited by James Morier, Esq.

Wurtemberg. The circumstance of the real character of this singular man being a moot point among historians, is favourable rather than otherwise to the purposes of romantic fiction : and if the writer has, on the present occasion, depicted him in a more favourable light than others have been disposed to regard him, he has not been without due grounds for this colouring of his picture.

The story commences in 1519, just previous to the banishment of Duke Ulerich, and at the moment when the Swabian League had assembled its forces at the imperial town of Ulm, with the view of opposing the arrogant designs of the Duke. This was a moment when the eyes of all Germany were fixed upon the contest ; and the Romance of "The Banished" recalls to our view the various personages and events which were immediately connected with that brief contest, ending in the utter defeat and temporary exile of Ulerich.

The story is relieved by many minor incidents and love passages among the followers of both parties, and the whole forms an exciting and vivid picture of the singular and stirring times in which the scenes are laid.

"The Banished" is edited by Mr. Morier, and may be fairly supposed to have derived much advantage from the revision of so experienced and successful a writer of romantic fiction.

ENGLISH STORIES OF THE OLDEN TIME.*

THESE pleasing volumes do for English History what their writer's "Grecian Stories" did some time ago for that of ancient Greece ; and we cannot help thinking that the labour is more judiciously and appropriately applied in this instance than in the former : for not only does the matter come more "home to the business and bosoms" of English readers than the plan of the former work permitted its details to do, and convey to them knowledge, and cultivate feelings, which are more desirable for them to possess ; but in fact the materials are much more suited to all the objects sought to be obtained by works of this nature. What, for instance, in all the History of Greece and Rome, is calculated to excite so lively and permanent an interest in the youthful mind and heart (and be it remembered that it is expressly to the cultivation of *these* that this work is devoted) as the life of Alfred of England ? The heroic ages themselves, supposing the records we have of them could be depended on, furnish us with nothing so romantic as the chivalrous adventures of Richard Cœur de Lion. What is there in Greek poetry itself, at once so noble and so touching, as many of the incidents in the lives of the early Reformers ? What so calculated to move and elevate the heart and intellect by means of "terror and pity," as the tragic fate of numerous other individuals of our own pregnant history ? In fact, we consider these volumes as singularly well adapted to the excellent and important object they have in view, that of cultivating the affections and the judgment, while they inform the mind and memory of English youth ; and we cordially recommend them, accordingly, to all those who are engaged in that essential branch of early education which can only be duly performed around the domestic hearth.

* *English Stories of the Olden Time.* By Maria Hack.

NOTES ON NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Vegetable Organography, Nos. I. and II.—A carefully got up, and well-illustrated translation of M. De Candolle's well-known work on vegetable organization. The work is to be completed in sixteen parts, forming two handsome octavo volumes.

On the Sickness and Mortality in the West Indies.—An able pamphlet, by Sir Andrew Halliday. The remarks, towards the conclusion, on the nature, origin, and means of escape from, the diseases attendant on the marsh miasmata are important and interesting.

The Bishop's Burial.—A poem, in three parts, smoothly written, and founded on an interesting story related by Geoffrey of Monmouth.

Ward's Library of Standard Divinity.—The fourth number of this extremely well got up work consists of Dr. Porter's Lectures on Preaching. It contains a large quantity of useful remark and valuable information, much of which is indispensable to the student in divinity.

Songs and Poems, by T. S. Stoddart, Esq.—A hundred pages of short poems on angling, will, we fear (or rather, not being brothers of the angle, we hope), be deemed "too much of a good thing," even by those who patronise such reading. The other half of the volume comprises brief miscellaneous pieces, in many of which there is much fancy and feeling.

The Eccleobion.—This pamphlet enjoys the distinction of being the longest and most recondite advertisement (we will not call it a *puff*), that ever was penned. There is no denying, however, that the subject to which it relates is a very curious and interesting one; namely, the new machine which has recently been introduced for the purpose of hatching eggs by means of artificial heat.

The Churches of London.—Nos. 27 and 28 of a work describing and illustrating by plates the various churches of the metropolis.

The Pilgrim of Beauty, by Samuel Mullen.—The poetical yearnings of an ardent and enthusiastic mind after that spirit of beauty which "never was on sea or land," and which is yet as much a reality to the ever-young imagination as if it could be clutched and compassed as a visible thing. The volume also contains several shorter poems, written with taste and feeling.

The Poetical Works of Shelley. Vol. III. This volume contains a large proportion of the most attractive of Shelley's briefer poems, many of them of surpassing beauty, and none of them including those questionable features which belong to some of his longer works. They bring the dates of the compositions up to 1820. The notes by Mrs. Shelley are full of interest, and form a valuable addition to those biographical notices of the poet which have so enriched the previous volumes.

The Gaberlunzie.—This is a Scottish comedie (so called), but taking throughout the form of a lyrical composition—the dialogue being in rhyme, and numerous songs being interspersed throughout. The dialect is of course Scottish; there are many evidences of humour as well as feeling and fancy scattered through the piece, and several of the songs are exceedingly pretty; but the work can scarcely hope for much favour or popularity among us Southrons, in this essentially anti-poetical age.

The Spas of Germany, by Dr. Granville.—A new and revised edition of this highly amusing, and useful work has just been published, in a form too, and at a price more suited to the nature of the book as a *compagnon de voyage*, than the too large and handsome, but somewhat expensive and cumbersome volumes which constituted the first edition. This work has already become so standard a production of its class, that any detailed reference to its merits and pretensions would be superfluous. It has now, by close printing, and the judicious omission of a few temporary descriptions and details, been compressed into one volume, and is published at little more than half the price of the first edition—though it contains the whole of the numerous illustrations which formed so attractive a feature of the latter.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

A STIR IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is generally supposed that selfishness—one of the most odious attributes of our nature—is overcome and annihilated by matrimony. Old maids and old bachelors seem generally obnoxious to the imputation of this vice, and their state of single unblessedness is constantly imputed to the circumstance of their self-love predominating over their love for others; not that the female portion of the unmarried, should labour under this stigma, inasmuch as they are, by custom and prejudice, prohibited from expressing their feelings towards the male portion, a privation to which the male portion are not subjected with regard to them.

The greatest hero of our time and country compares the different individual details of a battle with those of a ball; every man recollects with whom he himself danced, but as to the rest of the *mêlée* he can give no correct or accurate account, being too much occupied in his own personal service to spare any of his attention to the rest of the field. Many a time and oft have we seen, during the heat of action in the dansatory campaign, the longing eye and wistful countenance of the yet unasked maiden directed towards every thing that looked like a disengaged and asking man, in hopes that her turn might come; and that, although plain and not very youthful, she might yet be afforded an opportunity of showing her *dear* young friends that she was not yet quite laid upon the shelf. The night passes away—nobody solicits her hand, and she returns home with her aunt, or mother, or chaperon, huddled up in the darkest corner of the carriage, vexed, dissatisfied, and dispirited, but perfectly qualified, from the involuntary tranquillity of her position to furnish an irreproachably correct account of the evening's proceedings for any gazette in the world.

In life it is much the same—eyes are eloquent to be sure, and much may be said by signal, or told by telegraph; but as, with all its modern improvements, society has not yet ordained that ladies are to propose to gentlemen, they are doomed and destined to wait until they are asked; and therefore is it, we repeat, that *they* should not be blamed for remaining single, nor should their singleness be taken as a proof of selfishness. While on the other hand, unless want of fortune or health, or any other essential to matrimonial happiness can be pleaded in bar, the old bachelor who may “ask and have,” does incur, with something like justice, the charge

from which we feel it due to the single ladies of a certain or uncertain age to vindicate them.

But sometimes—we trust rarely—selfishness exhibits itself in married life, and not matrimonially either; because as one of the great operations of the mysteries of marriage is to make the husband and wife, one, it necessarily follows—it sounds like a bull—that if one be selfish, they both should be selfish; that is to say, jointly selfish in their double unity; and in so far as domestic felicity is concerned, the accordance of one half with the other half is most desirable as promotive of harmony and comfort. What has gone with the Siamese Twins we cannot, at present, pretend to say; but as they must by this time be extremely respectable gentlemen as to age and standing in life, we can conceive nothing much more disagreeable to Mr. Chang wishing to sit down, than Mr. Ching's being exceedingly anxious to take a walk; nor any thing less likely to be delightful than Mr. Ching's choosing to sing a convivial song while Mr. Chang is suffering under a dreadful headach. And yet it falls to our lot to know a family—no, not a family, for they have no children, but a pair of people who, selfish in the extreme, are not selfish in unison—they are both selfish, separately selfish, and carry their selfishness to a pitch far beyond the belief of the most credulous believer in human infirmities.

They live in the country, in a very pretty house, with a very well-arranged establishment; they visit nobody—nobody visits them—the walls which surround the kitchen garden are thickly set with broken glass—the palings of the shrubberies are studded with tenter-hooks—two fierce dogs range about the stable-yard, and steel traps and spring guns are set in the grounds every night. Against the gable end of the coach-house, which touches the road, a board is affixed, announcing that all persons begging will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law, together with a long list of rewards, offered by the parish for the apprehension of offenders of every description, such as may be seen exhibited on the Surrey side of Richmond bridge, and in other parts adjacent, and which, from the obliteration of certain words (the effect of time and weather), reads thus,

For setting fire to a dwelling-house,	100 <i>l</i> .	reward.
For Housebreaking,	100 <i>l</i> .	reward.
For sheep stealing,	50 <i>l</i> .	reward.

and so on; thereby holding out to the hasty or incautious reader a premium for the commission of crime, instead of a warning against its perpetration.

The name of this isolated couple was Munns, derived originally, as the clergyman of the parish imagined, from *monos*—his intercourse with the family was very limited. Mr. and Mrs. Munns were always ill when there was a charity sermon preached, and as to any little parochial subscriptions which might be proposed, Mr. Munns declined interfering, observing that Providence had given the country an admirable law for the maintenance of the poor; under the provisions of which, besides wholesome and regular diet, they were relieved from the worry of ever seeing or being pestered by their relations or friends, and, by the salutary regulations of their respective residences, relieved from the trouble of taking any unnecessary exercise.

With regard to their servants, it is impossible to convey an adequate

idea of the manner in which they treated them ; believing, strange to say, not only that they were exceedingly kind to them, but prodigiously popular with them. The gardener's daughter, Fanny Till, was desperately in love with the footman, Nokes—Fanny was noticed by Mrs. Munns because she found her an excellent workwoman with her needle ; and Nokes was a favourite of his master—after *his* way—because he succeeded in worrying every body else. The marriage of the young couple was settled—had been settled—and agreed upon, but the moment Munns and Mrs. Munns discovered that when they married, Mr. and Mrs. Nokes, and not only they, but Till *père*, the gardener himself meant to quit them, they declared that if they married they should not have a shilling of the hundred pounds which, to ensure her father's services, Mr. Munns had promised Fanny.

Flesh and blood could not bear this, and sundry indications of revolt had manifested themselves in the establishment, when a day full of incidents arrived—such as indeed might have tired the patience of Job ; which day, and which incidents, be it ours to describe.

It was on a fine Friday in June—all this sort of thing happens on Fridays—that Mr. and Mrs. Munns being seated at breakfast, Mr. Munns observed that there were no eggs on the table. Bell was rung—Nokes appeared—why were there no eggs ?—Nokes could not tell—would ask. He did so, and the answer was, that something very bad was the matter in the poultry-yard, and that eleven of the hens had died within the last three days.

“ Send for Biggins this instant,” said Munns.

Biggins was the woman in charge of the department.

“ Well Biggins,” said Mr. Munns, when she made her appearance, her eyes red with crying, and her hands and limbs trembling, “ what's all this about my hens ?”

“ I beg your pardon sir,” said Biggins, “ but—”

“ Pardon—what has pardon to do with it,” said the master, “ eleven of my hens dead in three days—psha—you must go.”

“ But, sir, will you hear the reason ?” said Biggins.

“ Yes, Mr. M.,” said the lady, “ hear what she has to say for herself.”

“ I think, sir,” said Biggins, “ they must have eaten something that disagreed with them—some herb—”

“ Oh that's it,” said Munns, “ and why the deuce didn't you prevent their doing so—what else are you paid for ?”

“ I couldn't, sir,” said the woman, bursting into tears. “ I couldn't attend to them as I ought.”

“ Why not—eh ?”

“ You know, sir,” said Biggins, “ my poor husband and the two children have been very ill for the last fortnight.”

“ Well, what of that ?”

“ I could not leave them entirely, sir,” said she.

“ Oh,” said Munns, “ so because *your* husband and children are ill, I am to have no new-laid eggs for breakfast.”

“ I can get some in the village, sir,” said Biggins.

“ A fortnight old, eh ?” said Munns. “ No, start off to the farmers, and any where, where they have got good laying hens, buy some, and take more care of them for the future—d'ye hear ?”

"I don't think, sir," said Biggins, "I can leave the poor children long enough to do that, but—"

"Oh well, well, then," said Munns, "go along—go along—if you can't, we must get somebody who can."

The poor woman cast a look at her mistress, hoping to meet with a smile of consolation; but no, she turned from her scornfully, and away went Biggins.

"I tell you what, Mrs. Munns," said Munns, "it is all very well for you, ma'am, who think of nobody but yourself, to keep this sick man and his children about the premises, I don't like pulmonary complaints so near me—I have heard they are catching."

"So have I," said the lady, "but I take care never to go near them."

"They must go, Mrs. Munns," said the gentleman.

"So they shall, Mr. Munns," said the lady.

"Why, if the man dies here," continued the gentleman, "we shall have to burn the bed and the furniture, and every thing he has been using."

"What, the new beds and bedsteads in the attics?" said the lady.

"To be sure," said Munns. "I don't know much of medicine, but I have read somewhere in a book, which by the way I borrowed and never returned, that the asthma in men is like the glanders in horses, and you know when a horse dies of the glanders you burn all his harness and clothing, and fresh whitewash the stable."

"Dear, dear," said Mrs. Munns. "but that will cost us something. Oh, they must go—go directly."

This humane and interesting dialogue was at this juncture interrupted by the arrival of the "village lawyer," who rejoiced in the name of Driver, and who was received by the lady with one of her least disagreeable smiles, and the somewhat commonplace remark that they had not seen him for an age.

"No madam," said Driver, "I have been very much engaged."

"Ah," said Munns, "getting the title deeds ready for me—eh? I think I made a good bargain there, Mr. Driver—nothing like offering ready money to a man in distress."

"Why, no sir," said Driver, "to tell you truth, I have not been able to attend to them yet."

"Dear, dear," said Mrs. Munns, "that is extremely odd—to mind any other business than ours; really, I—"

"Why, madam," said Mr. Driver, "I trust that the melancholy circumstance which has occurred in our family may perhaps excuse it; we received news of my poor father—"

"Excellent, obliging man," said Munns, "I have a high regard for him."

"Alas sir!" said Mr. Driver, "he died suddenly the day before yesterday, at Tewkesbury."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Munns, "how people pop off!"

"Ah," said Munns, "that's very sad—very sad—I am afraid that will delay your doing my deeds for me."

"I hope sir," said Driver, "in a day or two, to be able to get them done; either by myself—or—"

"Did your father die rich, Mr. Driver?" said Munns.

"I believe so, sir," said Driver.

"Then you will probably leave this neighbourhood?" said Mrs. Munns.

"Why, really madam," said Driver, "I have hardly had time to think of my future plans. An event of such importance coming upon one so suddenly, opens a new view of the world."

"Oh, I know," said Mrs. Munns, "only what I meant was, that if you *did* go, perhaps you would let us have the refusal of your poultry; I should like very much half a dozen of those remarkably fine hens which we saw one day at your house, for we have been very unfortunate in our farm-yard."

"Oh dear, madam!" said Driver, staring with wonder at the fair lady's presence of mind with regard to her own personal conveniences, at such a moment, "pray don't think of waiting for my departure—the moment I return home I will give orders that six or eight of them shall be secured, if you will take the trouble of sending for them in the morning."

"A thousand thanks," said the lady; "depend upon it they shall be sent for the first thing."

"I am sorry," said Mr. Driver, "I have intruded upon you with my melancholy news; but, besides affording a reason for my not having finished Mr. Munns's business, the communicating one's sorrows to friends like you, affords a melancholy satisfaction."

"I assure you I feel," said Mr. Munns, "that I shall long and seriously regret his loss;—he was a good man."

"He was, indeed!" said Driver.

"You must not over-fret yourself, Mr. Driver," said Mrs. Munns; "you will not be fit for business; and recollect the deeds press—there may be a 'slip 'twixt the cup and the lip'—and what makes *me* more anxious is, that my jointure is to be increased upon the estate."

"I will do all I can, ma'am," said Driver; "good morning."

"Good morning," said Munns, shaking him by the hand; "I feel for you deeply—good morning."

"So do I," added Mrs. Munns; "good morning—now, mind, Mr. Driver, don't forget the fowls."

And so, ringing the bell for some one to usher him out, in rushed Stephen, the page, from the next room, and in his anxiety not to incur his mistress's displeasure, missed his footing, and came head over heels down the staircase; whereupon Stephen, the page, set up a cry most shrill and strong.

"What the deuce is the matter now?" said Munns.

"Hold your tongue, brat," cried Mrs. Munns.

"Yes, ma'am," said the page, blubbing; "but I've hurt myself—I think I have broken my head."

"What do I care for that?" said Mrs. Munns; "your noise will make *my* head ache all day."

"Hold your tongue, sir," cried Munns; "are we to be pestered because you are so awkward?"

"I only ran as fast as I could, sir," said the boy; "and—"

"I tell you what, sir," said Munns, "*my* comfort is not to be disturbed by your noise:—if ever you tumble down stairs again, and hurt yourself in this way, I'll have you horsewhipped—so get along, and no more crying."

This threat may seem *outré* and unnatural; but a fact is recorded as true, which fully justifies it. During the rebuilding of the church of St. Paul, Covent Garden, after its destruction, by fire, on the 17th of September, 1795, a bricklayer's labourer was working on the scaffold, in front of it, next the market, with his son, a boy of about fourteen, when the lad missed his footing, and fell to the ground, miraculous to say, without any injury, except a bruise or two; whereupon his exemplary parent literally did what Mr. Munns only threatened to do to Stephen, the page, and flogged his child for his stupidity in tumbling.

"Well," said Munns, having terrified the page into a subdued sobbing, ending in silence, "Driver must have been very old."

"He was a great bore," said Mrs. Munns.

"Oh! horrid—except in business," said Munns; "he was sharp enough there—he was very fond of us."

"Yes," said Mrs. Munns; "that is more than I ever was of him—and, to be sure, as he *was* to go, was not it a good thought of mine about the fowls?—because, if he had lived, I never should have thought of his son's going—or—"

"I have told you a thousand times," said Munns, "one ought never to despair—good always comes out of evil."

"Not always," said Mrs. Munns; "what do you think of the head-ach I have got?—all the consequence of that odious little wretch's tumble and noise—I shan't close my eyes this night."

"Oh!" said Munns, "then I shall beg leave to sleep on the couch in my own dressing-room—you will keep me awake with your moanings and groanings."

"Suppose I should get worse," said Mrs. Munns, "who is to attend to me?"

"Your maid, whom you are so fond of," said Munns.

"She is of no great use," replied the lady; "she expects to be confined every day."

"That's your fault, for allowing her to marry," said Munns.

"Yes," said Mrs. Munns. "I didn't do it to please or gratify *her*—I couldn't do without her."

"She flatters you, and you are humbugged by her," said Munns.

"As you are by Till, your gardener," said the lady.

"I like my gardener," said Munns; "he does all I bid him do—besides, look at my garden!"

"Well, then, if you come to that," said Mrs. Munns, "you have given leave to Fanny to marry that stupid, awkward fellow, Nokes."

"That's not settled yet," said Munns.

"I certainly should not have consented to Sibly's marriage," said Mrs. Munns, "if I had any idea of her having the prospect of a family so soon:—however, I shall send her away to her friends, to-morrow, and when it is all over, she can come back."

At this moment, Sibly, the interesting object of their deliberations, rushed into the room, pale and terrified.

"What's the matter, now?" cried Mrs. Munns.

"Oh! ma'am—Nokes!" said Sibly.

"What?" said Munns.

"Nokes!" replied Sibly, in an agitated manner.

"What of him?" cried Munns.

"His eye—oh! his eye," said Sibly.

"What's the matter with his eye?" cried Munns, still louder.

"Why don't you speak, Sibly?" said the lady.

"His eye is out!—yes, ma'am, Mr. Nokes's eye is out," exclaimed the hysterical *soubrette*, and sank upon a chair, regardless of the presence in which she was standing.

"Tell us—poor fellow!" said Munns: "his eye!—how was it?"

"He was cleaning the large glass in the drawing-room," said Sibly faintly; "when the frame somehow gave way, and the glass fell upon his head—and, oh, dear! oh, dear! his right eye is cut out."

"Is the glass broken?" screamed Munns.

"Into a thousand bits, sir," said Sibly.

"What upon earth could induce the fellow to touch it?" said Munns.

"The doctor was luckily in the house with Mr. Biggins," continued Sibly, "he has picked one piece of glass out of his eye, but there are two more bits in it. Oh! ma'am, such a sight, it has had such an effect upon me, I am sure I—shall be much the worse for it."

"Oh, dear, no! I hope not," said her mistress.

"I feel very bad indeed, ma'am," said Sibly.

"Well, then, in that case, Sibly," said Mrs. Munns, "if you really are so bad, we must get a post-chaise directly, and send you off to Dumpsford, where you can get the stage-coach, and go to London."

"And I tell you what," said Munns, "Nokes can go with her; he won't be fit to work for a month or two after this infernal stupidity of knocking his eye out; so they can both go together."

"But, madam," said Sibly, "I really—"

"And I really tell you there is nothing else to be done; so see about getting your things packed up directly," said Mrs. Munns. Sibly gave her a look of piteous remonstrance, but it had no effect, and she retired.

"Come, Mrs. Munns," said the master of this happy family; "let us endeavour to cool ourselves by a walk in the garden—I think *my* notion of sending away Nokes is not a bad one—that will get rid of his marriage with Fanny Till, and of her too—the glass, however, is a heavy loss."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Munns, "all your misfortunes come of your over-kindness to the servants—I have no patience with you."

"I like that," said Munns; "it is *you* who spoil them every day of your life—come take a walk."

"I hate walking—cannot you walk by yourself?"

"I hate walking by myself, but I suppose I must—"

Saying which, they proceeded towards the gates of his favourite garden, where they encountered poor Fanny, crying bitterly. One fact being perhaps essential for the reader to know and understand, namely, that although Nokes, the awkward, *had* broken the glass to pieces, he had not cut his eye out, or indeed, in the slightest degree injured himself; the report being merely a *ruse* of Sibly's to sooth the violence of her master's rage at the loss of the mirror, by an admixture of pity for the fate of the man.

"Well, Fanny, what do you want?" said Munns.

"Please sir," said she, "Mr. Sibly tells me you are going to send away Nokes."

"I am going to send away Nokes to get him cured," said Munns.

"He will get well quite as soon here, sir," said Fanny. "And then it won't hinder our marriage."

"What d'ye mean to have him still?" said Munns.

"Yes, if you please, sir," said Fan.

"Why, he has got but one eye!" said Munns.

"I don't mind that, sir," said Fan, "if *you* don't."

"Why, you'll have a parcel of one-eyed children!" said Munns.

"They will be as well off as their father then, sir," said Fanny.

"What! marry a Cyclops?"

"No; Joseph Nokes is his name, sir," said Fanny.

"I cannot consent to such a thing," said Munns; resolved to get rid of the affair and the promise of the hundred pounds which he had made to the gardener. "It must not be."

"If you please, sir," said Fanny, "as it is I who am to marry Mr. Nokes, and not *you*, I like him, sir, just as well with one of his eyes as with both."

"You are mad, child!" said Munns.

"Very well, sir," said Fanny, "so I am, and if you please I will just step and tell my father that you mean to break your word with us."

And away *she* went.

"Well, Mr. Munns," said Mrs. M., with a look which might have conveyed two or three meanings; "things are come to a mighty agreeable pass—why the girl has the impudence to threaten you."

"I am very sorry for it," said Munns.

"What!" said the lady, bridling up in an unusually sharp manner.

"Is it the young lady you are afraid of, or her father—your gardener?"

"No; of neither," said Munns, "but I am afraid he won't take care of my melons—I love melons—they are so cooling and refreshing—they do me good."

"I detest them," said Mrs. Munns; "and so, for the sake of a few melons, you will let this marriage take place, after all we have said about it."

"I don't know," said Munns; "I must consider about it—but here comes some other plague, Hobbs, the coachman, with a face as long as my arm. Well, Hobbs," added he, interrogating as the man approached him, "is any thing the matter with the horses?"

"Werry bad accident indeed, sir," said Hobbs; "my little boy, Jem, sir, he took the osses down to the water, the big chestnut pops his foot right into a hole, comes down as nice as ninepence, and chucks my little Jem right over his head."

"Is the horse hurt, sir?" said Munns, in an agony of anxiety.

"Not a farden the worse, sir," said Hobbs; "but my poor little Jim has got his leg broke."

"And the horse not hurt?"

"Not a bit, sir."

"What a fool you must be," added the master, "to trust a little chap like that, on a big horse like Prancer."

"He has taken them down to water reg'larly afore, sir," said Hobbs.

"Well now, sir, make haste," said Munns; "run to the farrier and fetch him directly to the stables—let him cast his eye over the horse, and see that nothing really has happened to him."

"There is nothing the matter with the oss, sir," said Hobbs; "and if *you* please, I want just to get Mr. Totts, the doctor, as lives down below, to 'tend to my poor Jim."

"There can be no necessity for that, Hobbs," said Mrs. Munns, "for Mr. Twister, *our* apothecary and surgeon, is actually in the house."

"Yes, ma'am," said Hobbs; "but I vally my poor child, and I harn't got no opinion of Dr. Twister in the leg-setting line. I never shall forget the job he made with Harry, as was helper, when *he* broke his leg."

"Harry!" exclaimed Munns, with surprise, a little tintured with anger; "why, what do you mean, Hobbs? Harry—why he is settled in London—where I got him a capital place at a club, as porter—goes on fifty errands a-day, and gets deucedly well paid too."

"Yes, sir," said Hobbs, thinking of his poor child; "but he goes very lame."

"Lame!" said Munns; "what the deuce has that to do with it?—he goes—what does it signify to him or any body belonging to him, whether he goes lame or not?"

"Ah! sir," said Hobbs, "if you had a child, sir—"

"Don't be impertinent, coachman," said Mrs. Munns.

"I wouldn't be imperent for the world, ma'am," said Hobbs; "but if *you* had a child, I am sure you wouldn't like to see it lame through neglect."

"You are vastly delicate, coachman," said Mrs. Munns; "I cannot discuss the point."

"Well, now, do as I tell you," said Munns.

"I shall run for Dr. Totts," said the coachman.

"You will, first, sir, if you please, go for the farrier," said Munns, "to look at the horse."

"There isn't nothing whatsoever in the world, sir, the matter with the oss," said Hobbs.

"Do as I tell you, sir," said Munns.

"Hang it!" said Hobbs, as he proceeded to obey the peremptory orders of his selfish master, "these people love their horses better than they do human beings." However, away he went, resolved, after having found the farrier, who was not wanted for Prancer, to find the surgeon who *was* wanted for his poor boy's leg.

"This is pleasant, Mrs. Munns," said the master of the house.

"Extremely, my dear," said the lady, emphasising the last word, so as to satisfy any body who heard her, that she held him remarkably cheap.

"To be sure," said Munns, "we are blessed with a nice collection of servants. Now, as to dinner. Are you so much alive to the affairs of the establishment, to know any thing of the cook, or the kitchen-maid?—I suppose not—although you are, as you think, your own house-keeper, caring nothing for any thing, nor any body but yourself."

"I do happen to know, Mr. Munns," said the lady, "more than you, perhaps, think I know. The cook has been out all the morning to please *you*."

"Me!" said Munns.

"Yes," said the lady, "you would have trout for dinner, and you

know I hate them—they taste like mice—so do woodcocks—yet you *will* have them; and the woman cannot be at home and abroad too.”

“Ring the bell, Mrs. Munns,” said Munns, “let us hear this history,—I do like trout—and I do like woodcocks, and I’ll have ’em when they are in season—and you like turbot and turkey-poults, and you have *them* when they are in season—you like eating and drinking as well as I do—we differ in our tastes—I don’t care a farthing for that—I’ll have what *I* like.”

Stephen, the page, at this moment made his appearance with a bandeau of sticking-plaster over his forehead; three of the sugarloaf-buttons on the sinister side of his tom-fool jacket (into which, garden-er’s-boy as he was, Mrs. Munns had caused him to be inserted) being absent without leave.

“Do you know, sir,” said Munns, “if the cook is in the house?”

Doubting, for a moment, whether he should venture upon a direct answer, he at last replied in the affirmative; “but—”

“But what?” said Mrs. Munns.

“She is gone to bed, ma’am,” said Stephen.

“To bed!” exclaimed Munns. “What—eh?”

“She is very ill, sir,” said Stephen.

“Ill!” cried Munns; “but she can’t go to bed, ill or well, till she has dressed *my* dinner.”

“Susan, the kitchen-maid, is up, sir,” said Stephen.

“Susan be —”

“Don’t put yourself in a passion, Mr. M.,” said the lady, “it will degrade *me* in the eyes of the servants—send Susan into the hall, I will speak to her.”

“And so will *I*!” said Munns; “this won’t do—I’ll—p’sha—who has a right to be ill with wages like my cook’s?—it won’t do—we are really killing these people with kindness, Mrs. M.”

The kitchen-maid, who, when the summons arrived, declared to Stephen, the page, that she was taken at what she called a “nonplush,” rinsed her hands and face in a mixture of warm water and grease, which happened to be in a wooden bowl near her, and was afterwards destined to form an auxiliary to the standing dirt of a second-rate kitchen called “stock,” made her appearance.

“Well, Susan, where’s Twat?” (so was the cook named), said Mrs. Munns.

“She is gone to bed, ma’am, with a fever,” said Susan.

“A fever?” said Munns. “Is it serious?”

“She is very hot, sir,” said Susan, “and chilly by turns.”

“Did she get the trout?” said Munns.

“No sir,” said the fair *aide*. “She went every where after them; but neither nets nor night-lines, nor any thing was of use, and she has *briled* herself to death for nothing.”

“I am afraid she will get an inflammation in the chest, or some severe disorder,” said Munns.

“That will be a sad thing,” said Mrs. Munns; “horrid, to have so much sickness in the house.”

“T’an’t that,” said Munns; “who the deuce is to dress *my* dinner?”

“I can do it, sir,” said Susan.

“I dare say you can,” said the master, “but I shouldn’t like to

trust you. Your soup would be salt and water—your joint burnt on the spit, and as to an *entrée*, you might as well try to jump over the moon as make one.”

“I don’t know, sir,” said Susan courtesying, “but I have dressed all your dinners for the last six weeks, and you never found fault.”

“You?” said Munns, “what doesn’t Twat do them herself?”

“No sir,” said Susan, “she leaves it all to *me*, and so may you, and I hope you will not be disappointed.”

“Well,” said Munns, “we shall see; but Twat’s illness is sudden; was it all owing to the heat, and the worry, and—”

“Not altogether, sir,” said Susan, “she met with a horrid shock when she came home. The two beautiful pigs which were killed for salting, and were hanging up quite safe in the outer larder when she went away, were stolen while she was gone, and although it was known they were taken, sir, by those poor people whom you threatened to shoot yesterday for begging for victuals, nobody went after them, and she is in such a taking.”

“My pigs stolen!” exclaimed Munns. “What, out of my house?—this is too bad. Twat bundles to-morrow—no—no—this, added to her doing nothing—well—well—there, go along, do your best—take care, that’s all—eh.”

And away went Susan.

“This is pleasant, ma’am,” said Munns to his wife. “I tell you what it is: you, Mrs. Munns, go and talk to these people—you make yourself agreeable to them, that makes them familiar; then they take liberties—they care nothing for any body—pigs go—trout don’t come, and the cook gets a fever and bundles to bed—there’s a state of things—it can’t last, ma’am.”

“Don’t *you* talk to your gardener?” said Mrs. Munns.

“Gardener!” replied he, “what of that? Horticulture is a science—I love melons—I hope some day to get a gold what-d’ye-call-’em medal for a cucumber. Look at my peaches—look at my cantalupes—my asparagus—my artichokes!”

“They would be all better if you didn’t worry yourself about them. Till only laughs at you,” said Mrs. M.

“Why do you worry yourself, and worry your manteau-makers, or, as they fancifully call themselves, *modistes*, to alter your dresses, but to make them fit better?” said Munns.

“Why, because they do not obey the instructions I have given them,” said Mrs. Munns.

“Well, I don’t care what you do,” said Munns; “but with regard to the robbery by these iniquitous rascals, who dare to be poor, and are villains enough to beg, because they have nothing to eat or drink, the whole blame falls upon that bungling, botching, slow-footed fool, Chizzle, the carpenter, who promised me six weeks ago to send home a capital stout safe, with good bolts, lock and key, in which a man might have kept every thing snug to himself—my pigs would have been preserved, if I had had *that*, and pickled afterwards.”

“There is a coarse proverb, Mr. M.,” said the lady, “which I will not repeat; but here, oddly enough, is the wife of this dilatory man, evidently wanting to say something.”

“Ah!” said Munns, “that’s it—we are so popular, every body will

force his way in. Well, Mrs. Chizzle," continued the patron of safe-architecture, "what do *you* want?—where is my safe?—I have lost two pigs to-day for want of it, and I have no tidings of it."

"Sir," said Mrs. Chizzle, "I am sure your kind heart will make every excuse for the delay; my poor husband has been hard at work upon it, but being employed yesterday in a granary, he fell from one of the open doors, and has hurt himself seriously. He is not able to work to-day, sir, but if you will wait a short time—"

"Wait! what for?" said Mr. Munns. "Am I to lose my pigs because your husband chooses to leave my work to go grubbing about in a granary?"

"Why, sir," said Mrs. Chizzle, a tall melancholy-looking woman, in a black silk bonnet, with edging to it, "my poor man wishes to please all his customers."

"And yet you see he won't take the trouble to please *me*," said Munns.

"Indeed, sir, he will," said Mrs. Chizzle, "if you will only let him get well of his fall."

"Get well!" said Munns; "why did he get ill? If he had been down in his workshop, making *my* safe, he could not have tumbled out of a granary.—No, no, woman; the loss of my pigs is enough—I shall get my safe made by somebody else, directly."

"Indeed, sir," said the poor woman, "it is all put together—it will be a great loss to my husband."

"What is that to *me*?—go along, go along," said Munns.

"Pray, madam," said the carpenter's wife, addressing Mrs. Munns, "do speak a word in our behalf."

"I shall do no such thing," said Mrs. Munns. "I think the safe and the whole affair very absurd, and I always said so. But why didn't your husband do as Mr. Munns wanted him?—there, go away."

"Ah! madam," said the woman, "this will be a sad blow to my poor man:—he has laid out all his ready money to get wood for this, and—"

"There, there," said Munns, "we don't want to hear your history. I wanted my safe—I haven't got it:—I wanted my pigs, and I have lost them."

The poor woman left the room literally in tears; for a grievance which may appear trifling to the rich and inconsiderate, becomes a serious calamity when it happens in humbler life—she, however, like the rest of the neighbours, knew that further remonstrance was vain, and wended her weary way homewards, to announce the misfortune that awaited Chizzle, consequent, in fact, upon an accident, itself the result of his activity and industry.

But the scene was about to be changed—affairs were going to take a different turn; to the astonishment of the Munnses, their principal, in fact, their only tenant, who rented the farm which was attached to the property, made his appearance the minute after Mrs. Chizzle's departure, his countenance expressive of any thing but awe or respect, and his manner rather indicative of authority, founded upon a knowledge of coming events.

"Ah!" said Munns, "good day, Mr. Brown."

"Good day, sir," said Brown—a fellow with shoulders a yard and a

half across—his face glowing with healthful bloom—a chest like Hercules—balustrade legs—and an eye, which, if not formed to “threaten and command,” was one beaming with that noble honesty and manly feeling, which are the characteristics of the constitutional British farmer.

“I am come to tell ye something, squire.”

Munns liked being called squire, because he was not the real squire of the neighbourhood.

“What is it?” said Munns.

“Why I am come to tell you that I cannot, for the life of me, make either head or tail of what has happened to-day in your house.”

“Nothing has happened here, Mr. Brown,” said Mrs. Munns, who hated high-lows, and detested farming.

“I don’t know, ma’am,” said George Brown, “what may have happened; but this I know, that one or two of your folks have been over to me to beg the lend of a large tilted waggon, with a shakedown of straw in the bottom of it.”

“What for?” said Munns.

“For a start, this evening,” replied George Brown.

“But who are to start this evening?” said Mrs. Munns.

“Every one of your servants, ma’am,” said Brown; “every man Jack—women and all.”

“All my servants!” said Munns; “why, what on earth am I to do without them?”

“Ah!” said Brown, “that’s a part of the affair they haven’t taken into their consideration: all they know is, what you did *with* them. I can tell you that, as you have, as they say, turned them all out, out they are determined to go—Sibly—Nokes—the cook—the kitchen-maid—Biggins, her husband, and the two babbies—the coachman, and his poor child—all off, in my blue-bodied, red-wheeled, three-horse omnibus.—They say you have no feeling for any body but yourselves—no pity—no humanity: and so, as every body else in the place says the same, I suppose it is true.”

“They say so in the neighbourhood!” said Mrs. Munns.

“You are a very agreeable person, Mr. George Brown,” said Mr. Munns.

“I speak truth, sir,” said Brown; “and I speak it for self-preservation. Suppose your barns were set fire to, where should I be with my stacks and ricks?”

“Set fire to, Mr. Brown!” said Mrs. Munns.

“Yes, ma’am, set fire to,” replied Brown. “I don’t mean to say it will happen—but this I know, that if they *were* on fire, the deuce a hand would stir to put them out.”

“Well,” said Munns, with a self-satisfied upholding of his head, accompanied by a kind of wonderment in his countenance, “that seems very odd—I never do any harm to any body—I pay for every thing I buy—never beat them down, and we lay out a great deal of money.”

“Ah!” said George Brown, “that’s not *it*, squire,—that won’t do.—I wish you had seen, to-day, how the people up-street laughed, when they heard that the beggars you set the dogs at, had stolen your pigs.”

"They are horrid bores," said Mrs. Munns.

"Whether they were boars or not," continued George, "I can't say; but this I know, that such was the case."

"But, Brown," said Munns, whose eyes began to be a little opened to his position in the circle of which he hoped to be the centre, "why is this?—why are we hated?—we hate nobody!"

"Hate, sir!" said Brown; "that not hating isn't enough for an English heart:—it is because you don't care for others—it is the want of tenderness—of good feeling towards your fellow-creatures.—Why, if I was without that feeling towards you, I don't know where you or your lady would be to-morrow."

"What, on earth, do you mean, Mr. Brown?" said Mrs. Munns, violently acted upon by the inherent self-love which so remarkably distinguished her character and that of her husband; "are we in any danger?"

"A good deal, as I hear," said Brown; "there are plenty of people ready for mischief:—they know all your servants have been turned out—and, if the house isn't burnt, the chances are it will be robbed; and not a soul here will come to help you."

"Is it possible!" said Mrs. Munns.

"What's to be done?" said Mr. Munns, who was a most particularly distinguished coward, as domestic bullies invariably are.

"Why, sir," said Brown, "recal the servants you have ill-treated, and attach them to you, not by severity, but kindness."

"Ah! Mr. Brown," said Mrs. Munns, looking at the fine countenance of the portly farmer; "what a man you are!"

"We don't know half your value yet," said Munns.

"I believe you," said Brown; "people who think so much about themselves have no time to study others. See what I have done, I have refused them the waggon to—they are all sick and lame—there's no other conveyance—not a post-horse in the parish since the rail-road has been finished, and the nearest station to that great convenience is five miles off; so here they must stay for the night. Change your manner towards them—they are good honest servants every one; you need not tell them that you were aware of their determination to go—alter your manner towards them, treat them like human beings, and fellow-creatures, though your inferiors—you'll see the change; instead of hating you, they will respect you; instead of fearing you, they will love you. Now, just try the experiment, I know it will be hard for you at first, but do try—if you don't, by jingo they shall have the waggon yet."

"Upon my word, Brown, there is something in what you say," said Munns.

"Y-e-e-s—so there is," drawled out Mrs. Munns, in a tone of evident discontent.

"Well, then, follow my advice," said Brown; "in a month you will be as popular as you can wish to be, and the place will ring with your praises—so no waggon to day, as I'll go and tell them."

Saying which, the "boor," as Mrs. Munns called him, quitted the room, leaving the lady and gentlemen somewhat astounded; and like St. Patrick, in some degree "awake to a sense of their situation."

"Really, Mr. Munns," said the lady, when the heavy tread of the sturdy yeoman had become inaudible, "I do not understand what right that man has to come here and talk to us in this manner."

"Nor I," said Munns, "and I detest him—but we must look to ourselves."

"It was all very well his refusing the waggon," said the lady, "but, to deliver a lecture on our conduct!"

"—Infernally impudent!" said Munns; "but we must put up with that, and follow his advice, for our own sakes—not on account of the servants—we must seem to do all he bids us; get over to-night, and make proper arrangements for bundling them all off the moment we think we can get a better set."

"Ay," said the lady, "*that* may be wise."

"Well, then, Mrs. Munns," said the terrified tyrant, "go you and find Sibly, and Nokes, and the coachman—coax his little boy—give Sibly a glass of wine, and I will go and talk with the poor dear cook, and tell her not to worry herself about the trout."

"Oh," said Mrs. Munns, "you needn't go—here is your favourite, the gardener, with Nokes."

"And his eye out!" said Munns.

And sure enough there they were, attended, too, by Fanny; the very sight of whom—why, it is impossible to guess—induced the instant disappearance of her mistress.

"Well, sir," said Till, the gardener, "you see I am not like the rest—I was determined not to go, and leave you off-hand in a caddle, but to wait till you could spare me."

"Why do you leave me at all, Till?" said Munns.

"Because," said Till, "we three have a fancy to live together: myself, my daughter, and my son-in-law."

"Well," said Munns, "and can't you all live here together?"

"No, sir," said the gardener, "because you have ordered Nokes away."

"To get himself cured only," said Munns.

"He'll be cured soon enough, sir," said Till; "only my poor girl has been crying fit to break her heart, because you laughed at her for marrying him, and called him a Slypops, or some such thing, when I know he will be no more blind than I am."

"Blind or not blind," said Munns, "if you like to stay, he shall marry your daughter to-morrow."

"I'm quite content," said Till; and so were the junior members of the party.

"Now," said Munns, "I have done what is just and right, and I shall have my melons well looked after, and that's a comfort after all."

These words seemed to afford a cue for the reappearance of the lady of the house, whose countenance certainly exhibited an expression not usually visible on it.

"Well, Mr. Munns," said the lady, "I am satisfied that George Brown is right—I have done what I never have done before—seen the doctor. The illness of poor Biggins and his children is nothing. The coachman's-boy has only sprained his ankle. Sibly is to remain here, and dinner will be ready at six—and now every body seems pleased."

"I am, ma'am, for one," said the gardener; "my master has made us happy, miserable as we were half an hour ago."

"What made you miserable?" said Mrs. Munns.

"Your having ordered Nokes away, ma'am," said the gardener.

"Away—yes, to be sure," said the lady, "didn't he break my glass?"

"Accidents may happen, ma'am," said the gardener; "but all the looking-glasses in the world are not worth an eye."

"The doctor didn't tell me about his eye," said Mrs. Munns.

"I don't think you asked after it, ma'am," said the gardener; "but he will be well to-morrow."

"That I shall, ma'am," said Nokes, pulling off the handkerchief which covered one side of his face, "for I am well to-day."

"Why, as I live," said Munns, "there is nothing the matter with his eye!"

"I knew *that*, Mr. Munns," said the lady, "and that was the reason I ordered him off, because I hate to be imposed upon."

"No, ma'am, no," said the gardener, "it was Sibly's contrivance, in order to excite your compassion, so that he might be forgiven the accident."

"Gardener, give me leave to tell you," said the lady, "that you are mistaken; an active mistress of a house is not to be deceived—she may seem to sleep, but her eyes are always open."

"Not so, mistress," said the gardener, "and the less servants are trusted, the more they trick;—now, as for myself, what have I done since I have been here?—I shall tell the truth—for now I am grateful for your kindness,—why, I have always listened to my master's orders about the garden."

"Exactly," said Munns, "and so much the better."

"Yes; for what happened," said the gardener; "you'll excuse *me*, sir, I was always afraid of contradicting you, but I never did any one thing you told me to do."

"There, Mr. M.," said the lady, "didn't I tell you so?"

"I did well," said the gardener; "for if I had followed your instructions, you wouldn't have had a morsel of fruit, or a basketful of vegetables."

"What!" said Munns, "no melons? no cantalupes?"

"Not one, sir," said the gardener. "The man that was here before me was afraid of you, and did every thing you told him; the consequence was, you had nothing in your garden. He told me you *would* be obeyed in every thing, and that I should lose my place the first time I contradicted you, so *that* drove me to deceive you, and I heard your orders only to break them. This is my confession, sir, and if you are angry, why, we are ready to go, and give up your handsome offer to Fanny; but I think I see sunshine, and—"

"Well," said Mrs. Munns, "what do you say to this, Mr. M.?"

"Why, that Nokes shall marry Fan in the morning, and that they shall all stay with me. It is all part of the same system—thanks to George Brown my eyes are opened. My own selfishness and waywardness have caused all the manœuvring and deception in my household, of which I have complained.—I'll start fresh—take a new course—burn my steel traps—tie up the dogs—pull down my defiance to beggars, and, for the future, continue to recollect that there really is somebody else in the world besides Mr. Singleton Munns."

WESTMINSTER OF OLD.

"Thistles and rankling thorns o'erspread the soil,
From which produce they name it Thorney's Isle."

DART's *Westmonasterium*.

PERHAPS there is no celebrated place which gave so little indication in natural circumstances of the transcendent greatness which it was destined to attain, as Westminster. It was not only destitute of superior attractions, but it was a bog, almost, if not entirely, under water. Its sister city had considerably the advantage in situation, and was already the site of a native British city—so far indeed, as rude circular huts of wattled boughs, plastered with mud, and clustered within a small clearing in the dense forest, which served as a shelter and defence—so far as this might deserve the name of a city, London was one, at the time when the arrival of the Romans changed the aspect of the country; and within a very few years after they had obtained possession of this spot, it became a rich, populous, and beautiful city—"a little Rome."* But Thorney Island was not so fortunate. Low, damp, dreary, and unhealthy; overgrown with briars and thorns, and shrouded in chilling fogs and damp; the long-haired Briton scarcely glanced at it, as he glided by in his skin-covered canoe; and the enterprising Roman thought not of a spot which gave no token of aught which he might turn to advantageous account.

Thorney Island heard no sound, save the hissing of the loathsome reptiles which revelled in its slimy soil, or the chirping of the few birds which sheltered in its uninviting foliage. It is not improbable that the tones of the Druid harp might reverberate even here, as its chords were loudly rung to drown the shrieks of human victims, who were sacrificed in the dark and fearful forests which clothed the hills around; or as they resounded in softer strain, when the white-robed priest severed the hallowed mistletoe with his golden axe; what time the snowy bulls proudly pawed the ground beneath the sacred oak. But in Thorney Island there were—at this time—none to listen.

In common with other equally dreary and uninviting places, it is to the church that Westminster owes her redemption from even those disadvantages which nature herself imposed. For the sons of the church had skill to plan and industry to execute (and with their own hands too) improvements which, at the time they were achieved, appeared little less than miraculous: they converted boggy tracts and barren heaths, into rich and fertile soil; and did really cause the steril wilderness to blossom as the rose. There are numberless records yet remaining which prove this to have been the case: their monasteries and abbeys, at the dissolution, were found imbosomed in all the luxuriance of nature; but on referring a few centuries, we find that many of these most magnificent locations were, at the time the buildings were instituted, steril and uninviting; and that they owed all the richness and fertility of later days, to the skill and labour of the pious monks

* Henry I., c. 5.

of earlier times ; and lost these advantages in many instances, so soon as the conventual inhabitants were banished.*

It is not an easy matter to decide when and by whom Christianity was introduced into Britain. St. Peter, St. Paul, St. James, and Simon Zelotes, have each the honour assigned to them ; but it is an undisputed fact, that Christianity had been embraced, but was nearly if not quite overwhelmed in Saxon paganism, at the arrival of St. Augustine. Therefore the story, though most probably quite untrue, is not so very improbable, that Lucius, a Christian king in the second century, founded a church to St. Peter in Thorney Island. But the embellishments of the simple fact are not so credible. Lucius was said to be " King of Britain," and it is not easy to understand how the Romans, then masters of the island to the Forth and Clyde, should tolerate a King of Britain ; and especially how they could suffer him to erect a Christian temple almost touching one of their chief seats of empire here. However, maugre all this, we are told that people from all counties, assembling together, were made partakers of the kingdom of Heaven : that paganism was almost extinguished over the whole island : and that the heathen temples were filled with congregations of Christians, under the superintendence of three archbishops and twenty-eight bishops.† Probably Lucius was a petty prince or chieftain, and a Christian one ; and probably also Christianity was advancing in the island, till the persecution in Dioclesian's reign, towards the end of the third century, when the Christian altars were overthrown, the Christian archbishops and bishops were superseded by the flamens and archflamens of heathen gods ; the church of St. Peter in Thorney Island was annihilated, and a temple erected in its place. This pagan temple was, we are told, destroyed by an earthquake, and Thorney Island again lay a desolate waste : wild, dreary, and soon again overrun with thorns and briers, it nearly lost its definite shape of an island formed by a branch of the river ; because, from the want of that cultivation which habitation compels, the stream, instead of keeping its own channel, nearly submerged the land which it environed. And it was in this state when the Saxons first turned their attention to it, and called it Thorney—a place of briers.

The first authentic records refer the germ of the present magnificent cathedral to Sebert, King of the East Saxons, about, or prior to the year 616 : but another chronicler confers the honour of its foundation

* " Agriculture received a fatal blow ; the means were first neglected, then forgot ; the fertile fields and spacious lawns, which had given a name to Plain Furness, waved no more with the rich harvest of silver wheat."—*West's Antiq. of Furness Abbey*.

See also *Whitaker's Hist. of Whalley* : the following lines from an ancient ballad exhibit the same opinion :

" I'll tell thee what, good fellow,
Before the friars went hence,
A bushel of the best wheat
Was sold for fourteen pence ;
And forty eggs a penny,
That were both good and new :
And this, I say, myself have seen,
And yet I am no Jew."

† Henry I., c. ii. ; from Geoffrey of Monmouth.

on Ethelbert, who “excyted a dweller or cytezen of London to make a church or chapell in the worship of Seynt Petyr, in the weste ende of London, then called Thorney, and now the towne of Westmynster, the which that tyme was forgrowen with busshes and bryres, excedynglye, where the sayde cytezen began and buylded the *fyrste* church of Westmynster in the honour of Seynt Peter.”*

This church was of the humblest order, the most unpretending construction; but what it wanted in outward magnificence, it had in its surpassing holiness, being consecrated by none other than St. Peter himself, who descended from Heaven on purpose. If slight and apparently trivial particularities be a test of truth—and they are often cited as such—there can be no doubt of the truth of this supernatural visitation. For St. Peter alighted from his aerial flight, not as superficial observers would suppose, on the spot where his presence was required, but on *the opposite shore*: not amid the effulgence of celestial light, but on a *dark, stormy, rainy night*: he did not command the waves to retire or glide spiritlike over them, but called to a poor fisherman, Edricus by name, to *be ferried over*. But once within the henceforward hallowed walls, the apostle shines in the full effulgence of his glory. Odours as of Paradise fill the humble dome; seraph strains are wafted around; angel bands ascend and descend, ministering to the Apostle, and transcendant brightness, takes place of the “ebon wing” of night. But more marvellous truly, than all this, was the sturdy John Bullism of the honest fisherman, who stoutly refused to ferry the Saint back to the (Lambeth) shore until he were assured of his promised reward. A miraculous draught of salmon, with an assurance that a plentiful supply of this agreeable fish should never be wanting, so long as the tenth part was duly offered to the newly-consecrated church, propitiated the fisherman so much, that he ferried the Apostle the first stage of his journey back to Heaven.†

Nevertheless, this consecration, surpassingly holy as it was, was not of sufficient virtue to preserve the building from decay, or from the yet more destructive ravages of barbarism. The infant institution governed by priors, held on for some time in its equable and purifying course; houses were erected in its vicinity, and a little community was gradually formed: but the records of this period though abundant, are indistinct and clouded with error. Fact and fiction agree, however, in stating, that in the ninth century, amid a host of other barbarities, the Danes ravaged and destroyed the humble and unpretending West Minster.

About the year 960 it was restored through the influence of Dunstan, and, that it was previously of *very* humble pretensions, we may fairly infer from the description given of it, even after this ambitious prelate had renovated it. “Without the walls of London, there was in times passed a little monasterie, builded to the honour of God and St. Peter, with a few Benedict monkes in it, under an abbot serving Christ: very poore they were, and little was given them for their reliefe.”

* Fabyan's Chron. by Ellis, p. 97. 1811.

† “In after times there was considerable ceremony used at the formal offering of the salmon; when carried to table, the prior and convent rose to receive it; and the fishermen had on this day a right to dine at the same table with their spiritual superiors.”—*Dart's Westmonasterium*, i. 49.

But from this time, Westminster Abbey regularly progressed in greatness, until it became "the greatest sanctuary and randevouze of devotion of the whole Iland; whereunto the scituation of the very place, seemes to contribute much, and to strike a holy kind of reverence and sweetness of melting piety in the hearts of the beholders." The town, too, of Westminster—for by this time the appellation of Thorney Island had given place to the title which the Minster conferred on the town—was giving indications of life and vigour; and it received a foretaste of those smiles of royalty in which it was ordained to bask so abundantly, by the frequent residence of Canute the Dane; "for a usurper none of the worst," in a palatial residence then existent near the abbey. This palace was burnt down in the reign of Edward the Confessor, and with him commences a new and splendid era in the history of this royal town.

A man of inferior understanding, of weak and imbecile mind, and by no means altogether of Christian temper, as the brutality of his conduct to his mother, and the duplicity of his behaviour to Earl Godwin, sufficiently prove; Edward's formal and superstitious attention to the observances of religion procured for him those titles of *Saint* and *Confessor*, by which he was afterwards canonized. It is not always, however, that the very weaknesses of men, are productive of results so lastingly valuable as were those of Edward. To the fulfilment of a vow, we owe the erection of the magnificent fabric, which for subsequent ages has diffused so hallowed a charm on this heretofore unsightly spot; and to his rigidly systematic attendance at the service of the sanctuary (prompted by the same feelings), we may attribute his choice of the immediate locality for his own residence, and his construction of a palace which fixed the royal abode at Westminster, as the nucleus around which, as time advanced, every thing great, noble, and magnificent, was collocated.

Edward, when an exile in Normandy, had vowed a pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Peter at Rome, in the event of his being relieved from his troubles. The Pope commuted the vow into erecting or repairing a monastery to St. Peter, and the saint himself, was pleased to point out "in clear dream and solemn vision" the spot which he had before honoured by his presence. Here then did the king "stately build and amply endow;" and thus was Thorney Island again fixed by miraculous agency as the "House of God, and the Gate of Heaven."

The fabric was magnificent as compared with the former structure; it was built in the form of a cross, the pattern by which many of our most beautiful ecclesiastical buildings were afterwards raised: it was most nobly endowed, invested with very great and extraordinary privileges, exempted from all episcopal jurisdiction, and all services and secular authority. Edward also rebuilt the monastery on an extended and very handsome scale; and so much enlarged the sanctuary and its privileges, that it became not only an asylum for bankrupts, but likewise a refuge for traitors, murderers, thieves, and the most abandoned miscreants, who were there suffered to live in impunity. "Nowe unthriftes ryote and runne in dette, uppon the boldnesse of these places: yea, and ryche menne runne thither with poor mennes goodes, there they builde, there thei spende, and bidde their creditours gooe whistle them. Men's wyves runne thither with theyr housebandes

plate, and saye thei dare not abyde with theyr housebandes for beatinge. Theves bryng thyther theyr stollen goodes, and there lyve thereon. There devise thei newe roberies, nightlye they steale out, they robbe and reve, and kyll, and come in again as though those places gaue them not onely a safegarde for the harme they haue done, but a license also to dooe more.”*

The great immunities of this sanctuary drew people from all parts, and the refugees increased very fast. King Edward rightly supposed, that such a congregation would not reflect much honour on his new and stately edifice, and therefore to prevent the inconveniences and annoyances which would naturally arise from such an assembly, he built, about the year 1064, the church of St. Margaret,† expressly for the spiritual consolation of those thieves and vagabonds, who in later days obligingly ceded their rights in favour of the dignified worshippers who now occupy the shrine—to wit, the honourable members of the Commons House of Parliament.

If we consider the superstitious spirit of the times in which Edward the Confessor lived, and that proneness to the marvellous which is inherent in all uncultivated minds, we shall not wonder that a prince so superstitiously observant, was looked up to with reverence and awe. Besides the more substantial gifts of land and money, he gave to this institution offerings, which were firmly believed by himself and others to be of a value which no money could purchase. Many indeed before his time, even from the founder Sebert, who gave part of the beam of Christ’s manger, had made offerings of relics. Edward gave part of the manger where Christ was born; of the sponge, the lance, the scourge, wherewith he was tortured; of the sepulchre and grave-cloth; some crumbs of Mounts Golgotha and Calvary; numberless relics of the Virgin Mary; and of other saints innumerable. These indeed are not a tithe of the treasures which Edward humbly offered, and which were received here with superstitious joy: and the number of relics which, in the course of two or three centuries, was accumulated within the abbey from the benefactions of the pious, would surpass credibility, though gravely registered by many historians.

How little could the humble and pious Edward (for both certainly in one point of view he was), how little could he suppose that in no long time after his death, relics of him would be sought as eagerly as any of the transcendant ones he coveted: that seventy-seven years after his death, when his remains were translated into a “precious feretory” prepared by Henry II., the undecayed garment which infolded the yet healthy-looking and uncorrupted body, should be made, by order of the abbot, into three embroidered copes, to be worn by whom he should deem worthy of so distinguished a vesture: and that until the time of the French Revolution, the very dust and sweepings of the chapel and magnificent shrine in which his remains were finally deposited should be preserved and exported to Spain and Portugal in barrels!‡ and that a stone basement-seat, from which a view of the shrine can be just obtained, should be worn into a deep hollow by the “reli-

* Sir Thomas More’s Works.

† Maitland, ii. 1339.

‡ Even in that trade adulterations were practised, and much unholy dust swept from other chapels, was mingled with the rubbish of this shrine.—*W. Smith’s New Hist. of Lond. and West.*, i. 147.

gious feet" of those who attended here in early morning to offer their orisons, as near as possible to the sacred spot. But we must hasten on.

Edward was not able to witness the magnificent consecration of his noble church. He died immediately after the solemnity in his favourite apartment in the new palace, since called St. Edward's chamber, and was buried before the high altar of the new church; and, says an old chronicler,

"Al joye and blysse,
Myd hym was vaste ybured."

And so indeed did the Anglo-Saxons find it under the stern rule of the new monarch. Nevertheless, William, knowing how deep in the hearts of the people was the memory of their Saxon monarch, propitiated them by offering prayers and alms at the confessor's shrine; at which venerated spot he was likewise invested with the crown. He added considerably to the palatial buildings, and in his reign we have the first record of a law-court being held here in the case of Elfric, abbot of Peterborough, who was tried before the king, *in curia*, at Westminster.*

Henry I. held his courts and made his chief residence at Westminster; and in 1118, his first queen, whose "virtues were so great, an entire day would not suffice to recount them," was interred in the "Old Chapter-house." The "good queen Maud," is described as "a beautifull ladie, and of vertuous conditions, who was a professed nunne in a religious house, to the end she might avoid the stormes of the world, and lead her life in more securitie." She had not, however, absolutely taken the veil: she was married to Henry, and proved a "right obedient wife." Reputed a "blessyd and holy woman, after the lyvyng of a worldly woman," she was accustomed to spend several days and nights together in Westminster Abbey, to which she gave many reliques, and in Lent time came to church in humble guise, barefooted, and in a hair garment, to offer her prayers, and to wash the feet of the poor. She was deeply lamented by the English, both on account of her own distinguished goodness, and because of her descent from their ancient Saxon monarchs. No honour that could grace it was omitted at the solemnity of her funeral.

The abbey had become by this time the receptacle of many interesting memorials and the seat of many splendid services; masses and anniversaries. Nearly the earliest, was that of the Abbot Vitalis. In the south cloister of the abbey, the resort now very much of nursery-maids and children, and whose echoes are chiefly awakened by the bounding catch-a-ball or bat of jocund boys, are three tombs, *Vitalis Abbas*, 1082; *Gislebertus Abbas*, and *Laurentius Abbas*, 1170. Though distinctly visible to the searching eye, they offer nothing to attract the notice of the accidental passer by: they are on a level with the pavement, the sculpture is worn smooth, the inscriptions nearly effaced. Time was when these tombs were conspicuously elevated and beautifully adorned; and on the solemn anniversary of the Abbot Vitalis, his tomb was enveloped with a covering of silk, sumptuously wrought with gold; waxen tapers gleamed around, and the hour of vespers was

* Britton and Brayley's History of Ancient Palace and Houses of Parliament, p. 16.

ushered in with the pealing tones of the organ and the voices of the monks as they chanted a solemn requiem for the repose of the honoured dead.*

King Stephen is the reputed founder of the chapel, dedicated to the Protomartyr, and the adjoining magnificent hall had been called into existence by the fiat of William Rufus.

Westminster had been gradually and quickly progressing in greatness; it was now the usual place of coronation and interment of our monarchs; it was the seat also of courts and councils; and in Henry III.'s time, it took an immense stride in consequence, very mainly, of this king's extreme jealousy of the privileges and immunities claimed by the citizens of London, and the great power exercised by them. To this cause may be entirely attributed the establishment of the Wool Staple here, which had hitherto been held in the Netherlands, and which was the cause of an immediate and great influx of money and population. Henry rebuilt a considerable part of the decaying Abbey-church in the magnificent style which it still exhibits, and made additions of great importance and extreme beauty to the palace. He was a great encourager of the arts; and architecture, sculpture, and painting, of the most finished style of the age were domiciled in his own royal residence; and it was in consequence of the magnificent embellishments with which St. Edward's chamber was decorated in this reign, that it obtained the name of the Painted Chamber. There are many adornments in the palace of this date, but especially of the subsequent reign of Edward I., which prove that oil-painting was practised in this country two centuries before the time usually assigned for its discovery.† Effigies of the Apostles were painted round the walls of St. Stephen's chapel; and this was the commencement of a series of gorgeous decorations in painting, gilding, and sculpture, which occupied the accustomed hands of seventy-six superior painters, all of whom, but two, were Englishmen.

But Henry III.'s reign was remarkable for other than mere external decorations. It is not till the time of King John, that we have any traces of the germ of our parliament as at present constituted; but Henry III.'s reign is remarkable as giving the first example of our legislative assemblies in its present form, and we have clear evidence that knights were summoned as representatives of counties, and citizens and burgesses for cities and boroughs. The parliaments were anciently but great councils, in which both houses sat together, probably in Westminster Hall. The most certain mark of the division between them is, when the commons had first a continual speaker; and this appears to have been in the reign of Edward III. The commons then sat in the Chapter-house of Westminster Abbey, the lords in a room in the palace on the east side of Palace-yard. The sitting of law courts was also now regulated; for in times past the courts and benches followed the king wheresoever he went, and this being considered "cumbersome, painful, and chargeable to the people," it was in this reign decided that there should be a fixed place appointed for the sitting of the courts, which place was the great hall at Westminster.‡

* Dart, i. 43.

† Hist. Anc. Pal. and Houses of Parl., p. 45.

‡ Strype's Stow, book 6.

Another decree of Henry III., ordained solely with the view to aggrandize Westminster at the expense of the Londoners, who had lately enraged him by purchasing what nevertheless his extravagance constrained him to sell—his plate and jewels—was the granting of an annual fair to the Abbot of Westminster, to be held at St. Edward's tide (October) during fifteen days; and which was accordingly first held in the churchyard at Westminster, but was afterwards removed to Tothill-fields. The king, the better to effect his object, not only forbid any other fair to be held at the same time, but absolutely prohibited the Londoners from making any sales in the city, and compelled them to bring their goods to Westminster, and during the fifteen days of the fair to exhibit them there in temporary booths and tents. All remonstrances against this injustice were ineffectual; and so great were the privileges conferred on the already all-powerful Abbot of Westminster, that during this time, even the immediate precincts of the king's palace were subjected to his authority.

This reign was also remarkable for religious pageantries and courtly festivities, of which Westminster was invariably the arena.

This prodigal and arbitrary monarch, Henry III., was entombed in a magnificent shrine in the church he had so liberally and splendidly renewed. His funeral was so splendid, that it is said "he shone more magnificent when dead, than he had appeared when living." His effigy, enveloped in the royal ermine and crowned, was borne to the Abbey by the knights templars, whom he had introduced into England, and was attended by a vast assemblage of the nobility and clergy of the realm, whose varied habiliments contrasted well with the flowing white robes and blood-red crosses of the "poor of the holy city."

And now Westminster began to assume a very different appearance. The boundaries of the town (for it became not a city until under the jurisdiction of its single bishop, and since his short-lived sway, it has been permitted by courtesy to retain the ennobling appellation) were distinctly defined by the stream which formed the Island of Thorney, with which island, Westminster was formerly coextensive.* This circling stream, enclosed now within its boundaries, a hive of busy population; but all around was open and little occupied. The little village of Charing, about a mile distant, existed; and close on this side Temple-bar, was a house, or cluster of houses, which had recently been conferred on Peter of Savoy, and were afterwards, when the property passed into the hands of the House of Lancaster, the site of that most magnificent palace called "the Savoy;" but the Strand itself was, as its name implies, only a wide and open plain, sloping down to the river, and probably originally but little higher than it, since in digging a foundation for St. Mary's church, the virgin earth was discovered at the depth of nineteen feet.† This Strand was intersected by many channels or rivulets, by which the water from the hills on the north side flowed to the Thames, and over these, rude arches were constructed

* This branch of the river had its outflux from the Thames close to the south wall of Privy-gardens, and intersecting King-street, passed along Gardiner's-lane, down Princess-street, formerly called Long-ditch, and crossing Tothill-street, continued its course along College-street, then the boundary of the Abbey-gardens, to the Thames. This is now the course of the common-sewer.

† Maitland, p. 1346.

to facilitate communication between the city of London and its fast progressing rival.* But the decided establishment of the royal court, the law courts, and parliament at Westminster, caused, as might be expected, a considerable change in the aspect of the neighbourhood, and palaces or "inns" as they were called, began to be erected by the nobles, and especially by the bishops on the south side of the Strand, looking to the water. These country villas soon became favourite residences of those lofty personages, whose birth entitled them to breathe the atmosphere of a court. A parish-church had also been built, called "St. Mary in the Strand;" and in a street not far from it, was a stone cross, at which the Justices Itinerant sat without London, and near this was a Maypole garlanded with flowers.

And here the light-hearted lads and lasses footed it in merry measure on the sod, while some less merry, but more happy, roved in pairs into the woodland, where the daisy and cuckoo-flower spangled the mead beneath their feet, and the bright cowslip and modest violet mingled their perfume with that of the hawthorn in the hedges around. The lark sang cheerily above their heads, the timid hare sprang from the covert at their approach, and the merry and mischievous squirrel frisked gaily in the branches.

Carelessly lounging on the early grass, or on rude temporary seats, the seniors gaily quaffed the flowing bowl, indulging in the harmless mirth that "wrinkled care derides." The bright untainted river sparkled at their feet, along which the aristocratic barge, with gilded prow, glided majestically along, or more quickly passed the fleet and graceful wherry, whose swift oars ever and anon flashed in the sunny gleam, casting a rainbow shower at every stroke; the beautiful hills looked bright in the declining sunshine; the merry rills murmured on every side; whilst the shrill clear whistle of the throstle, and the merry chirp of a thousand little birds, mingled with the lowing of the kine in the pastures around, with the hum of the drowsy beetle, the cherup of the grasshopper, the buzz of the honey-laden bee returning from its devious wandering, and the cawing of the distant rooks wending homeward their evening flight. All nature kept jubilee in honour of the opening summer.

Could these things ever be—*here*?

The Maypole was removed only at the building of the present St. Mary's church; and under Sir Isaac Newton's superintendence, was erected at Wanstead Park, in Essex, and used for mounting a telescope, the then largest in the world, given by a French gentleman to the Royal Society.

Near Temple-bar was an ancient church called, as its renovated successor is, St. Clement Danes. Its name was given, as some suppose, in consequence of the interment within its walls of Harold, a Danish king; others, because a great massacre of these barbarians took place on the spot;† but the most plausible opinion seems to be, that when the Danes

* These water-courses are still existing, and are converted into sewers. One lies between Surrey-street and Somerset-place; another between Salisbury-street and the Adelphi; and a third opposite the end of Essex-street.

† Perhaps it was the tough skins of these very luckless barbarians which decorated the chapel of St. Blaize in the Abbey, which is described as having three doors, and that in the middle lined with skins resembling parchment, and driven full of nails: being "the skins of some captive Danes."—*Dart*.

were expelled the kingdom, such as had married English wives, were allowed to remain, but "were constrained to inhabit between the Isle of Thorne and Caer Lud; and there they builded a synagogue; the which being afterwards consecrated, was called *Ecclesia Clementis Danorum*."

Near the present Northumberland-house, were a hermitage and a chapel of St. Catherine, and on the site of this erection was an hospital of St. Mary of Rouncival, which extended almost as far as a building on the site of the present Scotland-yard, said to have been originally erected so early as 970. It was a palace for the reception of the kings of Scotland and their retinues, when they came to do homage for the fiefs which they held from the English crown. Henry II. resumed it into his own hands. And the since splendid palace of Whitehall, passed in this reign from the hands of Hugo de Burg, chief-justice, and became the residence under the name of York-house, of Walter de Grey, Archbishop of York. A garden-wall continued the line of York-place on one side of a very narrow street or lane, the other side of which was also bounded by the wall of an enclosure, thereafter converted into St. James's-park.

The north side of the Strand was little built upon until Elizabeth or her successor's time; but there had long before existed, at its western extremity, "the king's houses de Mutis, at Charryng," or place for keeping the falcons. This, on King Henry VIII.'s stables being accidentally burnt, was converted, by his order, into stables, to which was then first appropriated the title of Mews.

The cross in the little village of Charing, which was beautifully formed of the purest white marble, the pieces of which were cemented by a composition that defied hatchets and hammers, and which stood conspicuously on a stately ascent of many steps, was one of those built by Edward I., "in memorie of her deare love who accompanied him in his journey to the Holy Land against the enemies of Christ," and whose remains rested here, their last stage, ere they finally reposed within the hallowed walls of Westminster Abbey, in a tomb illumined night and day for upwards of two centuries, by waxen tapers perpetually burning.* This cross, the beautiful and interesting memorial "of a godlie and modest princesse, full of pitie, readie to releeve everie man's grief that susteined wrong, and to make them freends that were at discord," a tribute to a faithful wife and kind mother, the unflinching sharer of her husband's toils and perilous journeyings, whether he braved the terrors of the burning east, or the gloomy privations of the frozen north, for a period of no less than six-and-thirty years;—this holy memento, in memory of one whose gentle and domestic virtues shed a halo of softening and refining beauty on the gorgeous details of regal life, was placed here by the bereaved husband, to the intent that the thoughtless passenger might be reminded by it to pray for the soul of the pious dead, and thereby be led, possibly, to invoke a blessing for himself. It underwent many mutilations, and would probably have been destroyed much earlier than it was, had its materials been less stubborn. At one time it was nearly demolished, for merely

* Fabyan's Chron., by Ellis, p. 393.

bearing the *name* of a cross,* for the beautiful token and ornament itself had long been wanting, and the trunk had many years been headless. At length, however, it fell a victim to popular clamour, and was in time replaced by the statue of Charles I., which is said to occupy the precise spot, and which is certainly a beautiful and appropriate ornament, and a fine work of art; but, nevertheless, wants some of that engaging interest which hallowed (or ought to have done) the ancient cross.

This ambitious prince, Edward I., before one of his expeditions to Scotland, issued a proclamation, that all who were under legal obligation to become knights, and had competent means, should assemble at Westminster at a certain time, and that they should there be furnished with every requisite from the king's wardrobe. Three hundred youths, the sons of nobility attended, and were habited in purple robes, fine linen garments, and girdles and cloaks brodered with gold. The royal palace, spacious as it was, did not contain room sufficient, and many adjourned to the temple, erected tents and booths in the gardens, and kept watch within that church. But the Prince of Wales, with the noblest of his companions, performed his vigils in the Abbey; and earnest were the prayers, and loud the acclamations, and great the rejoicing, when the solemn investment of the knights took place. The solemnities of the Abbey were succeeded by the festivity of the hall, and the courtesies of the palace; and Westminster shone in all her best array.

In the year 1378 the right of sanctuary possessed by this abbey was for the first time violated, and the church made the scene of an atrocious murder. The abbey-church was closed for about four months, as profaned by the murder, and the parties concerned were excommunicated.

During the wars between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, this sanctuary afforded shelter and safety to either party in turn; the distressed queen of the fugitive Edward IV. sought succour here; and "in great penurie," with few comforts around her, and no queenly state, she gave birth to her ill-fated son Edward V. Some years afterwards she was again driven here for refuge, and the circumstance is told thus beautifully, by Sir Thomas More:

* The following satire hardly exaggerates the feeling of the time: "Cheap.—Nay, some thinke it very fitting that we and our children should be again baptized, because wee were signed with the signe of the crosse. There is one Crosse in London, a very honest man, by trade a tailor, who verily feares he must change his name, and so make himself no better than a rogue by the statute. Charing.—Two Brownists, as they came one day along by me, were heard by a drawer at the Three Tunnes, to affirme the very name of Crosse, ought utterly to bee abolished, nor so much as to bee named in or about any thing; as if your maid be bid to mend the fire, you must not say to her, *Lay those stickes acrossse*, nor to a carpenter, *Place that beam acrossse*, nor may a dancer once mention the name of a *Cross caper*, nor the wrestler *Cross buttock*; or if any grieve or misfortune happen unto you, you must not say, *I am crost in my minde*, but *I am bearbaited in minde*; nor must a tradesman say to his prentice, *Crosse the Booke*, but *lattice the Booke* (that is, overthwart it, as alehouse lattices are); nor must a country tailor be said to sit *Cross leg'd*, but *Andrew wise*. A *Cross-bow* must be termed a *benison* or *pasty-bow*: nor ought you to say, *I will crosse the Street*, but *overthwart it*."

(A dialogue between the Cross in Cheap, and Charing Crosse; comforting each other as fearing their fall in these uncertain times. By Ryben Pameach (Henry Peacham), 1641.)

"In this wise the Duke of Gloucester tooke upon himself the order and gouernance of the young king, who with much honor and hūble reuerence he conuayed uppewarde towards the cite. But anone the tidings of this mater came hastely to the quene, a little before the mid-night folowing, and that in the sorest wise, that the king her sonne was taken, her brother, her sonne, and her other frēdes arrested, and sent no mā wist whither, to be done with God wot what. With which tidings the queene in gret fright and heuinesse bewailīg her child's ruin, her frēdes mischance, and her own misfortune, damning the time that euer shee diswaded the gatheryng of power aboute the kinge, gate herselfe in all the haste possible with her younger sonne and her daughters oute of the Palace of Westminster, in which shee then laye, into the saintuare, lodginge herselfe and her companye there in the abbottes place." The Archbishop of York, then Chancellor of England "came yet beefore daye unto the quene. Aboute whome he found much heuinesse, rumble, haste, and businesse, carriage and conueyance of her stuffe into saintuare, chestes, coffers, packes, fardelles, trussed all on menne backs, no manne unoccupied, somme ladyng, somme goynge, somme descharging, somme commynge for more, somme breakinge down the walles to bring in the nexte waye, and somme yet drewe to them that holpe to carrye a wronge waye. The Quene herselfe satte alone alowe on the rushes, all desolate and dismayde, whome the archebishoppe coumforted in the best manner he coulde, showinge her that he trusted the matter was nothyng so sore as shee tooke it for, and therewith he betooke her the greate seale and departed home agayne, yet in the dawninge of the daye. By whiche tyme hee might in his chaumber window,* see all the Thames full of boates of the Duke of Gloucester's seruantes, watching that no manne should go to saintuare, nor none could passe unsearched."

The Protector considered that "it was a hanous deede of the queene, and procedinge of greate malyce towarde the kynges counsayllers, that she should keepe in saynctuare the kinges brother from hym," and the Archbishop of York was chosen as the most fitting person to induce her to part with her child. He took upon himself "therein to dooe hye uttermoste devowre. How bee it if shee coulde bee in no wise entreated with her good wyll to delyver hym, then thoughte hee and suche other as were of the spiritualtye present, that it were not in anye wyse to be attempted to take hym oute agaynste her wil. For it woulde bee a thyng that shoulde tourne to the greate grudge of all menne, and hyghe dyspleasure of Godde, yf the priueledge of that holye place should nowe bee broken: whyche hadde so manye yeares been kepte, whyche bothe kynges and popes soo good had graunted, so many hadde confirmed, and whyche holye grounde was more than fyue hundred yeare agoe (by Sainte Peter in his owne persone in spirite, accompanied with greate multitude of Aungelles by nyghte) so specyallye halowed and dedicated to Godde (for the prooffe whereof they have yet in the abbay Saint Peter's cope to shewe), that from that tyme hytherwarde, was there neuer so undevowte a kinge, that durst that sacred place violate, or so holye a byshoppe that durste it presume to consecrate." The Archbishop and his company departed on their errand,

* At Whitehall, then York-place.

and after a conversation deeply interesting, but much too long for insertion here, the royal mother, sorely beset, fearing almost as much to retain as to part with her child, gave him up. "And therewithall she said unto the child, farewel my own swete sonne, God send you good keping, let me kis you ones yet ere you goe, for God knoweth when we shal kis together agayne. And therewith she kissed and blessed him, turned her backe and wept and went her way, leaving the childe weeping as fast." The tragic sequel of this domestic scene is well known.

Henry VII., with the authority of Pope Alexander, very much abridged the privileges of the sanctuary, "to the great quietnesse," says the historian, "of the king and his realme." In the reign of Queen Mary the full privileges of this one were reassumed by the convent,* and were resolutely maintained; and when in 1566 a bill was brought into the House of Commons, to take away the privileges of all sanctuaries in cases of debt, the strong opposition that was made against it by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, in behalf of their church, occasioned it to be thrown out on the third reading.†

It is unnecessary to particularize the date of that elaborate erection which now attracts the eye, to the exclusion, at first, of the simpler but nobler architecture of the abbey, and which is known throughout Europe by the title of Henry VII.'s chapel. To make room for it a chapel of our Lady, founded by Henry III., and another dedicated to St. Erasmus, and built by Edward IV.'s Queen, were rased. A tavern called the White Rose, and a dwelling-house of the poet Chaucer were also clustered here, and were, of course, taken down.

This beautiful structure was completed in about twelve or fourteen years; but before that time it received the ashes of its royal founder, who immediately after laying the first stone proceeded to complete the endowments, and to provide for the *perpetual* observance of those religious ceremonies, masses, requiems, and anniversaries with which, at the close of a grasping and worldly life, he fairly besieged Heaven. The indentures or articles between himself and Abbot Islip‡ bind every monk in the monastery to assist at high mass at the high altar, to pray for the king's prosperity and welfare during his life, and "after the decease of our said souuerayne lorde the kyng then and from thensforth *perpetually while the worlde shall endure* to moue and stirre the people to praye for soule of the same." Numberless are the rules prescribed, the offerings to be made, the services to be celebrated. Almsgiving and charity are, however, not forgotten, and one of the most interesting of these indentures is that which prescribes for "the livyng and sustenance of thretene poore men," and "thre honest and sadde women to dresse their mete, and keep theym in their siknesse." This institution still exists.

Henry VII. died, and his obsequies were celebrated with a magnificence which nothing could surpass. After lying in state nine days at Richmond Palace, and one day in St. Paul's Cathedral, the royal corpse was borne along in procession "with torches innumerable," and every other accessory which could be devised to aid so splendid a so-

* The monastery previously suppressed had been re-established by Mary.

† Hist. and Antiq. of the Abbey Church, by Ed. Wedlake Brayley.

‡ Harl. MSS. 1498.

lemnity. The body was placed in a chariot, covered with black cloth of gold, and drawn by horses adorned with trappings of gold. The effigies of his majesty lay upon the corpse, habited in regal habiliments, and wearing a kingly crown. Silken banners glittering with coats of arms, waved on the chariot; each side the way was lined with children, holding burning tapers, while six hundred men were clustered round the body, bearing torches whose gleams flashed on the glittering banners, the golden ornaments, the embroidered copes, and the variegated habiliments of the assembled multitudes, who moved along at a solemn pace. The deep bell of St. Paul's boomed through the air,

"Swinging slow with solemn roar,"

whilst at intervals a knell from the abbey flung its solemn tones of warning on the wind.

At Charing-cross the abbots of Westminster, St. Alban's, Reading, and Winchcomb, in their pontifical robes, and the whole convent of Westminster in albes and copes, joined the procession, which already comprised, besides the great officers of state, nobility, gentry, and civil magistrates, persons from all the religious brotherhoods in or about the metropolis. At the west door of the abbey-church, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, assisted by eighteen mitred bishops and abbots, were stationed to receive the royal remains, which were removed to a hearse near the altar, formed by nine pillars set full of burning tapers, near which the effigies were placed on a rich pall of gold, and surrounded by the mourners, by knights bearing banners of saints, and by officers of arms. The bier was watched by noble attendants throughout the night, rich and costly offerings were presented at the high altar by various knights and nobles, sacred masses were chanted at intervals, while ever and anon the organ's solemn tones rolled in majestic volume through the lofty dome, gushed in harmonious cadence along the fretted aisles, and died away in softened wailings amid the far-off cloisters.

On the ensuing day the mourning multitudes were again clustered in the noble pile. The sunbeams streamed through the richly-stained windows,* and cast gorgeous hues of crimson and purple around; now tipping the pendants of the finely-carved roof with golden tints, and anon casting rainbow gleams along the marble pavement, and on the sculptured tombs. High in the midst stood the high altar, supporting amid a variety of other rich decorations a magnificent cross of gold. Behind, a skreen of polished brass, enclosing the monarch's tomb and altar, glowed with the light of numberless tapers, whose beams were refracted in a thousand different hues, as they sparkled on the glittering arms, the golden banners, the magnificent habiliments of the priests and attendant nobles, and the gorgeous and beautiful decorations and the gold and silver vessels which gleamed on the various altars around. The service proceeded, and after the solemn consignment of earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, *Libera me, Domine, de morte eterna*, was chanted by the choir; and when the closing strain arrived, *Libera me*, floated softly and yet more softly on the air, as if it were indeed the passing aspiration of that spirit whose mortal remains were then slowly sinking

* Then all the windows were so stained.

into the open vault.* The lord treasurer, and the lord steward, broke their staves, and casting the fragments into the yawning tomb, the herald proclaimed aloud to the noble and awe-struck multitude, that "THE NOBLE KING HENRY THE SEVENTH HAD CEASED TO REIGN."

Thus was the kingly founder consigned to his last abode in the house which he had builded; which then, almost tenantless, is now literally paved with princes.

In the reign of Henry VIII., the palatial buildings were much injured and partly destroyed by fire: from that time they have ceased to be the abode of royalty. The immediate demesne of the old palace was limited on the north by the Woolstaple (which occupied the site where Bridge-street now is): to the south, the line of the present College-street was marked with the emblems of royalty, and St. Margaret's church and the Abbey, on the west, defined the limit of a domain which the waters of the Thames laved on the east. And the space within this not ignoble demesne was worthily occupied. The palace itself exhibited beauties of which even to this day, after the repeated ravages of fires and of ages, there remain relics sufficient to attest alike the liberality of the royal occupiers who ordered, and the taste and skill of the artists who fashioned them. St. Stephen's chapel was literally magnificent; in style, in execution, in ornament, in endowment, and in rich gifts, and costly possessions. It was a collegiate foundation; and the residences of its clergy were situated in a spot called Canon, or Chancel row, of which the present Manchester-buildings point pretty accurately the site.

Under St. Stephen's chapel, but on a level with the street, was a chapel called St. Mary in the Vaults; and near these, and probably on the south side, was the small chapel of St. Mary de la Pewe, or Our Lady of the Pew; where Richard II. made his offerings to the Virgin prior to meeting Wat Tyler in 1381. To this altar numberless rich gifts were offered. There was also a chapel of St. John the Evangelist here.

Numerous as were the religious edifices clustered here, they did not *exclusively* occupy the environs of the palace. "Heaven,"† "Hell,"

* What is the reason that while we retain the collects, the creeds, the psalms of the ancient Catholic Church, we reject the magnificent music which render those inspired words tenfold more impressive. Did we substitute any thing better, or purer, all would be right; but the sacred (so called) music in most of our churches is *infamous*, and our cathedral services—except on particular occasions—are gone through in so somnolent a style as to have any thing but the inspiring influence which should be the effect of choral thanksgiving. We have heard, and on good authority too, that in one of the most celebrated of these establishments, a minor canon is in the *habit* of paring and trimming his nails during the performance of what he ought to consider his sacred duties. Few are the hearts which music cannot soften, and by our culpable inertness and carelessness, we leave this powerful engine entirely in the hands of the Romanists.

† "Toss'd in a furious hurricane,
Did Oliver give up his reign;
And was believ'd, as well by saints,
As mortal men and miscreants,
To founder in the Stygian ferry,
Until he was retriev'd by Sterry,
Who, in a false erroneous dream,
Mistook the New Jerusalem
Profanely for th' apocryphal
False Heaven at the end o' th' Hall."—*Hudibras*.

Cromwell, after the restoration, was disinterred, and his head set on a pole at the end of Westminster Hall, close to the public-house called "Heaven."

and "Purgatory" are described as public-houses of the *lowest quality*, frequented at a later period (James I.'s time), chiefly by lawyers' clerks, and "Paradise" is also named in common with other messuages of the time.

"Heaven" was a range of brick houses opposite to the end of Henry VII.'s chapel; and "Paradise" and "Hell" were subterraneous tenements under Westminster Hall.

The ordeal of "Purgatory" seems to have been of a nature well calculated to promote morality and decorum in the neighbourhood in which it was so situated. Within its precincts was the Ducking-stool. The offender was strapped within a chair, fastened by an iron pin or pivot, at one end of a long pole, suspended on its middle by a lofty trestle, which having been previously placed on the shore of the river, allowed the body of the culprit to be plunged "Hissing hot into the Thames." When the fervour of passion was supposed to have been cooled by the duckings, the lever was balanced, by pulling a cord at the other end, and the culprit shortly emancipated.

Above all, the palatial demesne contained

"The dreadful Hall, by Rufus rais'd."

This Hall, magnificent as its proportions are,* was spoken of by the king but as a bedchamber in size, compared with the palace, to which it was intended as an accompaniment. This, most likely, was only a vain brag, though "when he (Rufus) saw the Hall of Westmynster y^t he had caused to be buylded, he was therewith discontented y^t it was so lytle. Wherefore, as it is rehersed of some wryters, he entended, if he had lyved, to have made a larger, and y^t to have served for a chaumber." It was then a rude structure divided by pillars of wood or stone, so as to form a nave and side aisles in the manner of a large church. In this state it served all purposes of royal feasting, and national councils, as well as the usual courts of justice, until the reign of Richard II., when fire having injured it, it was thoroughly and effectually repaired in the admirable style which for the most part it still maintains; the northern front with its embattled towers and magnificent porch being an addition of this monarch. Partial repairs have of course been frequently made, and minor alterations, not always in the most appropriate taste, are clearly discernible. As a whole, Westminster Hall is magnificent.

* Eighty yards by twenty-two.

(To be continued.)



The first dance given on board the ship.

THE WIDOW MARRIED.*

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

CHAP. IV.

OLD ACQUAINTANCE AND NEW ONES—PATERNAL WISDOM, AND MATERNAL FOLLY, AS GENERALLY DISPLAYED IN WELL-REGULATED HOUSEHOLDS—A GOOD-NATURED VENTURE—PROPHETIC WARNINGS DISREGARDED—PARENTAL PRIDE AND PARENTAL HOPES ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD—PREPARATIONS FOR A HOMEWARD VOYAGE.

It was at an unusually late breakfast-table, one bright morning, in the very height of the London season, with windows opening upon Berkeley-square, and letting in through their Venetian blinds so rich an odour of mignonette as to make the heat and dust without forgotten, that General Hubert and his lady were discussing the brilliant party of the evening before, when the postman's speaking dissyllabic signal gave notice of the arrival of a letter.

"From aunt Betsy, I am very sure!" exclaimed the lady.

"From your sister, with a few more raptures about Calabria," said the gentleman. Their suspense was not of long duration; the silver salver addressed itself to the fair hands of Agnes, who took from it a letter, bearing most decidedly neither an Italian nor a Devonshire postmark.

"Who in the world is that from?" said General Hubert.

"Heaven knows! It is excessively dirty," replied his wife.

"It is a ship letter!" observed the general.

"But the postmark illegible," answered Agnes; and then having, like many other wise people, wasted a little more time in examining the exterior of her despatch than it would probably take to read it, she broke the seal and looked within.

The delicate cheek of Mrs. Hubert was instantly mantled with a bright blush.

"Whoever your correspondent may be, Agnes," said the general, meeting the distressed expression of her eye with a look of surprise, "he has no reason to complain of your indifference."

"Indifference!" she exclaimed, "no not indifference! But how, Hubert will you endure, even upon paper, the reappearance of my aunt Barnaby?"

"Your aunt Barnaby?" replied the general with a smile. "Never mind Agnes, she will not harm us now."

"Oh! thank Heaven!" cried his wife fervently. "If you can bear it so philosophically, Hubert, I shall declare presently that I am glad to hear from her."

"Especially by a very way-worn, distant-dated ship-letter my love," he replied laughing. "But if the request be not indiscreet, for kindness' sake read it aloud."

She did so, and the general's commentary was far from unfriendly.

"I declare to you, Agnes," said he, "that I am very glad indeed to hear so good an account of her."

* Continued from No. CCXXI., page 59.

"Thank you a thousand times, my own dear Hubert!" said Agnes, stretching out her hand to him. "If you had looked, at sight of this epistle, as I *have* seen you look in days of yore at sight of herself, I should have been—oh! I won't say how unhappy—because—poor foolish woman!—what she says is true. She is my own mother's sister, and though—though she is, or at least was, all that I believe you thought her, it would have made me as sorry almost as I could now be for any thing that did not absolutely interfere with my own dear *ménage*, had you wished me not to answer it. But you will let me answer it, dear husband! will you not? Poor thing! only fancy her, having a child, Hubert! what *will* it be like?"

"Very like herself, I dare say, Agnes," replied General Hubert, laughing; "that is, you know, excepting all this," indicating the well-remembered rouge and ringlets by an expressive flourish of his fingers around his face, "such finished charms cannot appear at once; and, indeed, I should not be at all surprised if Miss Martha O'Donagough were to turn out a very bright-eyed little beauty."

"Nay, I trust she will, or my poor aunt will break her heart. I cannot say I have a very distinct recollection of the papa. Have you?"

"Not the least in the world; and yet I shall never forget their *entrée*. How incomparably well your father behaved! I assure you it was a lesson which, I hope, if the good lady were actually to appear before us in person, I should not forget. It was the most gentle and gentlemanly reproof to our beloved aunt Betsy's severity that I ever witnessed; and I am rather proud to confess, Agnes, that notwithstanding my very strong inclination at the time to sympathize with the harsher faction, I felt that he was right then, and have decidedly loved him the better for it ever since."

"If ever there was a perfect—" began Agnes, raising her beautiful eyes to the face of her husband, but the sentiment or opinion she was about to pronounce, was lost to the world for ever by the general's very unceremoniously closing her lips with a kiss.

"We are despicably late this morning," said he, on looking at his watch, after perpetrating this audacity, "and I must go to the Horse-guards about young Belmont. But let me see my boys first, Agnes."

Whatever emotions the lady might feel on being thus unceremoniously treated, they were not such as to induce her to refuse his request. The proper signal was given, and two young things entered the apartment, one carried in the nurse's arms, and the other doddling before her, whose aspect might really have excused, if any thing could, the vehement fanaticism of Mrs. Elizabeth Compton concerning them, as well as some undeniable symptoms of weakness on the part of General Hubert himself. That their mother should be firmly persuaded that no children in any degree approaching within reach of a comparison with them, ever did, or ever could exist, is a circumstance of too constant occurrence to merit an observation. But the little boys were, in truth, very pretty children, and it was no unpardonable vanity which made their mamma exclaim, as they entered, "I really should like for aunt Barnaby—Mrs. O'Donagough I mean—I really should like for her to see them, Hubert! But, perhaps, if her little girl is in another style, she might hardly thank me for showing them to her."

"Silly woman ! silly woman !" said the brave general, going on all fours to accept the challenge of his first-born to a game of romps. "Don't you know better than that yet ? Why, your sister Nora, thinks her little flaxen-headed dolls quite as handsome as either Montague or Compton."

"You are quite mistaken, I assure you, General Hubert. She neither does or could think any such thing. The little Stevensons are charming children—beautiful little creatures ; but—"

"Good morning, Agnes !" cried her laughing husband, springing up from his station on the carpet. "Don't finish the sentence—but just tell me if aunt Barnaby herself could be more preposterous in her estimate of our young Van Diemen's Land cousin, than you are of these young gentlemen ?"

"Nonsense, Montague ! You don't deserve to look at them. Let Compton alone, if you please, sir ; I do not choose to have his cap taken off. I know how I could revenge myself, general, for your impertinence—I should be perfectly justified in shutting your two sons up for a month, where you could by no device obtain a sight of them. How do you think you should bear it, General Montague Hubert ?"

"It would be a prodigious relief, my love. Let it be all arranged before I return," said he, kissing his hand as he retreated towards the door.

"Away with you, dull jester !" replied his wife ; but ere he had passed the door, she added, "Stay one moment though, and speak seriously, if you can. Have you really no objection to my answering my aunt's letter ?"

"Most certainly not. Indeed, I should be sorry if you did not answer it, for it would not be acting like yourself, my Agnes. Answer it by all means, and join my name with yours, in the expression of all civility."

"Then I will write directly. Poor aunt Barnaby ! Only think of her sending me this lock of her baby's hair ! I think I must send her a scrap of these bright chestnut ringlets in return," continued the young mother, twisting the silken curls of the eldest boy round her fingers.

"Take care how you use your shears upon that head, dear love !" replied the general, in an accent of considerable alarm.

"Silly man ! silly man !" retorted the laughing Agnes. "Don't you know better than that yet ?"

"No, seriously, Agnes, jesting apart, I should not like to have you 'cut a monstrous cantle out' of these most dainty tresses, which are as like your own as it is possible for infant tresses to be."

"And that is the reason you would not have them cut ?—Oh ! you false flatterer !" replied his wife.

"Besides, to say the truth," rejoined General Hubert, putting aside her admonitory finger, "I really think, Agnes, you might hit upon something more useful, and therefore probably more welcome, in the way of a dutiful niece-like offering, than a bit of this newly-spun silk. Your aunt used to love a fine gown. If I were you I would make a shipment to Sydney, of sundry ells of rich satin or velvet, or something of that kind."

"Are you in earnest, Montague? I should really like to do so, very much."

"Indeed I am in earnest. Your father is coming to dine with us to-day. Let him see Mrs. O'Donagough's letter, and I dare say his heart will be moved to comply with her petition about writing, and perhaps to send her a coral and bells for her daughter into the bargain."

* * * * *

After this conversation, it will be readily believed that such a packet was despatched from Berkeley-square to Sydney, as threw Mrs. O'Donagough (Allen no longer) into a perfect state of ecstasy on receiving it.

"Now, my dear Ma—— O'Donagough, I mean," she exclaimed, with her eyes blazing up again with all the renovated brightness of youth. "Now, what do you think of the chance of our Martha's presentation? You talk of saving and saving, and scraping a few pounds together, and it is all vastly well as far as it goes, but what will it all amount to in point of advantage to our daughter, compared to her being presented at court by Mrs. General Hubert? I trust, O'Donagough, you are now sensible of the benefit we are likely to derive from the notice and affection of my family."

"This is an extremely handsome dress, my dear, there is no doubt of it," replied the *ci-devant* Major. "You will look perfectly divine in green velvet! And your brother-in-law, Mr. Willoughby, has really acted with great politeness and attention in sending this handsome frock and coral ornaments for the child. It all speaks well, both for the wealth and good-will of the parties. You must answer these letters punctually, of course, and we may find out some little production of the country that will not cost much, to send in return. I am quite aware, my dear, very perfectly aware I assure you, of the possible value of your connexions. By the way, did not that dashing gay young Stephenson, whose fortune they said was a great deal larger than his elder brother's, did not you tell me that he had married another niece of yours?"

"Not exactly a niece, Major." Here her husband seized Mrs. O'Donagough rather suddenly by the wrist, and stopping short her speech, said, "Bad habits are bad things, Mrs. O'Donagough! You *must*, madam, immediately cease your foolish trick—under the circumstances, your incredibly foolish trick of calling me Major. Don't oblige me to remind you of it again, if you please. It is no child's play we are upon, remember that. I could make up my mind in five minutes, not to care a straw about your stiff-backed cousins from one end of the list to the other; but if I do for the advantage of the child, and to oblige you, if I *do* determine to give myself the trouble of getting amongst them, it must be done in a manly, decided, business-like spirit—and in a style that may hereafter enable me to turn it to account. Mrs. O'Donagough, do you understand me?"

"Yes, to be sure I do," she replied, disengaging her arm by a stout tug. "You need not claw one in that way, I am not a bit more likely to spoil a good scheme than yourself, Mr. —, *alias* O'Donagough."

The *ci-devant* Major looked as black as thunder; he liked not this sportive phrase—it grated painfully on his ear, and it was not till he

had twice paced the length of the room, that he felt able to renew the conversation. At length, however, he said, and apparently with recovered good-humour, "This is silly work, my love, squabbling about which of us is capable of carrying on the war with the most skill. I don't believe we should either of us prove deficient if we were fairly tried; and that, it is likely enough we shall be, and on a very handsome scale, too, if we ever really get launched among the people you talk of. I can assure you, my Barnaby, that to a man like me, it is a devilish bore to be kept fiddle-faddling amongst such a set as there are here. Come, let us talk 'em all over a little. First, there's that giant of a General; he is just the sort of man, I take it, to make a great bluster beforehand, and then be led by the nose by his wife when she has caught him; so if you contrive to keep well with your niece, he won't be much in the way. Then there's that sort of a wandering Jew of a man, that you told me such a long story about. Agnes's father, he is come home, isn't he, as rich as a nabob?"

"He did not enter into any particulars, my dear Donny, but he said something about being at last in comfortable circumstances, if I remember rightly. And I am sure no *poor* man could have sent out such a present as he has done to Patty."

"Well then, that's all right. But I'll tell you who it is that I reckon most upon in this affectionate family reunion that you promise me; for the truth is, I remember a little about the young fellow myself—I mean Stephenson, the younger brother, Frederick Stephenson. I happen to know that his fortune was about half as large again as his elder brother's. Didn't he play sometimes? I am almost sure I have heard so."

"I don't know about that, my dear, but it is very likely; almost all men of fashion do,—at least I have heard Miss Morrison say so, over and over. But if you ask, because you think that one of these days you should like to play with him yourself, on account of his being rich, which makes it so easy for him to lose, I'll answer for it there will be no difficulty about that, so intimate as we shall all be together—for I well remember he was the most obliging good-natured creature in the world. Dear me! I am sure I shall never forget our famous walk to Bristol, when I was obliged to roll myself over and over in the dust, to save my life from that beast. Don't you remember how excessively kind he was, running back to Clifton with Agnes, to get a carriage for me?"

This was the first direct allusion to any of their Clifton adventures which had been made since their marriage, and a perceptible frown agitated the eyebrows of Mr. O'Donagough. His sharp-witted wife smiled aside as she remarked it. She and her husband had been (as we know) vastly fond lovers; but there is a process which chemically takes place when "sweets to the sweet" have been incautiously laid together, that renders sour, what, before such too closely pent-up union, had been altogether the reverse; and it occasionally happens in married life, that something analogous to this will occur. Mrs. O'Donagough was still, perhaps, a little on *the fret*, and it was certainly no very *sweet* feeling which caused her to set down on a private leaf of her memory's tablet a N.B. to the effect that she knew how to plague her husband when he deserved it.

At that moment, however, she willingly let the subject pass, and turning again to the copious waves of green velvet which flowed from chair to chair, reiterated her thankfulness, that among all the other good gifts which nature and fortune had bestowed on her, she possessed for a niece a Mrs. General Hubert, who knew so perfectly well how to suit her taste and dimensions in the purchase of a dress !

Of course, a correspondence so auspiciously begun, was not permitted to drop by any negligence on the part of Mrs. O'Donagough ; and the same good feeling which produced the first reply from Berkeley-square, continued to dictate many more in the same kind spirit of forgetfulness as to every thing that it was disagreeable to remember. It is certainly possible, that both the general and his sweet wife indulged in this benevolent sort of oblivion the more readily, from feeling a comfortable degree of security as to the continuance of Mrs. O'Donagough's residence abroad. Both knew, though neither of them talked about it, that it was next to impossible any man should have married "the aunt Barnaby" from any other motive than a wish to appropriate her little fortune—it therefore followed that Mr. O'Donagough was poor, and if so, it was equally certain that what she possessed would not suffice to permit his leaving the new country where he could "inhabit lax," the paradise of corn and mutton, which spread around him, in order again perhaps to be jostled while in search of a dinner in the old one—*ergo*, they would stay were they were. With this persuasion to sustain and stimulate their good nature, aided too by the kind-hearted sympathy and co-operation of Mr. Willoughby, they continued for many years to testify their good will by letters and by gifts, the expectation and reception of which formed the glory of Mrs. O'Donagough's Van Diemen existence, while her letters and presents in return were occasionally the source of very harmless amusement among such as remembered her. Mrs. Elizabeth Compton alone must be excepted ; for she ceased not to declare with unvarying pertinacity, and it may be with something of undying bitterness, that the having half the globe between them, was by no means a sufficient security against the possibility of annoyance from such a source, and that nothing short of treating Mrs. Barnaby, as if civilly dead, could suffice to protect them securely from the horrors of a reunion with her. Most Cassandra-like, however, was the fate of the old lady's pungent eloquence. Every body listened to her with an incredulous smile ; and General Hubert seemed even to enjoy the vivid pictures she sometimes drew of scenes ensuing from the alarming lady's possible return.

"She will not come, aunt Betsy," he said, "but if she should, where would the sting be now ? Gone, drawn, and harmless for evermore ! Can she divorce us, aunt Betsy ?—Do you think *that* likely ?"

"Agnes, your husband is quite young enough," was the old lady's reply. "I never in all my reading met with a stronger instance of the false reasoning of wrong-headed young love ! May Providence keep you from this terrible woman, my dear general !—for it is quite clear you have not wit enough to guard yourself—think if your sufferings from a Barnaby would not be increased tenfold by seeing them shared by YOUR WIFE !"

But General Hubert shook his head, and only laughed at her.

CHAP. V.

PROSPEROUS CONDITION OF MR. ALLEN O'DONAGOUGH—A BREAKING OUT OF FATHERLY AFFECTION—EARLY INDICATIONS OF CHARACTER IN MISS O'DONAGOUGH—RESOLUTIONS FOR THE FUTURE—AGREEABLE NEWS FROM ENGLAND—PREPARATIONS FOR DEPARTURE.

YEARS wore away, Mr. Allen O'Donagough, as the good people of Sydney persisted in calling him, derived very essential advantage from the widely-boasted, and letter-and-present-proved patronage of such connexions. During the last years of his residence in New South Wales, he obtained, probably from the consideration this procured him, a place in one of the public offices, the salary of which was its least profit; for it enabled him to import advantageously various articles which he knew how to dispose of, at enormous profit, so that he became by every day that passed over him, a richer man. The benefits, which this same forgiving kindness on the part of Mrs. Hubert, conferred on her some-time aunt Barnaby, might perhaps be considered as greater still; for (wishing to be on confidential terms with my readers), it must be confessed, that had no such connexions as the Huberts existed in England, it is more than probable that Mr. Allen O'Donagough, notwithstanding his advance in all steady economical financial habits, might still have been tempted to exhibit some immoral laxity of opinion on the subject of marriage. But for the hope that the one of all his professions which he loved the best might be followed on a higher ground than had ever yet been within his reach, through the influence of his charming Barnaby's connexions, it is pretty nearly certain, that when the time arrived at which he deemed it convenient to recross the ocean, he would have found some means or other of leaving his lady and daughter behind him. These roving thoughts, however, gave way as the time approached, to feelings of a nobler and more ambitious kind. Even Miss Martha O'Donagough, his little daughter, began by degrees to take a stronger hold upon his paternal affections. Whether arising from prolonged habits of celibacy, or a feeling of doubt as to how long their personal intimacy might last, or from any other cause, certain it is, that for the first nine or ten years of the young lady's life, his fatherly tenderness towards her limited itself to cheruppings, while still in the cradle! about one pat on the head per week, in the go-cart, and pretty frequent notices that she was not to make a noise afterwards. But a few weeks after the celebration of her tenth birthday, it chanced that a large packet arrived from London. Among other articles, it contained a complete walking-dress for Miss Martha, the bonnet being lined and trimmed, contrary to the usual quiet style of Mrs. Hubert's offerings, with particularly bright rose-coloured satin. The turkey-cock is not more susceptible to the hue of red, than was Mrs. O'Donagough. The instant that this well-packed article was cleared of its moorings, her rapture at the sight of it became vehement.

"Matrimony has improved Agnes in one thing, that is certain!" she exclaimed. "It is plain that she knows how to choose colours now, whatever she did formerly. I remember when we were at Cheltenham together, that she perfectly pestered me with her recommendations of

dull-coloured silks and ribbons. But look at this, O'Donny!" (an affectionate abbreviation this, adopted since the use of "Major" had been abandoned). "Look at this lovely bonnet, O'Donny, and then fancy how Martha will look in it!"

This enchanting bonnet, by the way, was chosen to gratify a whim of aunt Betsy's. She chanced to be present when the purchase was made, and begged so earnestly that this one might be sent, instead of any of its more delicately-tinted fellows, that her niece consented.

"Thank you, my dear, you have given me pleasure," said the old lady. "It is agreeable to me to paint to my mind's eye the face of a daughter of Mrs. O'Donagough's, when enlivened by that glowing red—I have almost a mind to pay for it myself, Agnes, that I might have the pleasure of pointing out to you how truly the gift might assume the character of Mercy, by 'blessing her that gives, and her that takes.' Can you not fancy how your aunt Barnaby will look when its glories open upon her?"

And the image which the old lady had just conjured up, was as near as possible to the truth. The *ci-devant* aunt Barnaby did appear to be in a state little short of ecstasy, as she turned, and returned it upon her clenched fist.

"Let us have her in this very moment, my dear! Do just go out and call her; will you?"

"No, my dear, I certainly will not," replied Mr. O'Donagough, deliberately, and at the same time thrusting his arm to the bottom of the box in search of newspapers, or any thing else he might chance to find.

"What a brute you do grow into!" retorted his wife. "And if I go myself, how prettily I shall find all the things rummaged about, shan't I?"

Mr. O'Donagough deigned not to make any reply, but having found two or three newspapers, was either really, or seemingly, entirely absorbed in their contents.

Happily for the preservation of Mrs. O'Donagough's temper, and the continuation of her enjoyment, the young lady in question at this moment entered the room. Her eye instantly caught sight of the rose-coloured ribbons, and every one who had observed her countenance at that time, must have been forcibly struck by its resemblance to that of her mother, although in features perhaps she more resembled her father. The little girl had large wide-opened black eyes, which easily kindled into considerable vehemence of expression. The shape of her face was like that of her father's, which was large and long: her mouth and teeth, however, were those of her mother, of ample dimensions, bright in colour, both as to the white and the red, but having a sort of coarseness in the smile, which might perhaps enhance its beauty in the judgment of some, while it wholly destroyed it in that of others. The nose again was that of the father's, high, hooked, and threatening to become of a size more advantageous to a male than to a female face. Her hair was dark, and curled naturally and closely, while her complexion was brilliant almost to excess, being literally, and with no allowance made for figures of speech, composed of white and red.

In person she was stout, strong-limbed, and very tall for her age, and on the whole presented an appearance which her mother had the comfort of feeling was very little short of perfection.

"Oh, my! what a beautiful bonnet!" exclaimed Miss Martha, dart-

ing forward to seize upon it. "It is no good, mamma, your holding it up that way out of reach, for it must be mine and nobody else's, because I am certain sure you could not poke your great head into it."

"It is for you, my precious queen!" replied her mother, "but it is I must have the joy of tying it under your beautiful chin. Don't crush the ribbons, darling, for your life!"

With great docility, and manifesting considerable powers of reflection, the child stood still while this operation of tying was performed, and then made an effort to bound from beneath the hands of her mother, in order to view herself in a little glass which hung between the two windows of the apartment.

"Stay one instant, my angel!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Donagough, holding her; "I never did, no never in my whole life, Mr. O'Donagough, see any thing one quarter so beautiful as Patty looks in that bonnet! For God's sake, leave the news for one moment to look at her, and tell me how you shall like to show off such a face as that in London!"

Mr. O'Donagough graciously condescended to lift his eyes, and fix them on the little Patty, and for the first time in her life really thought her very well-looking. There is something, even at ten years old, in the consciousness of having a large quantity of bright rose-colour reflecting itself upon one's complexion, which, together with a maternal assurance that one is the most beautiful creature in the world, tends to harmonize the features, and give a very sweet expression to the countenance. Little Patty stood peaceably for a moment, with her hands before her, and her long eyelashes modestly cast down, so that, when unable to resist the longing desire to look at herself for another moment, she bounded away to the farther end of the room, her father said with great feeling,

"Yes! by Heaven! I do think she will make a devilish fine girl after all, and it will be a good thing if she does, I can promise you."

"A good thing? I believe so indeed! Fancy such eyes and complexion as that, with a general's wife for a cousin, to take her out, and I don't know how many ladies of title to talk of, to all her partners and every body besides! My dear Donny, if we can but contrive to manage our affairs so as to make a tolerable show when we get to England, take my word for it, that girl will make a match that will perfectly astonish you. I am quite sure of it, perfectly certain. I have seen a great deal of life, and what is of more consequence, I have reflected a great deal on what I have seen. When I talk of Mrs. General Hubert's bringing Martha out, I mean nothing more, I assure you, than the merely taking her to court, and to a few other topping places, where just at first, perhaps, I shan't manage to get invited. But as to every thing else, every thing that concerns her general introduction among young men of fashion and large estates, I would not accept the services of any body in the whole kingdom of England!"

During this first burst of conscious excellence from his wife, Mr. O'Donagough continued his assiduous study of the newspapers, and Miss Martha an almost equally assiduous study of her own little person in the glass. The difference between the degrees of intensity with which these occupations were carried on was this—the gentleman really heard not a single word that was said; whereas the young lady did not lose one.

"I am taller than Kitty Jones, ma," said Miss Martha, standing on tiptoe.

"Yes, yes, my dear! you will be tall enough, and beautiful enough too, you darling angel! Only you must always mind every word I say to you, for else neither beauty or tallness either, will do you any good in getting a husband. Now take off the bonnet, Patty. Take it off this instant, when I bid you."

Nevertheless Patty persevered in retaining her station before the glass, first making a pendant bow hang a little on one side, and then trying its ever-charming effect when preponderating on the other. Considering the age of the little girl, it was really curious to watch her; and any observing student of natural history who had done so, would have perceived precisely the same phenomena, which it is so interesting to follow, in the young of all the countless tribes which form the animal creation, from man to a polypus. In each, the leading instinct of the species peeps out as easily, and with the same providential and unerring certainty, as the distinctive peculiarities of its organic formation; furnishing to a rightly-constituted mind, the most satisfactory proof that each is provided with exactly that sort of acuteness most necessary for its safety and wellbeing.

But it was not in such subtle reasonings that the intellectual energies of Mrs. O'Donagough exhausted themselves. She marked the more obvious trait of disobedience in little Patty's delay; and, stepping with unexpected suddenness towards her, with one decisive hand removed the bonnet, and with the other bestowed on the offender a very effective box on the ear.

In many respects this promising little girl appeared advanced beyond her age, and one proof of this was her having exchanged the childish scream with which little girls usually indicate their averseness to being cuffed, for an indignant frown, which spoke as great an inclination to cuff again, as it was possible for a young lady to demonstrate to her mamma.

This was a great relief to her father and mother; for before this incipient sturdiness of character appeared, it was by sturdiness of voice that her vigour both of body and soul declared itself, often rendering the needful castigations of Mrs. O'Donagough a sort of public nuisance in the street where she lived.

But this was entirely over. Little Martha O'Donagough had cried her last cry for being beat, and now flashed her great eyes at her mother in a style that clearly foretold what their powers would be hereafter.

But, though Patty did not scream, the concussion roused the attention of her papa.

"What's that for, ma'am?" he said hastily, and thereby for the first time evincing such an inclination to take the part of his daughter, against his wife, as showed that the little lady's good looks in her new bonnet had produced a very powerful effect upon his mind.

"Put on the bonnet again, Mrs. O'Donagough," said he; "she looked exceedingly well in it, and I want to see it again."

It was impossible that the anger, either of mother or daughter, could resist this novel and very pleasing ebullition of paternal admiration;

they both recovered their good humour instantly; the bonnet was again tried on, again did little Patty "look beautiful with all her might," and a general feeling throughout the family of that beneficent arrangement of nature which binds a whole race together, let distance separate them ever so widely, caused the father to say, addressing his wife,

"Well, old girl! I won't deny that nieces and nephews are good for something." While she rejoined,

"You may depend upon it, Donny, that blood is always thicker than water," and the youthful Martha completed the accord by exclaiming,

"I am sure as I should like the people as sent this bonnet, better than any body else in the whole world!"

From that day forward Mr. Allen O'Donagough continued to demonstrate a very marked degree of attachment to his young daughter. He even in some degree exerted himself to cultivate her mind, and improve her manners. Not indeed that he, at any time, submitted himself to the drudgery of giving regular lessons; such an attempt would have been altogether inconsistent with his habits, whether of pleasure or of business. But apparently he knew the value of that best mode of education, which consists in the constant and gradual inoculation of a parent's principles and opinions into the mind of a child; and, as far as it was possible to judge of one so young, the result of this system in the case of Miss O'Donagough confirmed its often-attested efficacy most completely; for in mind, as well as in body, she bore a blended resemblance to both her parents.

The last year of their long residence in New South Wales passed rapidly, for its term seemed within reasonable reach of hope and expectation. The bringing to a settlement and close all Mr. O'Donagough's very profitable speculations, left him little leisure for idle repinings that the desired hour did not approach more quickly; and the pushing forward the ornamental part of their daughter's education, as completely occupied his wife. Both parents were anxious to take advantage of her premature height, and womanly appearance, in order to introduce her in the very first opening blossom of her beauty.

"She is but thirteen and a bit, Donny," said Mrs. Donagough to her husband, one evening that they were sitting *tête-à-tête* before retiring for the night, "I know that as well as any one can tell me; but I'm not going to let her pass for a child, for all that. There are some mothers of my age, and looking as I do, who would see her a nun before they'd make themselves older than needs must, by seeming to have a grown-up daughter. But I'm above any such nonsense. There is nothing to be got by it now, whatever there might be if I was to happen to be left a widow again, and therefore I'm quite determined that Patty shall be dressed at once like a young woman."

"I shall not make any objection to that, I promise you," replied her husband. "She is a most uncommonly fine girl—just the right sort, full of spirit and cleverness. Not that I'll promise you, Mrs. O'D., to marry her to the first man that asks. If she turns out as I expect, it will answer a great deal better to let her take time."

Mrs. O'Donagough was about to make somewhat a lively reply, but checked herself, wisely remembering, that if a good match offered,

she and Patty between them could manage matters easy enough, let all the fathers in the world do what they would to prevent them.

And now the last busy month arrived, and fatiguing enough was the work they had to go through, in selling to the best profit all that was to be left behind, and packing in the least space all they intended to carry with them. In the midst of all this bustle, however, Miss Patty found the way to escape from doing any thing she did not like, and having somewhat wilfully spoilt every article upon which her mother had attempted to employ her young fingers, she was permitted to escape from amidst the hampers and boxes which filled the house, in order to enjoy some farewell gossiping with the young Sheepshanks, and make their hearts ache by the lively contrast she set before them, between their prospects and her own.

It was during her absence that the last English newspapers they were likely to see before they left Sydney, arrived. Notwithstanding the bustle he was in, Mr. O'Donagough set himself down upon the corner of a trunk, while, with his usual eagerness in the perusal, he began to run through the interesting columns. His lady, meanwhile, occupied at the other end of the room in carefully packing the stores which were to console them on their voyage, hardly lifted her eyes from the huge hamper she was filling, but with exemplary perseverance, went on, adding pickle-pot to pickle-pot, and sweetmeat-jar to sweetmeat-jar, without ever pausing to ask if there were any news.

She was presently rewarded, however, by her husband crying out, "My Barnaby!—our plottings prosper! The father of O'Donagough is dead. That old fellow was positively the only person living of whom I was much afraid. I can now undertake to prevent man, woman, or child from recognising me against my inclination; and may snap my fingers, for instance, at the idea of any of your kith or kind remembering that they had ever seen me before. But I did not feel so sure, nor any thing like it, about that old man's natural affection, as folks call it. It is a weight off my mind, I promise you."

"It's all the better, there's no doubt of that," replied his wife, pushing lustily, to insinuate a salted tongue between two choice specimens of Sydney cheese; "but with your cleverness, I can't say I should have been much afraid either of the old lord or of any one else."

"Thank you, my dear, for your good opinion; and perhaps you are not much out either. But I will tell you what this news will make me do, which I should not have ventured upon without. I shall always call myself for the future Allen O'Donagough. If any thing unaccountable *did* happen, it might serve to prove that I did not pass under a false name; not to mention that there may be more than one of the Sydney folks who may have need to write to me about sundry little matters of merchandise, which I cannot quite give up as yet, and they will infallibly address me under that name."

"But don't you think, my dear, that Agnes and her proud husband, and my sister Peters and her family, if we should ever fall in with them, would be very likely, if they saw you, and heard your name at the same time, to let one remind them of the other somehow?" said Mrs. O'Donagough, who in that quarter, at least, was fully as anxious as her husband that he should not be recognised.

"They may be reminded of me, my dear Mrs. O'Donagough, without knowing me," was the reply; and as it was spoken with one of those peculiar smiles which she often saw on the face of her husband, and always with the feeling that they meant more than she could understand, she turned again her undivided attention to the packing, and by dint of her great exertion and perseverance, found herself on the wharf from whence they were to take their departure, with her husband on one side, her daughter on the other, and not a single packet either missing or forgotten.

CHAP. VI.

SORROWS OF THE SEA—COMFORT AND CONSOLATIONS—BAFFLED HOPES AND NATURAL INDIGNATION—YOUNG LOVE.

NOTWITHSTANDING that the wind was favourable, the vessel seaworthy, the crew civil, and, better than all, the land towards which they were making such rapid way, the very land of promise and of hope, Mrs. O'Donagough and Miss O'Donagough too, were, to use a poet's phrase, "very, very sick." That they should be very, very cross too, was, on the whole, quite excusable, because it is certain that under the influence of the first feeling, every thing in heaven and on earth, and the water under the earth, is sure to generate the last.

Mr. Allen O'Donagough, who was totally unconscious of any sensation of the kind, was very civil to his wife, and attentive to his daughter for about half an hour after the malady seized them; but he then became weary of the repetition of attitude, and so on, which was quite unavoidable on the part of the ladies, but certainly uninteresting, to say the least of it, to every body else; and he therefore took himself off to the very farthest extremity of the ship from that occupied by the suffering womankind, and there comfortably seated on a chicken-coop, with a cigar in his mouth, he dozed in luxury, half meditating, and half dreaming of Crockford's.

Poor Mrs. O'Donagough was greatly to be pitied during nearly the whole of the voyage. It was so provoking to see the pickles and the sweetmeats, over the preparation and the packing of which she had toiled, gradually melting before her eyes, without her having ever been able, for a single moment, to venture them within her mouth! Miss Patty, however, got much better before she had been long at sea, and might soon be seen climbing up upon the taffrail, partly to receive the favouring breeze upon her face, and partly, perhaps, for the purpose of making some of the young sailors come and tell her that she must take care not to tumble overboard, and let the fishes pick out her pretty eyes.

Among the crew of the *Atalanta* (which was the name of the fine merchant-ship that bore the Allen O'Donagoughs across the ocean), was a lad apparently about nineteen or twenty years of age, who very soon attracted the particular attention of Miss Patty; nay, even Mrs. Allen O'Donagough, in her intervals of convalescence, more than once honoured him by a stare, that decidedly spoke of admiration.

This youth's universal appellative was "Jack," and, to judge by the

multitude of occasions in every day, upon which the name resounded from stem to stern, he was a person of very considerable importance in the manœuvring of the vessel. This circumstance taken singly, spoke well for the skill and nautical superiority of the boy; yet there were other circumstances which might have led those who watched him closely to doubt whether he were indeed so very accomplished a sailor. For, in the first place, nobody ever saw him go aloft; and though, as we have said, he was continually called upon by name, more particularly by the sailors than the officers of the ship, whenever they were in want of a hand, it not unfrequently happened, when he obeyed the summons and set to work upon the business assigned him, a roar of laughter from his companions accompanied and followed his exertions. This, however, might have proceeded solely from his great popularity among them, and from the very particular pleasure they all appeared to take in his society.

He was unquestionably one of those happy mortals, blessed by nature with the patent privilege of propitiating the good will of all on whom he turned his bright blue eye. There was no resisting its gay playful glance, nor the smile either, by which he displayed the most perfect set of teeth ever set in a mortal head, almost every time he was spoken to.

It is a long voyage from New South Wales to England; and even those who are best in health, and gayest in spirits, can hardly fail to experience that degree of weariness, which makes every person, and every occurrence within reach of observation, important. Mr. Allen O'Donagough himself, though fully enjoying those best reliefs to tedium, the breakfasts, dinners, and suppers furnished by the careful preparations of his less happy spouse, so far shared this universal feeling, as to amuse himself occasionally by joining with Jack in his good-humoured efforts to amuse Patty.

No sooner was the breakfast hour passed, than the young lady, let the weather be what it would, was sure to be seen climbing the cabin-stairs, in order to get a game at ship-billiards with Jack. Nor was Jack slow in his efforts to meet her wishes. No sooner did he perceive her bright eyes roving about the deck in search of him, than he sung out to any of the crew who happened to be within reach, "Avast there, Tom!" or Dick, or Harry, or whomever else it might chance to be, "Avast there! and hand us a bit of chalk for the young lady." And a bit of chalk, to mark the series of circles that the game required, was never long waited for; nay, so eager were the good seamen of the *Atalanta* to oblige either the young lady or their blithe comrade, that few among them failed, when thus called upon, to use the chalk as well as furnish it; and the ring within ring was often fairly drawn upon the deck, each marked with its respective number, and the circular slices of wood that served as bowls, placed ready beside them, before Jack had concluded his first parley with Miss Patty, or answered half the questions respecting wind, weather, the ship's progress, and the flying fish, which she always came ready primed to ask.

As soon as the game was fairly begun, Mr. Allen O'Donagough might generally be seen approaching, cigar in mouth, to watch the progress of it. Had he carefully marked the expression of his young daughter's countenance as he drew near, he might perhaps have per-

ceived that she would have been quite as well pleased to keep Jack and the bowls to herself; but probably he did not mark it at all, and accordingly obtruded himself without scruple upon their game, generally proposing to set himself and his daughter against Jack, who was a great adept, and often appearing to take the most lively interest in the result.

By means of this constant practice, Mr. Allen O'Donagough himself acquired by degrees very considerable skill in the game, and at length was apt to leave poor Patty out of it altogether, till the amusement was evidently become as important to his daily existence as to hers.

It was not long ere Mr. Allen O'D.'s habit of bringing all his intellect to bear upon every game, whether of skill or chance, in which he was engaged, placed him fully on an equality with Jack in that of ship-billiards; and then he began greatly to long for a bet to excite anew the interest. A feeling, pretty nearly allied to shame, enabled him for a few days to resist the temptation he felt to challenge Jack for a penny a game; but it lasted no longer, and setting all considerations of his own superior rank aside, he fairly addressed the lad in the language of perfect equality:—"I say Jack! what do you say, my boy, to our trying our luck for a penny a game?"

"With all my heart, sir, if you will," was the reply, and to it they set, notwithstanding the openly-expressed displeasure of Patty, who was fain to console herself by standing very close to her favourite when it was her father's turn to throw, and by romping with him a little now and then for the recovery of the bowl, when both stooped together to pick it up.

Mr. Allen O'Donagough was unquestionably much too rich a man to make the pennies for which he now played of importance to him; nevertheless, habit, and a sort of instinctive ardour for success, even where success mattered not, led him to exert himself so effectually, that he speedily became the better player of the two. This appeared to pique the young sailor, and he likewise was frequently seen practising the game alone. At these times no one ever heard "Jack" called for, nor did any of the necessary duties of his profession appear in the least degree to interfere with his amusement. Poor sick Mrs. O'Donagough, whose greatest comfort was to have a parcel of coats and cloaks placed on the deck for her to lie upon, frequently amused herself by the hour together in watching both the practice and the game also, till at last it struck her that Jack, who, making allowance for his youth, and his wearing neither favoris or mustaches, she considered as decidedly the handsomest person she had ever seen—it struck her, I say, that Jack must either be the very idlest fellow that ever took service on shipboard; or, that he was not the mere common sailor he appeared.

No sooner had this last conjecture crossed her brain, than her curiosity became roused, and exerting herself vigorously, she rose from her recumbent posture, and dragged her languid limbs to the spot where Captain Wilkins, the commander of the vessel, stood leaning listlessly over the ship's side.

Mrs. Allen O'Donagough lent over the ship's side too. "Good morning to you, captain," said she, turning up her veil that she might both hear and see him more at her ease. "How are we getting on to-day?"

"Capital well, ma'am," he replied, "eight knots an hour, steady."

"That's good hearing, Captain Wilkins, for one that makes such a bad sailor as I do.—And talking of sailors, do tell me something about that young man that they call Jack. I never saw such an odd, irregular young fellow in my life. Sometimes to hear the sailors calling him, first here, then there, as violently as if the whole safety of the ship depended on his coming, one might think he was just the best seaman on board. Then at other times he will do nothing but amuse himself for hours and hours together with tossing along that bit of wood, as he is doing now. Do turn round and look at him, Captain Wilkins, and tell me if that's the way for a sailor to earn his wages?"

The captain turned his head for a moment to look in the direction Mrs. O'Donagough indicated, and then replacing himself in his former position, replied carelessly,

"It is only because we go on so well, ma'am. Sailors have but little to do in fair weather."

"Humph!" quoth Mrs. Allen O'Donagough, seemingly but little satisfied by the explanation; but replacing her folded arms upon the side of the vessel she contemplated the floating nautili, shining with their violet and silver rigging in the sun, as fixedly as if she were really thinking of them; but it was no such thing; her thoughts had never swerved for a moment from Jack. His handsome face, and his tall slight figure, which, spite of his canvass trousers and checked shirt, had an air, a look, that seemed so—she was quite at a loss for a word to express what she meant, but had she been blessed with her friend Miss Morrison's familiarity with the tongues, she would unquestionably have added "*destengay*." And then all the sailors, though they called him Jack so familiarly, doing just what he bid them with the chalk every day, and more than all, his flying full gallop to handle a rope now and then, just as if it was done for fun, though as to scouring the decks, or climbing up those horrid dangerous ladders of rope, or any other sailor work, that was anywise disagreeable, he no more seemed to have a notion of doing it than her daughter Martha. All this was puzzling in the extreme, and understand it she would, or else know the reason why.

"But I say, captain," she began again, but turning her head a little at the same moment, she perceived that, most uncourteously, Captain Wilkins had left her side, and was no longer in sight.

"Vulgar brute!" murmured Mrs. O'Donagough in great indignation. "But if he is off, because he won't tell me what I want to know, I'll be a match for him yet."

On first screwing her courage to this enterprise of further inquiry, she turned her eyes towards the head of the vessel as the point where she was at once the most certain of encountering some of the men, and of not encountering their captain. But, poor soul! the undertaking was greatly beyond her strength, and after making a few tottering steps in the direction she wished to take, she was fain to stop short, and seat herself.

But though her walk before the mast was given up, her inquisitorial project was not; and as soon as she had rested herself sufficiently once more to give her poor reeling brain fair play, she bethought her of a scheme worth a dozen of the last, and forthwith proceeded to put it in



THE MAN WHO WAS TOO GOOD FOR HIS OWN GOOD.

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execution. No manœuvring was required for this, in any degree at variance with her feeble condition, for it was only necessary that she should confess herself to be as ill as she really felt, and call for the steward to help her downstairs to her berth. Black Billy came at her call, and with his usual ready civility sustained the weight of the lady's heavy arm till he had safely landed her in the cabin.

Black Billy was an excellent steward, and to all the multitudinous qualifications essentially necessary to deserving this character, he added a charm without which all the rest would have been imperfect—for Black Billy was a most accomplished gossip.

"Thank you, Billy! thank you!" sighed the qualmish lady, as soon as she had placed her uncomfortable person on the black horsehair sofa. "But don't go away yet, Billy! I want to give you half a dollar, because you are always so good-natured to my daughter and me."

"Tanky mam," returned Billy, his eyes flashing at sight of the dearly-loved coin. "Madam want itty drop som'at goody goody?"

"Why I shouldn't care, Billy, if I did have half a glass of very, very weak cold rum-and-water."

Billy was rattling amongst his bottles and glasses in a moment; and presently returning from the mysterious hole in which all the *matériel* for his important office was lodged, he presented the *goody goody* draught to Mrs. O'Donagough with an air that would not have disgraced the *chef* of Verey's establishment.

"Thank you, Billy, thank you!" reiterated the kind-spoken lady, adding after a sip or two, "It is very comfortable indeed! But don't go, Billy. You shall have the glass in one moment, and then there will be no danger of its getting broke."

Billy obediently stationed himself before her, and respectfully waited, plate in hand, to receive her glass.

But Mrs. O'Donagough was in no humour to despatch its reviving contents hastily. "You make the best toddy I ever tasted, Billy. I am sure you are quite a treasure to the ship! How long have you been on board her, Billy?"

"Dis is de fust woyage, please mam."

"You seem to have a nice civil crew on board, Billy."

"Yes, please mam. All but nasty filty negur cook; and we must put up wid he, mam, 'cause you know he be but a beastly negur."

"That Jack, as you call him, seems a good-natured lad, with always a merry word for every body. Do you know any thing about him, Billy?" resumed the lady.

"Oh! es, mam," replied Billy with a very broad grin, "I knows all about em."

"Do you Billy?" replied Mrs. O'Donagough eagerly; "I am very glad of it, for I want to hear all about him. Who is he, Billy? And what is he? Something out of the common way, I think, isn't he now, Billy?"

This was said in the playful coaxing tone generally used by people who pique themselves upon their powers of cross-examination.

Billy upon this lowered his voice to a very confidential tone, as he replied, "Now beant he a rum un, mam? He be de oldest boy ebber come aboard, as couldn't go aloft."

"But *why* can he not go aloft, Billy? That looks as if he had never been bred as a sailor doesn't it?"

Billy shook his head, but said nothing.

"Now *do* tell me, Billy, you must know," continued Mrs. O'Donagough, "*why* did he come aboard dressed like a sailor?"

"Jack stupy lubber, wery stupy lubber, mam," said Billy, looking extremely sagacious.

"Yes, yes, Billy, so he is perhaps, and something besides that into the bargain."

"Es, mam, es," replied Billy, putting his finger to his nose, "so he bees."

Mrs. Allen O'Donagough now thought the moment was come, and throwing herself forward on her seat, and raising her eager eyes to the face of the negro, she exclaimed, "What? dear Billy! For God's sake tell me what?"

A very comic expression took possession of the shining face that was bent down to meet hers; but though the fellow grinned from ear to ear, it was with a tone of great solemnity that he replied, "That bees a secret, mam!"

"Poh! fiddle-de-de for a secret, Billy, among friends; tell me what it is, there's a good fellow."

Billy grinned again, shut up his eyes very close for about half a minute, and then said, "Him bees a reg'lar crocodile."

"A crocodile, you black fool!" cried Mrs. O'Donagough, losing all patience, "if you think to treat a white lady passenger in that manner, and not get flogged for it, you are altogether out. If you don't tell me this moment all you know about that boy who they call Jack, I'll inform the captain that your behaviour is too impertinent to be borne, and we'll soon see what comes of that, master Billy."

Billy tried to look dismal, but his ivory teeth would make themselves seen in spite of him. However, he very soberly took up the glass which the lady had just before set down empty, and very decorously named the number of pennies she was to be pleased to pay for the same. This she knew was inevitable, such being the regulation on board the good ship *Atalanta*. Fortunately for her feelings at the moment, Mrs. O'Donagough chanced to have the exact sum ready in her pocket, in large copper coin, and drawing the pieces out she raised her arm, and with all the strength she had, flung them, with a tolerably steady aim, in the face of Billy.

Insult to a negro, if the tortured flesh quiver not beneath it, is never very deeply felt; so Billy only shook his woolly scone as if it had been exposed to a shower of hail, and without any symptom of ill humour, picked up the coin and retired.

Mrs. O'Donagough felt very ill, very ill indeed. A violent fit of anger is one of the worst accidents that can occur in a case of seasickness. It was quite as much as the poor lady could do to get to the state corner (for the best arranged merchant-ships can hardly be said to have state cabins) in which her berth was constructed, and having reached it, there she remained, quietly enough, for at least three hours; the latter part of which time however, was, happily for her, relieved by a tolerably sound nap, the greatest blessing that kind Heaven can send to a sufferer in her condition.

She awakened from it greatly refreshed, and sufficiently herself again, to slip off her bed, arrange her ruffled garments, add to her dress a wrapping shawl that she knew gave her an air of dignity ; and then, with her parasol in hand, she mounted the companion-way in search of the captain. She found him standing with his arms behind him, still watching Mr. O'Donagough and Jack at their everlasting game ; while Miss Patty, as usual, was consoling herself for her exclusion from it, by following Jack's every movement with her eyes, and endeavouring with all her might to make him cheat her papa.

It might be presumed from external symptoms, that every emotion of anger disagreed very violently with the sensitive frame of Mrs. O'Donagough ; for it invariably caused an appearance of swelling over her whole person, and she now approached the group, who were amusing themselves on the quarterdeck, with a gait and movement, nearly resembling those of a stately turkey-cock, when some circumstance has in like manner ruffled his plumage and his temper.

Mrs. O'Donagough had not lost flesh during her residence in New South Wales ; on the contrary, indeed, the greatest change which her appearance had undergone during the fifteen years of her absence from her native shores, arose from the general enlargement of her person, and there was now therefore something exceedingly striking and impressive in her aspect when under the influence of any indignant feeling.

Mr. Allen O'Donagough of course knew these symptoms well, and adopting his usual demeanour upon such occasions, appeared, instead of seeing her half as big again as usual, not to see her at all. But he need not have given himself the trouble of feigning, for he had nothing whatever to do with her present emotion, while the captain, who had continued to stand innocently unsuspecting, and without taking the least care of himself, within reach of her arm, was the sole object of her attention.

It was gently, however, that she extended that arm, and laid hold of his. " Captain Wilkins," said she, in a tone of voice which, notwithstanding her inward agitation, was more than usually civil ; " Captain Wilkins, will you be so kind as to let me speak to you for half a moment ?"

Though a very good sort of fellow in many ways, Captain Wilkins had less of that devoted and indiscriminating gallantry to the fair sex, which is usually found in men of his profession than Mrs. O'Donagough could have wished ; she was quite aware of this, and did not scruple to confess to any body who would listen to her, that Captain Wilkins was no particular favourite of hers. The captain, on his side, might have been aware of this also, or he might not ; but be that as it may, he did not like Mrs. O'Donagough at all ; and when, soon after they set sail, the first mate remarked to him that he thought Madam O'Donagough would still be a capital fine woman, if she was not so unaccountable big. The captain replied, " There's no accounting for taste, Mr. Hepperton, but to my fancy, she is altogether the most sprawling pattern of a female that I ever looked at on sea or land."

When, therefore, he felt Mrs. O'Donagough's gentle touch, and heard her invitation to a *tête-à-tête*, he looked as if he would not have been at all sorry if his more easily pleased first mate could have taken the duty instead of him. However, he was much too civil to say so, and bending his head with something between a nod and a bow, replied, " At your pleasure, ma'am."

"I must detain you one instant, sir," said the lady, hastening towards the retirement offered by a seat on the opposite side of the quarter-deck; "just sit down here one moment, and you shall hear quietly what I have got to say."

"I prefer standing, ma'am, I thank ye," replied the captain placing himself before her at the distance of about five feet.

"Dear me, captain! I don't want to bawl out so that the whole ship's crew shall hear me, and I shan't poison you, I suppose, if you do come a little nearer."

Upon this Captain Wilkins made a step, but not a very long one, in advance, and again placed himself in act to hear. Mrs. O'Donagough felt as if she should have liked to throw him overboard; but this did not prevent her again addressing him in a very civil, and almost in a coaxing tone, as she said, "My dear Captain Wilkins, I think it is my bounden duty not to keep you in the dark respecting the extraordinary impertinence of your black steward. I am quite sure, sir, that were you aware of it, you would take instant measures to prevent any thing of the kind from ever occurring again; and therefore it is that I make this point of speaking to you. Is it your wish, sir, that your black negro-servant should insult your passengers, your lady passengers, Captain Wilkins?"

Now, the truth was, that during Mrs. O'Donagough's refreshing slumber, Black Billy had been beforehand with her, and recorded to his master the whole scene which had passed between them; a statement in which the captain, without any undue partiality towards his steward, felt entire confidence, both from his knowledge of the parties, and from all the circumstances connected with Mrs. O'Donagough's curiosity, and Billy's resistance to it.

However, his answer betrayed nothing of all this, for he only replied, "Oh! no, ma'am, neither black nor white, we must have no insultings."

"You had better not, sir, I can tell you, as far as regards myself. I presume that you are in some degree aware, though not so much as you might be, perhaps, that my daughter and myself are not to be looked upon at all in the same light as any other person on board—nor my husband, Mr. O'Donagough, either, of course. My family and connexions, sir, fill the very highest rank in English society, and a young lady who is going home, I may say for the express purpose of being presented at court, is hardly to be considered as the same sort of thing as a Sydney grazier's wife, or the daughter of a felon consigned to her cousins in England, like that flaunting Miss that is always trying to parade the decks with Miss O'Donagough, only I won't let her."

"As to that, madam," replied the captain, "I never in my life was guilty of making any difference whatsoever between one passenger and another, if they all pay me honestly, they are all honest people to me, and I care not a straw about their grandfathers."

"I have not asked you, sir, to make any difference—any lady, treated as I have been by an insolent blackamore, ought to know that he was punished for it."

"And what, if you please, madam, do you think I ought to do to Black Billy, for not answering your questions about the young fellows of my crew?"

This sudden and unexpected retort, again made Mrs. O'Donagough

feel very unwell, and she heartily wished herself lying upon the cloaks and coats again ; nevertheless her spirits did not desert her entirely, and she continued to say, " Upon my word, Captain Wilkins, you would consult your own interest better if you *did* take a little notice of the difference of station between one passenger and another, instead of treating them all alike, with the vulgarity that seems natural to you."

" My interest, madam, is not very likely to be touched, one way or another by my passengers. The *Atalanta* is nowise like an American liner or a steam-ship moving between Dover and Calais ; for you know, madam, if any of my customers *was* to cross back again, it would most likely be the king, God bless him ! and not me, who would have the bringing of them."

Here Mrs. O'Donagough became too ill to hear another word, and catching hold of a sailor who was passing, to take his turn at the helm, she got him to help her down stairs ; when, crawling again into her berth, she continued to lie there in no very comfortable condition for several hours, till at length Miss Patty came to look after her, and by the help of a little coaxing, induced her to get up and show papa in which package the other jars of pickled onions could be found.

For the rest of the voyage Mrs. O'Donagough continued on very unsatisfactory terms both with the captain and Billy, seldom indeed exchanging a word with either, and remaining altogether too sick and too much out of temper to make any further efforts for the discovery of Jack's secret history, if any such were in truth attached to him ; a point upon which, happily perhaps for her own tranquillity, she began to be considerably less sanguine than when her researches commenced ; for the youth satisfactorily proved his plebeian origin, by never appearing conscious that so distinguished a person as herself was on board.

" How can you bear to play every day with that vulgar boy as you do ? you and your father too, Martha ! It is perfectly wonderful to me how you can endure his manners ! But any amusement, I suppose, is better than none, as long as we are confined to this beastly horrid ship. Only you must remember, my dear, that when you get to England, all things will be different. We must have no more vulgar acquaintance, if you please. But now you must go on playing, I suppose, with any body you can find, for God knows I am too ill to amuse you myself."

Such was the harangue uttered by Mrs. O'Donagough to her daughter when their voyage was about half completed ; and to avoid all unnecessary concealments, the soliloquy which followed it on the part of the young lady, as she turned from her mother and hung over the blue waves as they lashed the vessel on her course, shall be given likewise.

" Vulgar boy !—That's your notion of a vulgar boy, is it ?—I don't care whether he is a sailor-boy or a prince—*not—one—single—cent.*" It was thus that she deliberately murmured forth her steadfast mind. " But this I know, that if my dear, dear, beautiful, lovely Jack, will only consent to marry me as soon as I am fifteen—and that's old enough for any woman—if he will only have me for his wife, I won't care neither for father nor mother, nor uncles nor aunts, no more than if they were just so many brass buttons."

Such were the sentiments of Mr. Allen O'Donagough's heiress when she had traversed half the briny space which divides the old world from the new; and ere the remaining half was halved, her young heart was more thoroughly devoted still. But as the adventure which led to this is perfectly novel and highly interesting, it must have a chapter to itself.

CHAP. VII.

A ROMANTIC ADVENTURE WHICH DOES NOW AND THEN OCCUR AT SEA—ITS SENTIMENTAL CONSEQUENCES—MR. ALLEN O'DONAGOUGH SHAVES HIMSELF—A DISCOVERY, BUT ATTENDED WITH NO RELIEF TO CURIOSITY—A FAREWELL.

It happened one morning after rather a squally night, that the youngest boy on board having been sent out to the extremest point of the bowsprit, for the purpose of setting to rights something that the blustering wind had made wrong, became so entangled in the tackle, and by his own unskilful attempts to set it right, as to become too thoroughly puzzled to handle it in the usual way; when, taking an unsailor-like hold of some rope or other, it failed him—he lost his head and his footing together, and with the piercing cry of a shrill young voice, that made itself heard athwart the hoarse grumbling of the fretted sea, dropped into the water.

Happily the vessel was upon a tack, and did not pass over him; so that Jack, who heard the cry, and sprung instantly to the ship's side, saw the body rise at the distance of a few feet from him. It is not by the result of that valuable process of mind called meditation, that great deeds are done by men or boys either. Had Jack meditated, he would have remembered that he was by no means a very skilful swimmer, and probably come to the conclusion that it would be unwise to put two human lives in jeopardy instead of one; but as he did not meditate at all, an impulse which, if not better, was decidedly stronger than reason, caused him to jump upon the bulwarks, and plunge into the sea after him.

In an instant, three-fourths of the crew were hanging over the ship's side, and eagerly handling ropes to throw after him. The captain, who had been among the first to see both the accident and the bold deed which followed, could hardly have been more zealous in his efforts to rescue the lads, if either or both of them had been his own. With his own arm he seized the helm, and put the ship about so skilfully, as to bring her within a few feet of poor Jack, who was evidently struggling with difficulty to sustain the boy whom he had succeeded in catching hold of, while with his other arm he laboured to approach and seize upon the friendly rope that had been sent to help him. But the joint action of the wind and waves made this very difficult, and had not the captain's first order, which was to lower the boat, been promptly obeyed, Jack would never have puzzled or pleased fair lady more.

As it was, however, the adventure ended in the very best style; the young hero and his *protégé* were both laid safely, though perfectly in-

sensible, upon the deck, with all the passengers, and nearly the whole crew, gazing upon them with all sorts of affectionate and admiring looks.

But beyond all question, the person most acutely interested in the scene, was Miss Martha O'Donagough. Like all other good female sailors, this young lady had a strong aversion to remaining below, and no sooner had the wind sufficiently abated to permit her to keep her feet upon the deck, than coaxing the captain to withdraw, for her at least, his prohibition against the appearance of the ladies in rough weather, she contrived to make her way to the side of the vessel, and, rolling herself up in her cloak, with a firm grasp upon the bulwarks, to enjoy the fresh breeze after a very sorry night, together with the pleasant hope that her friend Jack would presently see and approach her.

Nor was she disappointed; Jack did see her, and the next moment came laughing to her side, declaring that she must be a mermaid, to look so well and happy in such weather. Then followed some delightful fun in watching the frolics of the tempest-loving tribes, who never condescend to visit the surface of the water when it is smooth; and then Jack helped to secure her bonnet more comfortably by putting a silk handkerchief over it, and tying it under her chin; and then her cloak wanted fastening, and very often she was in danger of being blown backwards, only Jack was so kind as to prevent it. In short, Miss Martha was enjoying herself exceedingly, when the cry of the falling boy smote their ears. The violent movement occasioned by putting about the ship, which she had to endure without any arm to help her, threw her down, and prevented her seeing either the floating body of the boy, or the noble effort made by her companion to save him. But no sooner had she recovered her feet, and her hold upon the bulwarks, to which she firmly clung, notwithstanding the requests of many sailors that she would stand aside, that she perceived all that had happened, and from that moment ceased not to harass all around her by a succession of screams, till the boat and the three men let down in her, had done their work, and the two rescued lads were stretched before her on the deck. Then she screamed no more; friendship claimed its rights, and undeterred by any idle scruples, Martha sat down upon the deck, and placed the head of poor Jack upon her knee.

"Avast, my girl!" cried one of the men whose exertions had saved him, "he must not be stifled up that fashion." But the cruel interference was of no avail, for at that very moment, Jack opened his bright eyes, and began very hopefully to look about him.

For a moment he seemed puzzled; and the first symptom of recovered memory, was a short, quick, question of "Where is the boy?"

"Here, Jack, here!" responded from all sides; and the next feeling led, as it seemed, to a momentary communing within, for he put his hands before his eyes, and his lips moved, but without his uttering any sound.

Some movement of the young girl, then caused him to look up, and he perceived where and how he was situated.

"My dear little girl, is that you?" said he, in a voice that spoke much grateful feeling.

A jovial laugh, and something very like a cheer from the surrounding group, at once seemed to welcome their favourite back to life, and

to compliment the young lady upon her kindness. Jack, at the same moment, made an effort to rise, and Martha did the same; so they stood up together, both dripping wet with the sea-water, and as neither Mr. nor Mrs. O'Donagough had yet left their beds, the captain took it upon himself to recommend that their daughter should go below and change her wet garments.

This tall, stout, and decidedly precocious young lady, certainly never looked so nearly beautiful as she did at that moment. Much paler than usual, with large black eyes that shone through genuine tears (for she had truly been most terribly frightened), and, moreover, a *little* abashed at her situation, the young Martha could hardly fail of appearing both fair and interesting to the eyes of her playfellow. Jack looked at her much more earnestly than he had ever done before, and thought that she was not only the kindest-hearted little girl in the world, but very handsome; a fact of which, perhaps, he had never till that moment been sufficiently aware.

"Take care of yourself, my dear child," said he, very kindly taking her by the hand. "But I must not touch you, Martha, for if I do you will be wetter still."

"And look to yourself, Jack," replied Martha, with equal kindness; "I'll go and change, if you will."

"That's a bargain then," he replied, smiling, but with very gentle feelings, at her *naïveté*; "and when we are all got dry again, it will be something to talk about, will it not?"

Martha smiled too; and nodding to him with a look, the kindness of which was no longer veiled by tears, prepared to follow his advice, and by the help of his steadying hand, reached the companion-way, and descended.

This adventure could not easily be forgotten by either,—neither was it. Jack long considered Martha as the kindest-hearted and prettiest girl in the world; and Martha considered Jack as the perfection of sweethearts, and the model of every thing that was handsomest in the male creation.

This occurrence helped on, at least to the young people, the last lingering weeks of the voyage: for not only did it, as Jack had prophesied, give them something to talk of, but the ardent gratitude of the fine lad he had saved, and the daily-increasing interest that Martha testified for all that concerned him, could not but touch so tender a heart as Jack's, who, moreover, always remembering that he was but a poor sailor-boy, conceived a strong feeling of gratitude and esteem for the young girl, whose unsophisticated nature led her so completely to overlook all distinctions of rank.

To Mr. and Mrs. O'Donagough, indeed, all this produced no good effect, but rather the contrary; for Jack grew tired of ship-billiards, and greatly preferred standing by his little friend Martha, as she sat perched upon the taffrail, and with her strong clear voice sang love-ditties to the fishes by the hour together. And poor Mrs. O'Donagough fared not at all the better for this additional leisure of her husband's; for he was getting exceedingly restless, rather bilious, and now and then very cross; so that, considerably before they arrived at the port of London, they both became aware that they had been shut up together quite long enough.

Two trifling circumstances only, both occurring within the last week, caused a short intermission of poor Mrs. O'Donagough's yawns, by giving her something puzzling to think of. The first of these was seeing her husband, Mr. Allen O'Donagough, mount the cabin-stairs one fine morning, with his face as cleanly shaved from top to bottom and from side to side, as it was possible for a razor to do it. Not a trace, not a vestige of either mustache or favoris remained, to show what the military glory of that expansive face had once been. The change produced upon his countenance by this operation was very great—and to say the truth, by no means favourable; for little as we may some of us admire the flashy look which every *chevalier d'industrie* can obtain by only restricting the office of his razor, it is nevertheless certain that a great, high-boned, vulgar face, like that of my heroine's present husband, is in no degree improved by being rendered more broadly visible.

At the first glance his wife did not know him; nor was it, indeed, till he had displayed the whole extent of his large white teeth, in a smile produced by her unconscious stare at him, that she did.

The time when she had almost worshipped the military insignia of his upper lip, and doted on the copious manliness which veiled his ample jaws, was certainly passed, probably never to return, yet could she not look with indifference upon what appeared to her so terrible a falling-off in the striking comeliness of his appearance. She had hitherto never ceased to consider him as a remarkably dashing and fashionable-looking man, but now her eyes, as well as her heart, told her that he was not so at all.

"Good Heaven! Major Allen," was her first involuntary exclamation, "what on earth can have induced you to make such a figure of yourself?"

The gentleman suddenly ceased to smile as she spoke, and answered in a low growling voice, which showed that he had not, like Samson, lost his spirit with his hair, "And what, madam, can make you call me by a name which I have commanded you never to utter again?"

Poor Mrs. O'Donagough was really frightened, and notwithstanding the high spirit upon which she prided herself, condescended to say, "Oh, dear me! Mr. O'Donagough, don't be angry! I will never say it again, upon my word and honour. And nobody heard me, you know—that's a comfort. But what *did* you cut off your beautiful whiskers for?"

"You are a fool, Mrs. Allen O'Donagough," was the short reply; and never again was the circumstance alluded to between them. But it cannot be supposed that Mrs. O'Donagough forgot it; or that she could avoid feeling rather uncomfortably anxious as to what motive could have induced so very handsome a man to disfigure himself so dreadfully.

"If it had been only his mustaches," thought she, "I should not have cared; and indeed I know that it would have been perfectly necessary—how else could he possibly pass himself off for the Reverend Mr. O'Donagough? No reverends ever *do* wear mustaches, that's quite true; but those beautiful whiskers, that gave him so completely the air of a man of fashion—there could have been no occasion to shave them! I know the irregular clergy, like my last poor O'Donagough,

wear whiskers quite as often as not—not little shabby whiskers either, such as a bishop might wear, and no harm done—but just such full noble-looking whiskers as the Ma—as this foolish man wore—however, it's no good to fret. If any thing *was* to happen to him, and I *was* to marry again, I'd take good care to know, if 'twas in the old world or the new, whether there was any likelihood of the man's wanting to scrape his skin, for all the world like a pig prepared for roasting. This one only wants singeing a little, to make him perfect."

The other circumstance which tended in some degree to relieve the wearisome tedium of Mrs. O'Donagough's last few days at sea, was something like a discovery which she at last made, respecting the young sailor-lad, called Jack. By special agreement, Mr. and Mrs. O'Donagough and their daughter dined in the cabin, and at the table of the captain, though like all other passengers on board, they furnished their own provender; but a few pounds additional to their passage-money had secured to them the dignity of this privilege, which was the more precious, because shared by no other passenger. From some suspicious reason or other, which Captain Wilkins had never explained, his dinner-hour, and consequently that of the O'Donagoughs, had been changed after they came on board, and fixed considerably earlier than before. Dining, however, is so welcome an amusement on board ship, that nobody complains of its coming too soon, and the alteration was never objected to.

The weather during the whole passage having been, with few exceptions, remarkably fine, it was the custom of the O'Donagough family to repair to the quarterdeck as soon as the dinner was over, and there indulge for a while in nibbling biscuits and sipping toddy. Miss Patty, during this hour of systematic gossiping, fared not so well as her parents, for to do her justice, she was not at all fond of toddy; and Jack, of whom she certainly was very fond, for some reason or other was never visible on the deck at these times. That he was indeed not on deck, little Patty was perfectly competent to declare, for more than once had she vainly traversed its entire length from stem to stern in search of him. She could not, unfortunately, penetrate to any of the mysterious recesses below, *that* she had with some little difficulty been made to understand was impossible; but she would willingly have ransacked the cabin and all its dependencies in search of her friend, only she found, upon once attempting the experiment, that the door was locked.

These efforts to find her playfellow, however, and the disappointment which attended them, were alike confined to her own bosom; and as her father was, as we have seen, very comfortably engaged, and her mother, if possible, still more so—for she took her biscuits and toddy from the luxurious couch of coats and cloaks heretofore described—the absence of the lad at this hour, constant and regular as it was, had never been noticed by either.

It so happened, however, the very day on which the *Atalanta* entered the British channel, the weather being beautifully calm, and the sea as yet in no degree affected by the narrow and troublesome path it had got into, that Mrs. O'Donagough feeling herself particularly well and lively, scorned the repose offered by her cloaks and coats, and trotted down the cabin stairs in search of a basket in which many hourly requirements were stowed, and among others, the last letter of her niece,

Mrs. General Hubert. To this letter, it must be confessed, she had made very frequent allusion during the passage, whenever she could get any body to listen to her; but, nevertheless, she wished to consult it again now, because it contained something about her darling great-niece, Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of her beloved Agnes, and often as she had read the letter, she could not, as she assured Mr. O'Donagough, exactly recollect whether the dear girl was thirteen, or only twelve and a half.

As it was Mrs. O'Donagough's luxurious custom to wear list shoes on board, she went down the companion-way with very little noise, and applying her hand to the lock of the cabin-door, it turned and admitted her.

Great indeed was her astonishment at what she saw before her. The usual cabin dinner-table was covered with a marvellously clean cloth, on which was spread, with great attention to neatness, and even some display, all the requisites for a substantial repast. A single glance, it was to be sure a long and steady one, sufficed to show Mrs. O'Donagough that not only great pains had been bestowed upon the dressing it, but that the articles of which it was composed were of the most delicate quality that a long voyage can permit. Two bottles of wine flanked the single plate, to supply which, the various dainties were prepared—and before that plate sat—**JACK!** Yes, it was Jack, Jack in solitary state, in his usual nautical, and not over clean exterior garments, but with the air of being most perfectly at his ease, and of feeling himself any thing but an intruder in the place he occupied.

At sight of Mrs. O'Donagough, however, his colour certainly mounted considerably, and he rose so suddenly, and with an air so vexed and confused, that had, she not known the captain's dinner to have been long over, she might have been tempted to believe that the lad was caught in the act of pilfering what had been prepared for his betters. But as it was, she stood perfectly amazed, astounded, petrified, and puzzled. Many weeks had passed since she had ceased to trouble herself about Jack and his unsailor-like ways; for, finding it impossible to discover the secret, she gradually became convinced that there was none, and all interest in him had died away accordingly. An additional reason for which might probably be, that the lad never by any chance came near enough to speak to her, if it could by possibility be avoided.

But now all this reasonable and dignified tranquillity of spirit was again destroyed! That there *was* something very particular indeed in the situation of Jack, it was impossible to doubt, but to discover *what*, was beyond her power.

The youth having mumbled something about "having a joke with the captain," passed by her and mounted the stairs, leaving her to all the torments of unassisted conjecture, from which the most accurate examination of the relics of Jack's banquet could not relieve her. In fact, the only thing she could find worthy of arresting her attention was a silver fork—this she discovered, on examination, was made to receive the blade of a knife into its handle, and a little further search enabled her to discover the said knife also, and to ascertain that it not only fitted nicely, but that the style and workmanship of this bit of travelling luxury was of a costly kind.

For mere curiosity's sake she would have liked well enough to put the united articles into her pocket ; but as the lively thought arose, the recollection that she was on board a ship coming from Botany Bay, came with it, and she discreetly laid the pretty things where she found them, retaining only the interesting fact that they were both marked with the letter " S."

From that hour to the end of the voyage, which was just five days, including the passage up the river, poor Mrs. O'Donagough was never able to obtain from any one the slightest glimmer of light on this mysterious subject. As the vessel passed Sheerness, a boat was sent on shore, in which she perceived through the cabin-windows, as the little craft passed astern, that a great quantity of luggage had been stowed. Unluckily for poor Mrs. O'Donagough, she was at the moment busily employed in some necessary packing operations, which the approach to land rendered indispensable, and her view, therefore, of this parting boat was so indistinct that she did not recognise the brown curls, and blue eyes of Jack, under the foraging-cap, that was seated at the stern. Neither did she, from the same unlucky accident, witness the very affectionate farewell exchanged between this provoking boy and the whole of the ship's crew. There was another farewell, rather more affectionate still, which also she did not see ; but it was not only her being in the cabin which prevented this, for it was behind a heap of canvass which concealed them from all eyes, that Jack gave a parting kiss to Patty.

(To be continued.)

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

FROM THE SPANISH OF ALBERTO LISTA.

MARK ! where aloft in shadowy distance seen
 Slow winding down yon flowery mountain-side,
 Like to a silver thread on emerald green,
 A tiny murmuring stream doth gently glide ;
 So soft its course, o'er the wide grassy scene
 That scarce its small thin wave may be descried,
 Its feeble moan, scarce borne upon the wind ;—
 Thus, the first thread of human life is twined !

And now secure, it gains the blooming plain
 Where first its waters ramble on at will,
 Awhile conceal'd—then laughing out again,
 Soon to become a placid shining rill ;
 Now past the rapid steeps, its waves regain
 The valley, that its pleasant chime shall fill ;
 Now slowly circling yon tall waving wood,
 Or sporting with the flowers beside its flood.

Onward it boldly dashes ! Yonder falls
Have plunged it far to dark and gloomy deeps,
Whose yawning chasms the shuddering sight appals ;—
Now with the light it o'er the meadow leaps !
No danger past the joyous stream recalls,
As o'er enchanted fields it lingering creeps,
Upon a lap of bright hues, blent with gold ;—
Thus, may our infant course be briefly told !

Soon to a hardy mountain-torrent grown,
Now stormy rains have overflowed its store,
Till foaming with restraint—fast, wild, and lone,
Thro' rocky vales the hurrying waters roar ;
The marble arch across its current thrown,
Scarce curbs its headlong force from either shore,
In vain, the sturdy oak may flourish near,
When scarce the hill-side checks its wild career.

Now near the sloping cataract faster whirl'd
To perils veil'd, the waters swiftly flow,
Till o'er the dark and rocky barrier hurl'd,
They gain with thund'ring roar the abyss below ;
With raging foam each giant wave is curl'd
Round prison depths, within a tower of snow,
And as the silvery spray aloft is driven,
The sun reveals the colour'd arch of Heaven !

These toils surmounting, soon thro' boundless space,
Again o'er mossy crags it wends its way,
Despoiling all the landscape's flowery grace
So lately shower'd around by gentle May ;
The shepherd soon, nor hut nor fold may trace,
And trees upturn, the raging waves display,
That never moderate flow, nor yield to force,—
An emblem true, of youth's wild stormy course !

Augmented thus, lo ! now the mighty stream
Holds sovereign sway along the plain's expanse ;
Through stately shores how cool the waters gleam,
And still with calm majestic flow advance !
Despite the thirsty summer's parching beam,
That threatens all around with fiery glance,
Onward it flows—a bright career of peace,
Showing exhaustless stores that still increase.

Behold, with what a regal proud disdain,
It greets each vassal tributary force !
Here rolls the torrent, swoll'n with mountain rain—
Here winds the woodland brook from shady source ;

While the pure stream that glides along the plain,
Hither from smiling valleys speeds its course,
Until beneath one name, with deep lament,
The fatal mass of mingling waves are blent.

Ungrateful to the friendly wood, whose shade,
Reflected graceful garlands on its tide ;
False to the walls where homage once was paid,
When its poor waves crept humbly by their side :
Now o'er the meads, in whelming force array'd,
The forest's towering strength is swift defied ;
Free from restraint, while rushing uncontroll'd,
The gloomy type of mortal sins behold !

Again in devious windings from its source,
Feebly it falls ; unnumber'd currents glide
Far from its margin, and its wonted force,
The various parting streamlets fast divide ;
The pow'r that threaten'd proud walls in its course,
When cities flourish'd by its lordly tide,
Now a dull mass of slothful water lies,
That every wind still ruffles and defies.

Oppress'd the angry waters now appear,
Beneath the ponderous mole and arch's weight ;
Yet onward still, the sever'd channels steer,
Murm'ring through massy piles in scatter'd state ;
And now a thousand vessels doom'd to bear,
Which crime and wealth continue still to freight.
The stream approaches near the bitter sea,
And mirrors well old age's misery.

Now, with the mighty gulf that swallows all,
The dim cerulean stream already blends ;
And hearken, to the dread continued call !
The hoarse funereal summons, ocean sends ;
Now, mournfully the hurrying waters fall
Into yon vast expanse—our journey ends,
The eternal sea receives each parting wave,
And thus, ends human life within the grave !

E. L. JOHNSON.

BOAR-HUNTING.*

BY THE OLD FOREST RANGER.

"Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves."—RICHARD III.

"I DECLARE it is nearly ten o'clock ! The sun is already hot enough to broil one's brains into an omelet, and still no sign of our scouts returning," said Charles, pulling out his watch, and returning it to his pocket with an impatient gesture, as he sat, on the following morning, lounging indolently under the fly of the tent, the *kunnauts*† of which were raised, and supported on bamboos, to act as a verandah, and to admit of a free circulation of air.

A substantial breakfast had already been disposed of. The horses had been visited, to ascertain that their feet were in good order after yesterday's march; that they had been well groomed, and that no water had been given them. Saddles, bridles, girths, and stirrup-leathers, had been carefully overhauled. Spear-heads had been sharpened to the last degree of keenness; and our three Nimrods having now nothing further to occupy their attention, were waiting, in a feverish state of impatience, for the return of the scouts, who had been despatched, on the previous evening, to gain intelligence of the famous Boar.

The dense shade of the overhanging trees, tempered the heat of the land-wind, which sighed through the grove, rendering it cool and refreshing. But the straggling sunbeams, which here and there darted through the dense foliage, dancing and sparkling on the glassy surface of the tank, with intense, almost painful, brilliancy; the glimpses of the open country, which were caught through the stems of the trees, showing the parched earth glowing like heated copper, and the tall palm-trees twisting and twining like gigantic snakes, in the fiery haze, bore ample testimony to the scorching heat of the tropical sun which blazed overhead.

A hundred *coolies*—almost as wild-looking as the animals for which they were to beat—all nearly naked, and many of them armed with rusty matchlocks, hunting-spears, or wood-knives, were lounging about in picturesque groups under the shade of the trees. The old baggage-elephant, wearied with his long march, stood dozing listlessly under the shadow of a widely-spreading Banian, and fanning himself with the feathery branch of a palm-tree, to protect his skin from the stings of the buzzing insects which swarmed around him. And a group of smiling *Natch-girls*, encouraged to repeat their visit, by the handsome present of the previous day; and now, having their charms set off to the best advantage, by all the glittering finery of Indian Belles, with large gold rings depending from their noses, their necks loaded with jewels, massive silver bangles encircling their slender, well-turned, ankles; their

* Continued from No. ccxx., page 529.

† Kunnauts—curtains, or canvass walls of a tent.

braided hair, decked with wreaths of the sweet-smelling *Maugree*,* and their silken robes filling the air with the perfume of sandal-wood, were twining their graceful figures in the dance, and darting the most bewitching glances from their large voluptuous dark eyes, in the vain hope of charming the impatient sportsmen, whose minds, however, were too fully occupied by floating visions of panting steeds, blood-stained spears, and foaming boars, to be captivated by the charms of the fascinating Syrens.

The Doctor was lounging indolently in an arm-chair, with a cheroot in his mouth, as usual, twirling his thumbs, nodding his head approvingly, with the air of a connoisseur in such matters, as any particularly graceful movement of the Natch-girls, happened to meet with his approbation; and occasionally turning round to give some directions to Heels, who was busied, outside of the tent, in skinning the dead panther, Mansfield was amusing himself by giving a finishing touch to the keen edge of his favourite hog-spear, on a fine hone; when Charles, who was by far the most impatient and watchful of the party, started from his seat, with an exulting shout, which brought the performance of the Natch-girls to an abrupt conclusion.

“ Hurra, lads, here come our Scouts, at last !”

The Natch-girls, startled by the sudden exclamation, shrunk aside, and made way for two panting *Shikaries*, covered with dust and perspiration, who, advancing at a long, easy, wolf-like trot, and, halting in front of the tent, announced with a profound salaam, that a large *sounder* of hog, headed by the far-famed Boar, had been marked down, amongst the hills, a few miles from camp.

“ Boot and saddle! spurs and spears! and hurra for the man that first draws blood from the old Boar,” shouted Mansfield, starting to his feet, and brandishing aloft his light elastic spear—a faultless male bamboo from the jungles of the Concan, about ten feet long, tough as whalebone, and tapering away beautifully to the smaller end, where it terminated in a keen glittering blade, about the size and shape of a laurel-leaf—a blade which had reeked with the blood of many a grisly boar.

“ *Gorah lau!*”† was now the cry; and, in less than five minutes, three snorting steeds, accoutred for the field, were pawing the ground impatiently, in front of the tent.

Mansfield's favourite hunter, Challenger, was the very model of a perfect Arab; a light iron-gray, with broad expanded forehead, deep jowl, fine tapering muzzle, wide nostrils, and beautifully-placed ears; his thin withers, well-placed shoulder, round carcass, compact joints, and long, sloping, muscular quarters, gave promise of uncommon strength and fleetness; whilst a full dark eye, mild as that of the Gazelle, but beaming with the latent fire and indomitable courage of a true son of the desert, belied him much, if his endurance were not equal to his speed. In short, his figure was perfect symmetry, with the exception of his legs, which, although perfectly sound, were sorely disfigured by many a bruise and deep unsightly scar, which blemishes would have given great offence to an English eye; but, to one accus-

* *Maugree*—a large species of jasmine.

† *Gorah lau*—“ Bring forth the horse.”

tomed to the headlong pace at which the Indian Hog-hunter urges his horse over the rocky hills, and through the thorny jungles of the Deccan, those honourable wounds, the inevitable portion of every good horse, who has carried a good rider, excited no surprise, and but little regret.

Charles's horse, Lightning, a bright chestnut, had also sprung from Araby's best blood ; but his clean, unblemished, wiry limbs, showed that he, like his master, had seen but little service in the field ; whilst his fiery eye, restless ears, and fretful movements, together with the unusually long-cheeked bit, with which his bridle was furnished, led one to suspect, that his temper, like that of most horses of his colour, was somewhat of the hottest.

The horse provided for the Doctor, was a strong, short-legged, serviceable-looking hack ; exhibiting somewhat less breeding, and less appearance of speed than his companions, whilst the deep hollows over his eyes, together with his subdued manner, looked as if age, and hard service, had somewhat tempered the fire of his youth. But this was no disadvantage in the eyes of the Doctor, who, although a keen sportsman, had never been remarkable for desperate riding ; and, provided he kept the chase in view, and came up in time to blood his spear before the Boar had actually drawn his last breath, it was a matter of very little importance to him, who took the first spear ; the "*spear of honour*" he never would allow it to be, for, as he very justly remarked, the dangerous part of the sport often began after that had been taken.

The sportsmen now mounted, without loss of time, and rode out of the grove, followed by their respective Horsekeepers, and the whole party of Beaters. Not a cloud appeared in the whole wide expanse of deep blue sky to veil the splendour of the tropical sun, which shot down his almost vertical rays with an intensity of heat, that threatened to penetrate to the brain, even through the thick hunting-caps, and damp towels, which the sportsmen had provided, to protect their heads. A silence, deep as that of midnight, pervaded the land ; for nature was faint with heat, and every living thing sought shelter from the merciless glare of an Indian noon ; save the hardy hog-hunters, and the ever-ravaging vulture, which, soaring at an immense height, almost beyond the reach of human vision, swept through the air in wide extended circles, seeking his obscene food in the very eye of the blazing sun.

An hour's easy riding brought them to the place where the hogs were said to be marked down ; it was a rocky hill, thinly clothed with stunted brushwood, and rising abruptly from a bare stony plain intersected by numerous dry *nullahs* or water-courses, and dotted, in the extreme distance, with clumps of palm-trees, and fields of sugar-cane, to which the hogs were in the habit of resorting to feed during the night.

Having ascertained the nature of the position, by a rapid glance of his experienced eye, Mansfield issued the necessary orders to his Beaters, and then desired Charles and the Doctor to follow him to a small clump of date-trees, near the foot of the hill, where they, and their horses, might lie in ambush, till the hogs were roused.

Having carefully concealed themselves amongst the trees, and ascertained that neither they, nor their horses, were visible from the hill-side the riders dismounted, and waited with breathless impatience for the first joyous shout of the beaters. Charles's heart beat almost audibly as he peeped through the leafy screen which concealed them, expecting

every moment to hear the yell, which announced the finding of the mighty Boar, and to see the grisly monster, dash headlong down the rocky steep. But half an hour had elapsed, during which the deep silence was unbroken, and the excited feelings of the young sportsman were beginning to subside into something very like disappointment, when a distant shout came faintly on his ear, from the opposite side of the hill. Mansfield, who had been smoking his cigar, and chatting carelessly with the Doctor, started at the well-known sound. A grim smile curled his lip, and fire flashed from his kindling eye, as he bounded to his feet, grasped his spear, and sprang into the saddle. "Now, lads, mount!" said he, settling himself firmly in his seat, and grasping the reins. "Mount, and be ready; we shall have him afoot directly."

The others mounted in haste, and fixed their longing eyes on the side of the opposite hill, whilst every nerve tingled, with an almost sickening sensation of wild excitement.

"I see him, I see him!" said Charles in an eager whisper; at the same time tightening his reins, and closing his heels, with an involuntary jerk, which made the impatient Lightning snort and rear.

"For Heaven's sake, Charles! keep that fidgetty brute of yours quiet," replied Mansfield, in a chiding tone, as the gigantic Boar was seen to rise slowly from his solitary lair on the hill-side, shaking his gray hide like a roused lion, and turning his head to listen to the approaching shouts of his pursuers. "Steady, steady—not a move till I give the word, 'ride,' and then you may knock the fire out of master Lightning as soon as you like. That Boar will try his mettle both in running and fighting, else I'm mistaken."

The Beaters were, by this time, coming over the crest of the hill; and the Boar, apparently satisfied that his enemies were advancing in too great force for him to attempt resistance, began to steal away through the brushwood, stopping occasionally to listen, as if debating with himself, whether to make for the plain, and trust to his speed for safety, or to turn, and charge gallantly amongst his pursuers.

Charles, in the excitement of the moment, was several times on the point of raising a shout to inform the beaters that the Boar was afoot, and to urge them forward; but a glance from Mansfield's frowning eye immediately checked him.

The ground now becoming more open, the Boar increased his pace to a shambling trot; and, the eager beaters having at the same moment caught sight of him, a wild unearthly yell arose, as if a whole legion of devils were at his heels. The chafed brute stood for one moment with upraised bristles, churning the white foam between his jaws; then, uttering a short angry grunt, that seemed to announce his desperate determination of trying his speed across the plain, he dashed down the hill, and disappeared in the brushwood.

"Now we have him! Now for a glorious burst!" exclaimed Mansfield, grasping his spear more firmly, and shortening his reins, in the hope of seeing the mighty Boar burst gallantly from the belt of low jungle which skirted the foot of the hill. But no Boar appeared, and Mansfield was about to give vent to his feelings in a very unseemly oath, when a thick patch of brushwood, immediately below the Beaters, appeared in violent motion, and, next moment, a whole *souder* of

hog, burst from the cover, and came scrambling down the hill; their round black backs rising and falling in quick succession, like a shoal of porpoises tumbling along the face of a giant wave. The excited Beaters redoubled their yells, and the terrified animals, dashing at once through the belt of jungle, took to the open ground without hesitation.

"Ride!" shouted Mansfield, in a voice clear as a trumpet-sound. And at that thrilling cry, the three horsemen, darting from their concealment, like lightning from a thunder-cloud, urged their snorting hunters across the plain at the very top of their speed. Charles's hot-blooded chestnut, tearing along with his head and tail in the air, and the bit in his teeth, as if determined that nothing should stop him till he was brought up, by running his head against a stone wall, or till he succeeded in breaking his own neck, or that of his rider, in one of the numerous ravines which lay so opportunely in the way. But this was no time to argue the point with a runaway horse, and Charles let him go to his heart's content. The Doctor followed at a less headlong pace; but, to do him justice, he plied the spurs, and made the old horse do his best.

"Now Charles, my boy—now for the spear of honour!" cried Mansfield, as he and Charles rode neck and neck, at a racing pace, over the most terrific ground. "We are tolerably well matched as to speed, I see; and, if you can draw first blood, to dim the lustre of your maiden spear, you shall bear the palm, and welcome; but, by the Prophet! you must ride for it."

"Hurra! here goes for first blood then!" cried Charles in an exulting tone, at the same time shaking the reins, and driving the spurs into his fiery horse, already mad with excitement and lathered with foam, whilst the more temperate Challenger, although urged to his utmost speed, had hardly turned a hair.

Hurra! hurra! away they scour like falcons darting on their prey; the hard-baked earth ringing like metal beneath their horses' iron-shod hoofs, and a long train of dust rising like smoke behind them.

Although the two horses were, in fact, well matched as to speed, Charles's light weight soon began to tell, in favour of his horse Lightning, who gradually crept ahead of his antagonist, till, by the time they had got within a hundred yards of the hog, he was nearly half that distance in advance.

"Shall I try it?" exclaimed Charles, looking over his shoulder, and addressing Mansfield, as the leading Boar, much to his astonishment, bounded, with the agility of an antelope, over a yawning ravine, which happened to cross his path; a dry watercourse, with rocky, half-decayed, banks, which looked as if they would crumble into dust under the light foot of a fawn, and as breakneck-looking a place, as the most desperate horseman would care to ride at.

"Ay, Ay! go along!" replied Mansfield. "A good horse can always follow where a boar leaps, but keep his head straight, and rattle him at it, as if you were in earnest; for, by mine honour, it is not a place that will improve by looking at it."

Charles, who was just in the mood to ride at the Styx, if it had come in his way, drove in the spurs, and went at the leap with the heart of a lion; but, just as he reached the brink, his violent brute of a horse, who had hitherto gone with his head in the air, and his mouth wide open, as if he neither knew nor cared whether there was any impediment in his

way or not, suddenly swerved, and wheeling round, with a loud snort, dashed off at right angles.

The well-trained Challenger, on the contrary, accustomed to Mansfield's resolute manner of riding, and knowing, from experience, that it was in vain for him to refuse any thing at which he was put, cocked his ears, gathered his hindlegs well under him, and quickening his stroke, as he approached the ravine, cleared it in beautiful style, although the decayed rock, from which he sprung, gave way, just as his hind-feet quitted it, and rolled thundering to the bottom of the *nullah*.

Charles had, by this time, succeeded in turning his horse, and putting him once more at the leap, with his head held straight, and the spurs goring his sides, the snorting brute went at it like a charging tiger, bounding high into the air, and clearing the ravine by several feet.

The race for the first spear was now resumed in earnest, Charles straining every nerve to recover lost ground, and come up with Mansfield, who, having singled out the leading Boar, was now pressing hard upon his haunches; the angry brute with foaming jaws and flaming eyes, uttering, from time to time, a short savage grunt, and swerving from side to side, as if to avoid the expected thrust of the deadly spear, which quivered, like a sunbeam, within a few inches of his heaving flanks.

Charles was now nearly alongside of Mansfield, and gaining upon him at every stride. Both horses were beginning to show symptoms of distress; but the gallant little Challenger still answered to the spur, and by one desperate bound, brought Mansfield almost within spear's length of the Boar. A long reach will do it now—and a grim smile of triumph passed over Mansfield's swarthy cheek, as he leaned over his horse's neck, and made a desperate lunge at the flying Boar. He has it! No! it was an inch too short—another stride will do it. Again the trusty Challenger bounded to the spur—again the spear was poised for the fatal thrust—another second, and the glittering blade would have been quenched in blood; when the Boar made a short turn to the right, and dashed across Charles's horse. The terrified animal made a bound to clear the hog, and as he did so, Charles thrust his spear awkwardly forward, without aim or direction; the point, however, went true to its destination, and passing through the Boar's brawny shoulder, buried itself in the earth. The horse, at the same instant, stumbled over the wounded Boar, and came to the ground with a tremendous crash, depositing his rider in the position of a spread eagle, some ten yards beyond him, and shivering the tough bamboo shaft of the spear in a thousand pieces. But the spear of honour has been fairly won, and who cares for broken bones! Hurra!

The wounded Boar scrambled to his feet, with the splintered lance still sticking in his flesh, and uttering a savage grunt, was about to rush upon the prostrate Hunter, when Mansfield, coming up at speed, speared him through the heart, and rolled him over in the bloody sand as if struck by a flash of lightning.

Whilst Mansfield and Charles were thus engaged, the Doctor was not idle; following in the wake of his companions, he had fallen in with a little half-grown hog, technically termed a *squeaker*, which, having been unable to keep up with the rest of the *sounder*, now appeared in a fair way of falling a victim to the Doctor's prowess, although he still made a good race with the old horse across the plain.

Charles, having gathered himself up, and ascertained that neither he nor his horse were materially injured by their fall, was heartily congratulated by Mansfield, on his good fortune in taking the spear of honour; and the two young men, having loosened the girths of their smoking hunters, now awaited, with much interest, the issue of the struggle, between the Doctor and the unfortunate *squeaker*.

“Ha! ha! ha! a goodly sight. By mine honour, a goodly sight!” exclaimed Mansfield, doffing his heavy hunting-cap, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead, whilst his sides shook with laughter, at the strange grotesque figure which the Doctor exhibited. “Behold a second Don Quixote! The Knight of La Mancha himself turned Hog-hunter. Heavens and earth how he rides! some evil spirit hath surely possessed him. Ha! ha! ha! Rare—oh, rare!”

Leaning well forward, with his lance couched, like a Knight of old riding a tilt, and rattling his old horse over the stones, at a terrific pace, on came the Doctor in a cloud of dust; his elbows projecting at right angles from his body; his trousers, which were guiltless of straps, rolled up, by the friction of the saddle, nearly to the knees; and his long, loose-jointed legs, bloody with spurring, banging against his horse's sides, at every bound, as if, from the knee downwards, they were perfectly unconnected with the rest of his body, and were merely ingenious machines, suspended from the saddle, to act as stimulants to the animal's speed. His broad-brimmed straw-hat had, long ago, parted company with his head, but being attached to his buttonhole by a piece of ribbon, now flapped and fluttered in the wind behind him. His gaunt features, which, during the last few days, had been scorched to a fiery red, by the action of the sun, now glowed like a mask of heated copper, the big drops of perspiration, which fell in a copious shower upon his horse's mane, appearing actually to hiss and boil as they rolled over it. In short, his figure was, altogether, as perfectly grotesque, as any thing can well be imagined; and the effect of the scene was not a little heightened when, on a nearer approach, the traces of intense excitement became visible on his countenance; his eyes rolling wildly, his teeth firmly clenched, like the jaws of a rat-trap, and his parched lips trembling with eagerness, as he wheeled his snorting horse from side to side, making desperate but vain attempts to strike the active animal, which now, nearly exhausted, had begun to double amongst the bushes, like a hunted hare.

“Well done, Doctor! Well done, piggy! Gallantly thrust! Beautifully doubled!” cried the two young men, clapping their hands, and shouting with all the eagerness of spectators at a well-contested race. But the Doctor was much too intent upon securing his prey, to pay any attention to their exclamations, and went on spurring, and poking, and panting, and grinning, with desperate energy. At length, after many fruitless attempts, and being more than once nearly unhorsed, by digging the point of his spear into the ground, his efforts were crowned with success. A lucky thrust transfixed the panting *squeaker*, and the worthy Doctor, brandishing his spear, gave vent to as hearty a shout of triumph, as if it had been dyed in the blood of a second Cretan boar.

“Now, gentlemen,” said Mansfield, as the Doctor dismounted, lighted his ever ready cigar, and seated himself on a stone, “I shall give you five minutes to let your nags recover their wind after this little

brush, and then we must have another beat for the Great Boar. This is mere child's play to the work we shall have, if we can only get him to break cover."

"Child's play ca' ye it?" exclaimed the Doctor, rubbing his aching limbs, and shifting his seat uneasily. "My certie, it may be sae; but I'll tell ye this, Captain, they maun be gae strong tykes o' bairns that play at it. Just look at that poor beast," pointing to the old horse; "see to him, the way his tail is shaking, and his knees trembling, and his flanks heaving, like a pair o' smithy bellows. Troth, sir, I'm thinking it was nae bairns play for him, nor for me neither, and far less for that poor wee forajaskit looking deevle," pointing to the bleeding carcass of the little pig which lay at his feet. "Hech, sirs!" continued he, in a moralizing tone; for the excitement of the chase having subsided, he began to view his victory in a less pleasing light, and his tender heart smote him, for having hunted the unfortunate *squeaker* to death, with such ruthless perseverance. "Hech, sirs! to think o' me, at my respectable time of life, rampaging across the country, after thae twa daft Laddies, riding fit to brain mysel', and amaist foundering a good naig; and a' for what? To hae the honour o' sticking a soo! and no a respectable sized soo even, far less a boar; but just a poor meeserable bit grise, that it's a perfect sin and disgrace for ony respectable man to take the life o'. Weel, weel, they say there are nae fules like auld fules, and I believe it's o'er true." And having arrived at this comfortable conclusion, the worthy Doctor went on mopping his face, and puffing his cigar, with the air of a philosopher.

As soon as the horses had pretty well recovered their wind, the sportsmen remounted, and rode slowly back towards the hill, from whence the sounder of hog had been driven. The Beaters had already assembled on the plain, leaving a few experienced *shikaries*, perched upon commanding eminences, to prevent the possibility of the old Boar, which had not yet broken cover, from stealing away unobserved. Mansfield had just selected a tough and well-poised spear, from amongst the spare weapons carried by his Horsekeeper, and was explaining to Charles the proper manner of holding it, showing him how the other had been broken in consequence of his stiff manner of carrying the weapon, tucked under his arm, like the lance of a dragoon, instead of being lightly poised in the right-hand; and consoling him with the assurance, that even supposing his horse had not fallen, the spring of the bamboo, from being so confined, would in all probability have lifted him out of the saddle; when a shout from one of the look-out men attracted his attention, and, on looking up, he beheld a native perched upon a pinnacle of rock, waving his *puggarie*,* and pointing, with eager gestures, down the side of the hill, opposite to where they stood.

"By heavens he's off!" exclaimed Mansfield, putting spurs to his horse, and starting at a hand gallop. "Follow me, gentlemen; but do not press your horses too hard at first, we shall want all the wind they can spare, when we get to the other side of the hill."

The belt of jungle, which skirted the base of the hill, obliged the horsemen to make a considerable detour, and, by the time they reached the opposite side, the crafty old Boar, who had availed himself of a quiet moment to steal away, as he fancied, unobserved, now appeared

* *Puggarie*—a cloth worn on the head as a turban.

like a mere speck on the surface of the plain, making direct for another rocky hill, about two miles distant.

"Now, my lads, go along," cried Mansfield, giving Challenger his head, and urging him at once to the top of his speed. "He has got a tremendous start, and nothing but hard riding will avail us now; for, if once he gains yonder hill, our horses, blown as they must be will stand but little chance of bringing him to action."

The Boar, finding himself hitherto unpursued, had been cantering along, at an easy pace, so that his pursuers gain upon him rapidly at first; but, no sooner did he hear the clatter of hoofs behind him, than he turned half round, as if some faint idea of doing battle had crossed his mind, and then, uttering a gruff grunt, bounded off at a pace, which, had he been able to maintain it for any length of time, would have rendered pursuit hopeless.

"Now is the time to press him," cried Mansfield, urging his willing horse to still greater exertions, although the poor brute was already straining every nerve to the uttermost. "If we can only keep him at this pace, for another half-mile, we shall force the sulky brute to show fight, whether he will or no; and then, Charles, my boy, we shall have a first spear worth contending for."

They were now nearing the hill fast, and, as they approached it, the ground over which they rode, neck and girth, at such headlong speed, assumed every moment a more terrific appearance. In fact, it appeared almost miraculous that horses should be able to cross it at all; for, independently of the yawning ravines, and rocks, and thorny bushes which impeded their progress, the ground was so completely broken up by holes and fissures, just sufficiently concealed, by stunted grass, to prevent the rider seeing them, till his horse was in the act of flying over them, that, even at a foot's pace, a horseman would have found some difficulty in picking his steps over it. Still, they pressed forward with undiminished ardour, and, save a few desperate stumbles, no accident had yet occurred.

The Boar was evidently sinking fast, and the horsemen gaining upon him. Mansfield was already sufficiently near to mark the malignant twinkle of his little gray eye, as he glanced suspiciously over his shoulder, measuring the distance, and calculating whether he had better turn upon his pursuers, or make one more desperate effort to gain the shelter of the hill. But still the foaming brute kept beyond the reach of his spear.

"The devil take him, he'll beat us, after all," exclaimed Mansfield, driving the spurs madly into the flanks of his gasping horse, lifting him with both hands, and throwing him bodily forward—his heart smote him as he did so, for, even in the wild excitement of that moment, he could feel the gallant brute reeling under him with fatigue.

"Bravely done, my trusty Challenger," cried Mansfield, in an exulting tone. "One more such stride, and the spear is mine."

True to the last, the high-spirited creature once more answered to the spur; but it was like the last bound of a wounded deer. His trembling limbs gave way under him, and horse and rider rolled upon the ground. Next moment the Boar had reached the goal; and now, considering himself safe from further pursuit, began slowly to scramble up the rugged ascent, his lolling tongue, foaming jaws, and staggering gait, bearing ample testimony to the severity of the chase. Charles, whose

once fiery horse was now so effectually blown, that he no longer answered to the spur, except by a faint groan, seeing that the case was desperate, raised himself in the stirrups, and hurled his spear after the Boar; but the weapon fell harmless amongst the rocks, and the excited Boy, throwing himself from his reeling horse, stamped upon the ground with rage and vexation.

Reader, hast thou ever chased a goodly Boar over the scorching plains, and rocky hills of the Deccan, till thy blood boiled, and thy brain reeled, and thy best horse sunk under thy weight? Hast thou ever, at the very moment when thy thirsty spear quivered over his brawny back—yea, even as the death halloo was rising to thy lips, seen the foaming brute dash into the thorny jungle, or gain the sanctuary of inaccessible rocks? Hast thou ever seen him thus laugh at thy beard, whilst thou stoodest gnawing thy finger-ends in impotent wrath? If thou hast, but not unless, thou mayest be able to form some faint idea of our young Hog-hunter's feelings, as he watched the slow progress of the panting Boar; fancying that he could almost have overtaken him on foot, and yet knowing full well, that he was effectually beyond his reach. It was the very torment of Tantalus:—losing a fox is bad—missing a stag of ten, with both barrels of thine own favourite rifle—particularly if thou hast stalked him for the best part of a hot August day before getting the shot—is worse. But to be baffled by an old gray Boar, with tusks nine inches long, after having foundered thy best Hunter, and imbibed a sufficient quantity of caloric to keep all the juices in thy body up to the boiling point for the next twenty-four hours, is—is——. Discreet Reader, we leave thee, in the fulness of thy imagination, to fill up the blank, with any epithet thou thinkest most appropriate; if a Hog-hunter, thou wilt be at no loss; if not, we would venture to recommend something rather energetic.

“Well, there is an end of it, I suppose; for the devil himself would hardly attempt to face that pile of rocks,” said Charles, in a desponding tone, as he withdrew his longing eyes from the Boar, and addressed Mansfield, who, having replaced his battered hunting-cap, and shaken the dust from his clothes, was carefully examining Challenger's knees, to ascertain what damage they had sustained in the fall.

“It is bad riding-ground enough,” replied he, coolly; “but we must try it—the Boar is all but done for, and if we can only keep him in sight, and force him to cross the hill, we shall make short work of it in the plain beyond. Just keep your eye upon him, in the mean time, and see that he does not give us the slip again.”

The well-conditioned horses, although effectually blown by the severity of the first burst, soon recovered their wind, and the horsemen, remounting, began to climb the steep ascent, picking their steps with difficulty, and clambering amongst rocks and loose stones, where it appeared hardly possible, even for a goat, to find secure footing. Yet the hardy and sure-footed little Arabs, persevered. And, after a toilsome scramble, the hunters succeeded in driving the Boar over the crest of the hill, and had the satisfaction of seeing him fairly on his way towards the plain.

Here Mansfield reined up his horse for a moment, to let him recover breath; while he glanced his keen eye around, to discover the most practicable place for making a descent. Then, sitting well back, and grasping the reins firmly, he put spurs to his horse, and dashed, at

speed, down the rocky hill-side; which, although much less precipitous than the one they had ascended, was still sufficiently so, to have scared any other horseman than a desperate Hog-hunter, with his blood, as we said before, at the boiling point; and even for him to attempt it, on a tired horse, appeared little short of madness. At least so thought our friend the Doctor, who, having made the circuit of the hill, now appeared on the plain below, going along at a steady canter, and watching the progress of the reckless Horsemen, with fear and trembling.

“Od’s my life, but that’s awfu’!” muttered he, pulling up and clasp- ing his hands convulsively, as Charles’s horse made a desperate stumble, but was cleverly recovered by the steady hand, and good nerve, of his rider. “That Mansfield is just a perfect deevle incarnate when his blood is up. He’ll never rest till he makes that Laddy Charles as ill as himsel’, if he doesna break his neck and his ain too afore they get to the bot- tom o’ that brae, as it’s my opinion he will do. Lord sake! there’s another awfu’ stammer! They’ll surely be brained.”

But, in spite of the Doctor’s evil forebodings, the two Horsemen reached the plain in safety, not a hundred yards from the Boar’s haunches; and the gallant Macphee, fired by the sight, and forgetting in a moment all his prudent caution, dashed in the spurs and joined in the chase, with as much eagerness as if he had no neck to break.

The Doctor’s horse being comparatively fresh, now managed to keep pace with his companions; and the three Horsemen were riding abreast as the hunted Boar approached a deep and wide stream with precipitous banks. This, the Doctor fancied, must either bring him to bay or force him to alter his course; which, in consequence of a bend in the river, would have the effect of bringing him to close quarters.—An idea sud- denly flashed across his mind that, by making a desperate rush at this auspicious moment, he might immortalize himself by taking the spear of honour from the renowned Mansfield. Fired by this magnificent thought, the excited Macphee darted in the spurs, brandished his spear, and uttered a war-whoop, that made the old horse bound under him, as if he had been electrified. But to his astonishment, the Boar, instead of turning, plunged from the high bank without ever looking behind him; and—oh! horror!—his two wild companions, far from hesitat- ing, only urged on their horses to the desperate leap with redoubled fury.

“Stop! ye incarnate deevles!” roared the Doctor, striving desperately, but in vain, either to stop or turn his horse, for he was wedged in between the other two; and the hard-mouthed old hunter he bestrode, excited to madness, by the recollections of former glory, was not to be stopped by the power of man. “Stop, ye deevle’s buckies—stop, ye miss- leer’d loons. Is it going to drown yousels and me ye are, like the herd o’ swine possessed by evil speerits?—Stop! I say—stop—I canna soum, I canna soum—I’ll surely be drowned—I’ll—” here the Doctor’s exclamations were lost in a faint bubbling cry, as his unmanageable horse plunged with the others, over head and ears, into the middle of the stream; and by the time he returned to the surface, he was so nearly suffocated, that he could only give vent to his outraged feelings in strange inarticulate sounds. Mansfield, hearing the coughing, and spluttering of the poor Doctor behind him, turned half round, with the intention of going to his assistance; but, seeing that he still clung to his horse, and that the animal was swimming strongly, he called out to

him to hold on by the mane and fear nothing; and slipping himself out of the saddle to relieve his favourite horse, he swam by his side, supporting his head with one hand, and cheering him with his voice.

The Boar reached the opposite bank before the Horsemen were half-way across; shook the water from his dripping hide, and casting one malignant glance at his pursuers, trotted on sulkily for a short distance; then, as if aware that any further attempt at flight, over the wide expanse of plain which lay before him, would only be wasting his energies to no purpose, he wheeled suddenly round, erected his bristles, and stood resolutely at bay.

Mansfield at this moment emerged from the water, dripping like a River-God; and, seeing the warlike position assumed by the enemy, he uttered a shout of triumph, put spurs to his steaming horse, and charged him at speed—which, by the way, gentle reader, is the only safe manner of approaching a Boar at bay. The savage brute having now made up his mind to fight to the death, uttered a fierce grunt, and dashed forward to meet him. Mansfield's well-directed spear entered his chest, and passed out behind the shoulder; but, in spite of the severity of the wound, he still rushed forward, shattered the bamboo, and dashing under the belly of the unflinching Challenger, before Mansfield had time to wheel out of the way, succeeded in inflicting a deep and deadly gash, from which the bowels protruded in a shocking manner. Charles now dashed forward to despatch the wounded monster; but such was his strength and ferocity, that he rose staggering from the ground, rushed at the horse, knocked his forelegs from under him, and rolled him over, inflicting a cut across the shank-bones as clean as if it had been done by a razor. While he yet stood tottering, and meditating further mischief, the Doctor dashed up to him in the most gallant style, and shouting at the top of his voice, "That's second spear, ony how!" plunged the glittering blade into his heart. The frantic brute made one desperate effort to bite through the tough bamboo; but in that effort a stream of black blood, mingled with foam, gushed from his mouth; and uttering one shrill scream, in the weakness of expiring nature, he sank slowly to the ground and died.

Loud and long was the death holloo, with which the exulting Doctor proclaimed his victory. But poor Mansfield had not the heart to join in it. For him, the victory had been too dearly purchased. Sitting on the ground, with the head of his dying horse resting on his knees, he watched his glazing eye, and quivering limbs, with the solicitude of a mother hanging-over a sick child. The faithful and beautiful creature had been his companion in camp and in quarters, in battle and in the hunting-field, ever since he was a colt; he had shared his master's tent, and fed from his master's hand, and exhibited towards him all the affection of a dog. Smile not then, gentle Reader, nor call it weakness, when we tell thee that a tear rolled down the weather-beaten cheek of the hardy soldier, as his highly-prized and almost faultless steed, fixing his large mild eye upon his face, stretched forth his stiffening limbs, and sighed forth his last breath in a deep groan.

"He has died nobly," cried Mansfield, starting to his feet and dashing the unbidden tear from his eye. "But never, never shall I forget the hunt—that has cost me the life of my incomparable Challenger."

KOONDAH.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PETER PRIGGINS,*

COLLEGE SCOUT AND BEDMAKER.

PART II.

WHEN the 1st of May, 1839, had arrived, and with it the new number of the *New Monthly*, I, Peter Priggins, went to the nearest bookseller's and bought it, saying it was for one of the undergraduates of St. Peter's—though my paying ready money for it was quite sufficient to convict me of obtaining it under false pretences—it was not acting in character.

I confess I felt more nervous on this occasion than I had supposed possible, and hid the volume in my pocket as quickly and carefully as a young poacher would his first wired hare, or a charity-school boy the first-fruits of his nocturnal visit to a neighbouring orchard. "If," said I, "I should actually be in print!!" The very vertebræ of my back, which are usually bent slightly forward, from approaching old age, were immediately straightened, or rather curved, in a *vice versa* direction at the thought, and I hurried home to examine the bane or antidote of my anxiety—as the first peep might prove it to be—in private.

In vain I endeavoured to find the means of doing so at home. My old woman, by which familiar though fond title Mrs. P. is generally known in college, except by undergraduates, who call her "Old Mother Priggins," followed me from room to room with the same peculiarly suspicious or sagacious look, with which she used to regard me in our younger days, when she imagined I was going to devour the contents of a smuggled bottle of port "to my own cheek," that is, without allowing her an opportunity of proving herself my "better half." As her suspicions were roused, I felt convinced, that if she should leave the room, it would only be to listen at the door, and that the rustle of the uncut leaves of the *New Monthly* would be construed, by her overcharged imagination, into the *bobbling-wobbling* noise caused by me in *guggling* the wine from the neck of the bottle. I, therefore, like a skilful general, secured my success by a well-timed retreat.

It occurred to me that, as the college groves have been laid out at an enormous expense, for the express purposes of meditation in sweet solitude, and studious retirement, I should be sure to find them deserted. I accordingly sneaked in the back way, and found my expectations realized. I was alone! and hastily opening my newly-purchased treasure turned to the awful words,

"TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.,"

where I fully expected to see "Peter Priggins is an old fool! The editor's cook-maid, however, is grateful to him for a timely supply of curl-papers, so he may think himself lucky that his article has not proved altogether unserviceable;" or, "*solve senescentem equum*, you, Peter P. are the *old ass* alluded to;" or some kind hint of the sort—but no! I was "accepted," as the Freemasons say, so I got out

my bread and cheese knife, and as rapidly as my trembling hands would allow me, "cut my way bravely through," to the spot on which all my hopes of fame rested—and there, sure enough, I found *my article in printed characters!!!* I tried to read it—but in vain—I can't describe my feelings, or why I could not read in legible print what I had mumbled over and over again in illegible MS. ; nor can I say what I *did*, but I've a faint recollection of having made an excessive fool of myself in a private way—I do recollect rushing to the buttery, and asking for a pint of the dean's particular, which, I fancied, tasted more delicious than usual, and smacked my lips at the aroma that rested upon them.

"I consider," said Spigot the butler, evidently pleased at my appreciating his manufacture, "that that's the best beer in—"

"The *New Monthly Magazine*," said I.

"Oxford," continued Spigot. "Better was never brewed by—"

"The editor," said I, again lowering my jug.

"Messrs. Squashy and Washy, the great."

"Publisher in Great Marlborough-street," said I.

"Brewers," ended Spigot, who bore my interruptions with more philosophy than I should have given him credit for ; but that I am aware he is usually as full of beer of his own brewing, as I was then of the article of my own writing ; *id est*, "full to the bung." In saying that I was *composed* by my libation, I mean not to insinuate that Spigot used narcotics in his malt—he was too wide awake at all hours, though he kindly condescended to drink several quarts of his best, in the course of the day, *for* those gentlemen who forgot to drink it for themselves. *Great* is the enmity between him and a water-drinker ! *laudes redde domino !* But to return to me and my article. I did not say one word about it, even to my wife, that night ; but the next morning I stepped down to College, called on one of my old masters, and told him of my success. He ordered me to leave the book with him, and call again. I did so.

"Peter," said he, smiling, "you are an independent member of society ! take a bottle of the oldest port from the furthest bin, and drink success to your bantling. But," as he returned the book—"*draw it mild.*" I did as I was desired then, and mean to do so always.

As I found I had not offended my superiors by "my life and times," I wished to ascertain what my compeers would say about it ; and though I fully expected to meet with a share of the envy which invariably attends on superiority, I confess I did not expect precisely the reception I met with, on entering the parlour of the Shirt and Shot-bag,—a respectable public, where college-servants and little (*non quoad corpora*) tradesmen meet, to their mutual enlightenment on subjects private and public—*generally* in a peaceable and quiet way ; but on this occasion, "opinion," as Euripides says, "went divided through the warlike army of the scouts ;—to some, it seeming good, to others, not," that I should venture to risk the reputation of the fraternity, by becoming an author, and publishing to the world things "that ought to be hidden under many a leaf," as Flaccus has it.

To the elder brethren of the pail and pump-handle, my explanations were quite satisfactory ; but the younger branches of the profession

who were present, being enrolled as members of the new "institution for promoting the quicker march of mechanism and morality," were, of course, too conceited to listen to any one but themselves, and I was fearful of being obliged to resort to more powerful arguments than words, when the *ringing* of twenty or thirty bells saved me the trouble of performing that operation on their juvenile noses. College dinners were waiting for them—to wait on their masters—so they could not wait at the Shirt and Shotbag to annoy us any longer.

I found myself left in the company of my friends Broome, of — College, and Dusterly, of —, like myself, retired bedmakers—men who had wisely adopted Horace's motto, "*pone moras et studium lucri*," by giving up their lazy habits and hopes of extra fees, for the more rational, though no less professional delights of beer and *baccur*, as they invariably pronounce it at the "society of science and sociability," lately founded by Squashy and Washy, the great brewers before alluded to, in opposition to "The Society of Aquarians," who wish to substitute scalded succory for swipes, and the liquor of bad burnt beans for beer.

"Priggins," said Broome, after kindly taking the head off the pint I had just ordered in, and which he had a right to do, having the advantage of me by three inches in height, twelve in girth, and five years' seniority in college; "Priggins, I feel grateful to you for your services to college-servants, a race of men who have hitherto been expected to see all and say nothing—it becomes you, as a retired man, to be constantly before the public; and since the publication of Drunken Barnaby's journal, and the somniferous recipes of Cicero Kewkes, the public have been deprived of all opportunity of seeing into the nature of life in Oxford, the works which now and then emanate from the university press being too light for general reading, and but little known elsewhere. I trust, therefore, you will persevere; and any little help I can give you, command it; for, though not a dab at a dictionary, I'm down to all their doings, from fifty to five hundred a year."

"And I," said Dusterly, quietly absorbing the corpus of my pint, of which Broome had taken off the caput (*jam et sepultum mortuum*), leaving me no residuum; "I willingly pledge myself (I wished he had done it in his own beer) to haid so huseful a hobject."

I politely remarked that it was not necessary for him to lay so much stress on his words to convince me of his sincerity, and thought the most acceptable mode of proving my gratitude for their kind offers, was to order another pint, and drink their healths, and many thanks to them, for their obliging intentions, which I did in a bumper, and no heel-taps.

"I am particularly delighted," continued Broome, "with your remarks on the great ignorance one meets with *out of* Oxford; but knowing that fact, as you did and do, you ought to be more compassionate, and explain as you go along."

"Yes," chimed in Dusterly; "ow can you himagine has hany of them hignoramuses knows hany thing about a common-room or a bursar? I pledge myself (which he would have done in my jug again, if it had not been empty) to prove that they fancy a common-room is a coffee-room at a hinn; and a bursar a bagman, from your description

of his coming him hoff a journey, and drinking his bottoms of brandy."

"And I wonder," resumed Broome, "what they take a scout and bedmaker to be?"

"I'll bet pints round," said Dusterly, chuckling at his notion, "they fancy him a hamphibious hanimal,—a cross between a harrand-boy and a chambermaid."

"Well, gentlemen," said I, "I'm obliged by the hints you have given me; but I feel easy on that subject, as some of our old masters, who are scattered every where over the face of the globe, will readily explain these difficulties if referred to. So, as you, Mr. Dusterly, seem to have got your steam up, perhaps you would favour me with a few more valuable hints?"

"No," said Dusterly; "I never like to happeer *too* knowing:—it gets a man into a scrape sometimes."

"True," remarked Broome; "I know a case in point, which occurred to an old Westminster—I heard him tell it at a wine-party, up one of my staircases, No. 4, Tom Quad, three pair to the left. The conversation was running high, about racing, and hunting, and so on—and a little freshman was going no-end-up pace about what he had done and could do, and so on,—as freshmen are wont to do,—when the old Westminster pulled him up all of a heap, with a double chiney, as they said, by giving him a broad hint how to behave himself, which I will tell you in his own words, as nigh as I can remember them. It was when Sir Thomas Mostyn was alive; so I call it

A DAY WITH SIR THOMAS.

"When I came up to reside," he began, "I confess I knew little of riding, much less of hunting; and the little knowledge I had of riding was more theoretical than practical; my performances having been limited to the donkey which we bullied on the common at home in the holidays, and the old pony that had carried the whole family for twelve years at least; whose hide was stick-proof, and whose paces were reduced to two—one, slow, lingering and unwilling *from* the stable; another quicker, livelier, and sometimes attended with indecent capers *to* his rack and manger. Still, while at Westminster, whenever hunting fox or hare was talked of, or coursing or racing (steeple-chasing was not invented then, the country not being too thickly populated), I feel unwilling to acknowledge that my father was either too poor, too stingy, or too timid to allow me to join in these manly amusements; and by picking up a few slang phrases from others, sneaking about the livery-stables in Westminster, chaffing with the grooms and coachmen, while waiting for their masters about 'the houses,' I began to talk loudly of bulfinches and raspers, the long tails and the slips; and offered and took the odds on the favourite for the Derby or the Leger; and by my skill in ledging and making up a book, not only astonished my friends, but myself. In short, I told more lies about the matter in one day then, than I could now invent in a week.

"My great misfortune was, as you will see by and by, that I could lie in safety, as our racing at school was confined to boat-racing, and our hunting to running after one another, sometimes with a strongish

scent in the air too in Tothill-fields, and I talked so *well* and so *off-handedly*, that no one dreamed I was coming Munchausen over him.

“ I was once very nearly caught out at it ; *unfortunately* I was not. According to my account, my father, though he did not actually keep the hounds of the Northamptonshire hunt, was by far the largest subscriber to them, and had the management of the kennel ; kept six hunters for his own use, having always two out in the field and hunting three times a week, besides cover-hacks, buggy-horses, and ponies for us boys.

“ I had told this story so often, that I not only imposed upon others, but began to entertain some doubts myself whether it was merely imaginary, when, one day, as I was standing, talking *sporting*, and making a lash of twisted string to tie on to a hooked stick, as a feeble imitation of a hunting-whip, a new boy was brought in, and of course subjected to the usual pertinent, if not *impertinent* questions, ‘ What’s your name—eh spoony ? ’ with a cut on the face.

“ ‘ Stig—Stig—Stig—Stiggins,’ replied the novelty, blubbing at the unexpected warmth of his welcome.

“ ‘ Come, none o’ that, you little beggar,’ said another boy, who, setting matters even, by an application to his heads antipodes, asked him, ‘ What’s your governor ? ’

“ ‘ A p—p—pars—parson.’

“ ‘ What ! do you mean a methodist parson ? ’ and to try his Christian humility he was smitten on the other cheek likewise.

“ ‘ No ; he’s rec—rec—rector of Clodpole-cum-Bumpkin in Northamptonshire.’

“ ‘ All right ! how much money have you got—eh ? did your governor stump up like a brick—eh ? ’

“ ‘ A suf—sufferin,’ so he had, poor devil, ‘ and if I want any more, I’m to ask a boy named John Hallum for some—he’s our squire’s son.’

“ ‘ Hullo ! Jack Hallum ! here ! you’re wanted,’ cried twenty voices to me at once, as I was sneaking off the moment I heard the brat’s name and address. “ Here’s a little kivey from your part of the world, who says you’re to be his banker, for he knows you at home ; and I dare say his mother expects you to wash his feet and comb his hair. Have you got a small-tooth and scrubbing brush, you little varmint ? ’

“ Poor Stiggins, to whom this was addressed, stared in amazement at a question he could not understand ; but, before it could be repeated, one of the big boys, who had, perhaps, doubted the genuineness and authenticity of some of my *strainers*, or was vexed at his own being eclipsed by them, came up, and in a kinder tone than little Stiggins had yet heard in college, inquired how far he lived from me, ‘ Only just outside the park.’

“ ‘ And how many horses does old Hallum keep, my little man ? ’

“ ‘ Two now, a four-wheeler and the postman’s pony,—that un as you broke his knees, master John,’ meaning me.

“ I saw a knowing wink and a meaning smile pass round the circle of my old admirers, and I knew how thoroughly I was *done*, if once found out, so giving Stiggins a flick on his haunches with the whip—catching him by the scruff of his neck, ‘ Come here you little lying son

of a tithe-pig,' said I, 'come with me, and I'll oblige your governor and governess by taking care of you as you deserve.'

"I lugged him off to my room as quickly as I could, and there told him, that as I chose my father to have six hunters, &c. &c., he must back my assertions; and I'd say his father kept his carriage, and his sisters had a grand-piano; but if he dared to split on me, I'd not only swear his father was cut by all the county for going drunk to a funeral, but that his eldest sister had had a child by the gardener.

"This, and the sight of the whip I was just finishing off, had the desired effect, and I told more lies, of a much superior description, than I did before his arrival, appealing to him for confirmation of them—with, 'Didn't I, Stiggins?'—'Of course—to be sure—I remember it well.' It was not likely that he had *forgotten* what he had never heard of before.

"When I went down to Oxford to enter, I got up enough information in my old way, to return and give the most splendid description of a run I had had with the Craven, that beat Tom Smith's out and out; so that when I came into residence, I was expected to be a very fast man, and had to tell more lies than ever, to explain how the governor was selfish enough to keep all his horses at home, and to threaten me with stopping the supplies, if I ever hunted or rode up at Oxford.

"But '*culpam pœna premit comes*,' as Horace very justly observes. That same big boy, now a little man, Tom Sharpe by name, who had always suspected me at school, was doubtless confirmed in his views of my character, and laid a trap for me. He invited me to a wine-party at his rooms, and as the champagne circulated, and the claret flowed, my ideas enlarged, and I certainly succeeded in astonishing every man there, even an A.B., of master's standing.

"Tom Sharpe, who saw the time was come, rose and proposed my father's health, as a man to whom the county of Northampton was deeply indebted for his zeal and liberality, in promoting the noble sport of fox-hunting.

"'Hallum and the hounds! Hip—hip—hip—hurrah! Nine times nine! One cheer more! Yoicks!—tally ho!—hark forward!—go it ye cripples!—jingle, jingle, jingle—crash, smash, rattle—rap, rap, rap—who-oo!' and down sat the company, exhausted with their efforts to do honour to me and the toast.

"I replied modestly and appropriately, which elicited a fainter repetition of the former cheers. When they had subsided,

"'I say, old fellow!' said Tom Sharpe, 'we've heard you talk a good deal about your leaps and all that, and devilish well you do *talk*, but we've never seen you *do* it. Now I'll give you a mount to-morrow. You shall ride my Randy-rasper—we have an excellent meet, and shall have capital sport—sure to find, and in a country that will just suit you, who prefer brooks to stone walls.'

"'Hurrah!' cried the rest, 'you're a capital fellow, Tom—wish you'd mount us all.—You can't refuse, Hallum—eh?'

"In vain I hinted at my vow to the governor—my being obliged to go to three lectures, and my private coach on the morrow; and, as a last resource, to the fact, of my boots and breeches—white cords were all the go then—being left in the country, and my pink being quite too

small for me. I was promised every thing for a complete set-out, and went to bed nearly dead drunk, with the pleasing conviction on what little of my mind I had left, that I should be quite *dead* next night, without the satisfaction of being *drunk* too.

"If going to sleep was bad enough under this impression, what were my feelings on awakening in the morning? I sat up in bed—my head aching ready to split—my tongue feeling like a bit of stale hung-beef in my parched mouth. My stomach!—oh! dear!—and my nervous system not shaken, but completely shattered. At last I consoled myself with the thought that my crippled state was just the lucky thing to release me from my unlucky engagement, and I was trying to write a note to Tom Sharpe, containing, in a shaky scrawl, a piteous statement of my case, and begging to be excused, when his servant entered my room, with a pair of *tops* in one hand, and the rest of the dress for the 'character' I fancied I should play for that 'one day only' in the other; and touching his hair with one finger, said,

"Master's compliments, sir, the grub's on the table, and the trap ordered a quart-arter nine, and he hopes as ow you'll clean yourself as quick as bricks."

"But, James," said I, "I really feel very ill; I was just going to send a note to your master, to say I could not join him to-day."

"Master von't take no excuse," replied James, looking determined, *propositi tenax*, "for he knows you was bosky last night, and in course, qualmy this morning; and the physic's ready what'll set you all right in *no time*."

"Physic?"

"Yes, a hot mash as you'll lap up in *no time*, and feel yourself as full of beans as a grocer's coffee-mill; but I must cut my lucky, sir, as master's a vaiting to be rubbed down ready for starting."

"As James or Jim, as his familiars called him, would not await any further expostulation, I began to dress; and imitating as closely as I could the correct men of that day, taking particular care to slew the buttons at the knees well forward in a slanting-dicular direction, and to push the boots down into the most desirable wrinkles; I put my hat on knowingly, with the ribbon fluttering in sight, which was to be confined to my collar as a *beaver-catcher* during the run, and putting my heavy-handed whip under my left arm, with the lash dangling about, squared my elbows, pulled on my Woodstocks, and started, not a little pleased at my personal appearance, which I took care should not be lost on the college; for I went under one excuse to the buttery, and another to the kitchen; then stood in quad, and called loudly for my scout; and when I thought all had been sufficiently gratified with the sight of the gentleman in pink, I turned out of college and walked to — Coll, at the same deliberate pace, and with the same gracious intentions to the public in general, as I had just evinced to my own college in particular, which induced a little dirty-nosed snob to cry out to one of his friends,

"I say, Bill, twig that ere *scarlet-runner*;—an't he vun to go the pace?"

"I felt the insult, but did not express my indignation; and climbing up to Tom Sharpe's garret, found him, with two other men, pitching into underdone beefsteaks and kidneys, and washing them down with

porter, in a way that surprised and disgusted me not a little, for they were just as drunk as I was overnight.

“ ‘Hulloh! old fellow,’ cried Tom, ‘why you haven’t been fool enough to come out in pink without your great-coat and leggings on? You’ll nap it, my boy! You know your dons won’t stand that.—But come, fall to—time’s short—weather muggy—roads woolly, and whipcord scarce.’

“ I shuddered at the food, like a Jew at a pork shop; which Tom observing, he went on—

“ ‘Beg pardon, old fellow,—I forgot Jim said you were off your feed, and wanted a drench,—here, put your muzzle into this, and mop it up as quick and as hot as you can, and I’ll bet the long odds you’ll be all right before we get to Bicester.’

“ He put a neat little silver tankard into my *fore foot*, as he called my hand, and the very odour of it was enough to gratify a dowager-duchess—the taste!—ye gods!—but as I’m not selfish, I’ll tell you the contents—*probatum est*.—

“ Boil four glasses of jelly in a pint of the best Madeira, in a *silver* vessel—add two glasses of Curaçoa and a little *powdered* cinnamon, cloves, mace, and nutmeg!!—a drink for *two*!!—the which, if they don’t ‘drinkee for drunkee,’ they’ll get ‘drunkee for drinkee.’

“ After imbibing about half a pint of this ambrosial nectar, and nibbling a hot ginger-nut, I felt much better, and rather saucy. Jim came in to say the buggies were ready; and the trio, lighting their cigars, in which I could not venture to join them, we started for Kickum’s livery-stables.

“ ‘Now,’ said Tom, ‘tumble in, old fellow; I’m waggoner—you pay pikes.—The *old* flogger, Jim; the clouds look watery.’ So taking a shabby, but straight-cropped whip from Jim, and sticking it upright by his side, away we went at a trot about fourteen miles an hour, with our two friends in a hack dennet behind, making up by a gallop now and then.

“ When we got to Deakins’s, at Bicester, where we were to leave the buggy and mount our horses, I felt so very queer again, that Tom thought the dose he had administered before starting had failed for once; so, ringing the bell he ordered a bottle of brown stout and some bread and cheese.

“ ‘I always,’ said he, ‘stick to the *Brunonian* system, and keep up to the mark—you’ll feed a little now, and be all right soon.’

“ I tried to eat, but my larynx, or fauces, or whatever the pill-grinders call one’s swallow, felt so dry, I could not; so, pouring down two tumblers of the stout, I proposed to be off. Having made up my mind to be killed, I thought the sooner the *throw off* took place the better. The *suspense* is the worst part of it, as the man allowed, previously to his being *turned off*.

“ I found Randy-rasper in the yard, and mounted her successfully, and felt as long as we kept the road it would be ‘all right,’ as Jim said; but we *met* just out of the town, and, in less than five minutes, found ourselves among a hundred and fifty men, at least.

“ Uninitiated as I then was in the mysteries of Nimrodism, I could twig the difference between the regular-bred old stagers and the young would-be’s, and comforted myself with the conviction that I was not

the only fool going to 'risk his reputation on a horse's back;' and if Tom had allowed me to sneak about where I liked I should have done very well; but neither he nor his mare would allow me to part company, so great was her attachment to her master, or his horse, her fellow-slave.

"I won't detain you with an account of the hounds and horses, or the names, weights, and colours of the riders; suffice it to say, all was done that judgment and skill could suggest, but Pug could not be found; and after trying five or six covers we found ourselves—at a place called Claydon (upper, middle or east, I forget which)—obliged, to my secret delight, and Tom Sharpe's evident disgust, to give it up as a blank day; at the same time, I of course outwardly d—d my ill-luck, and was congratulating myself on showing off in a quiet canter to Bicester on the turnpike road, and lying like blazes when I got to college again, when a tall, gentlemanly-looking man, on a splendid gray—his scarlet frock and stained tops, looking like work—rode up, and addressing Tom, who, I thought at the time, looked wicked, 'presumed we were Oxford men, and that our hacks were at Bicester; and, if we would allow him, would show us across country, and save us two miles at least, especially as our hunters were fresh!'

"Tom thanked him, and after making a few observations on the day, and the scarcity of foxes, he turned through a gap into a grass ground, and cantered gently ahead—Tom next, and I in the rear. I liked it amazingly at first, and clearing two furrows, at least eighteen inches wide, and a narrow ditch into the next ground, without losing a stirrup, began to fancy I could *do* it as it should be.

"Our pace gradually quickened, still nothing occurred to frighten me, till we came to a gaping ditch, full of water, with what I thought an awful hedge on the other side. 'You must run them at it gentlemen,' said our guide, and he and Tom were over in *no time*, as Jim would have said. 'Forward!' cried both, and away I went, Jupiter only knows how or where; but I stuck on somehow, and found myself going along, at a slapping pace, over a deep fallow—then partly through, and partly over, a stiff thorn fence—then between two ash-trees, so close together as to threaten destruction to both my knees at once. Here my hat being knocked off, and bounding against my back, still holding on by the ribbon, made the sort of rattling noise the dealers make with their hats and sticks, when they are 'showing out a horse.' This put Randy-rasper on her mettle, and my knees beginning to grow weak, and my strength to fail me, I shouted out as loud as I could to 'pull up;' but Tom, purposely and maliciously mistaking my shouts, joined with our leader in 'Yoicks! forward! well done my boy—go it!' I gave myself up as lost—I seemed to fly, or rather hedges, trees, brooks, walls, and houses seemed to fly by me and I to stand stock-still. The last thing I recollect *seeing* was a hah-hah! with an enormous wall and a wire fence on the top of it. I closed my eyes in the last agonies of despair, and opened them again, as I thought, after a minute or even a second, though it appears I was insensible for nearly an hour. I am *now* convinced I was *not sensible* when I started from Oxford.

"When I came to myself I found I was sitting on the ground, with my back against a tree, our leader, Sir Harvey Takenwith, and Tom

Sharpe, standing over me, and spunging my face with their handkerchiefs, which they had soaked in a neighbouring duck-pond.

“ ‘Well, old fellow,’ said Tom, ‘worth ten stiff ones yet; but you’ve spoilt your beauty.’

“ ‘All right now,’ said the baronet, ‘here we are in Trottington Park; I’ll get the mare caught, give you some lunch, and send you on to Bicester in my trap.’

“ In trying to thank him I lisped most wofully, and putting my hand to my mouth found I had knocked out four front teeth; and, on further examination, had cut a regular canal out of my forehead, around which Tom had bound my neckerchief. Luckily no bones were broken, the only further damage was the loss of my hat, which I supplied at the park, and one of my spurs, which was afterwards found and dug out of the pommel of my saddle.

“ I need not tell you that I could *eat* nothing. I took, by the advice of our kind but mischief-loving entertainer, a large glass of cold without, and got back to college as sore and miserable as any poor devil could be. I sneaked into bed, and would never have got up again, if my tutor had not insisted on seeing me the next morning.

“ I rose and went to his rooms, looking like ‘a figure in plaster’—only not so classical.

“ ‘Take a *seat*, sir,’ said he. Now this was doubtless well meant—but human nature could not endure it.

“ ‘All the rest is *leather*,’ as Dr. Pangloss says; but if he had been in my place he would not have spoken so contemptuously of *leather*. We never know the value of a thing till we *lose* it—I respectfully begged to receive his remarks standing.

“ ‘Mr. Hallum! hem! you were not at chapel yesterday, sir, either in the morning or evening—*mane nocturne*—you were absent from all your college lectures, losing my entertaining and invaluable annotations on the several topics under discussion—and you did not dine in hall—these are your *negative* crimes. You were *positively* weak enough, to use a mild term for fool and ass enough, to strut about quad in a dress—borrowed too, I’m informed—forbidden by the laws of this college, and the statutes of the university. You will therefore translate all your lectures, confine yourself to hall, chapel, and college; I shall cross your name on the buttery and kitchen books, and—*think yourself WELL OFF.*’

“ Fortunately for me it was discovered that I had been out in a gig, without leave, and my sentence was commuted to restriction for two terms—of course I destroyed the tutor’s letter, which conveyed the tidings of my disgrace to my father, and substituted a doctor’s certificate of ill health, recommending country air, and especially *horse exercise*.

“ Thus the old adage was verified in me ‘*omnibus in malis aliquid boni inest*’—(which some translate, ‘there’s always some *boneing*, i. e. thieving going on in those rascally omnibuses.’) I escaped quizzing, and Tom Sharpe came up again with a sound and firm seat, and not afraid to face any country.

“ So now give me one more cigar, and I’ll toddle off to my perch, “to sleep, perhaps to dream, of Trottington Park.”

“Broome,” said I, when he had done. “I feel obliged to you

for your story, and with your leave, will adopt it in my next number."

"Why, as to adopt," replied he; "if you mean by adopt—to call it your own, it's a lie; but if you choose to treat us to a paper of bird's-eye, and three quarts of the best beer, you may swear it's a child of your own, for all I care—you're not the first man by some hundreds who has got credit, and profit too, from *adopting* another man's notions and ideas! Adopting children is not near so common nor profitable."

"Hand has the heditor will be ignorant hof hit, you need not esitate," called out Dusterly, as he rose and made a hanticipatory happlication to the bell "for orders"—not theatrical orders, for I paid 2*s.* 4½*d.* for them, whereas the others are free gratis for nothing."

When I had discussed my share of the beer and bird's-eye, I parted from my friends with my usual politeness and punctuality—for I always *tea* at six; and as I bent my "homeward way," as the Curfew says in Goldsmith, and conned over Broome's story in order to recollect it sufficiently to turn it into writing—a very difficult thing let me tell you for a young author of nigh seventy—I could not help congratulating the coroner of the university—for we collegians don't condescend to let county or city body-searchers sit upon us, but keep a private one for our own convenience—I say I could not help congratulating our man on being so seldom called upon to exercise the disagreeable duties of his honourable office; considering the number of boys that come up from school, and fancy themselves men all at once, and though they were never outside a horse in all their previous states of existence, go and give eight shillings to commit suicide on an Oxford hack, when they might effect their object, and have a cold bath too, for nothing, their corpses when "found drowned" being sent home to their anxious mothers without a mark upon them. I can only account for the miracle in one way, which is, that the livery-stable-keepers, hackmen, as we call them, are as clever, almost, as we scouts, and know their men at first sight—keeping horses to suit all sorts, just as they used in Macheath's time in the gaols, to keep fetters to fit all sizes of limbs and purses.

As to a scout, if he is possessed of any judgment and discrimination, *i. e. nous*, combined with practice, he can detect a green one the moment he sees him—*how*, I will explain in some future number:—a public schoolboy will sometimes cause a minute or two's hesitation; but your private-pupil at 300*l.* per annum, and two glasses of wine after dinner—you can't mistake *him*!—he invariably looks as if he had been brought up by two maiden aunts, encouraged to keep tame rabbits, eat moist-sugared bread-and-butter, and indulge in such other little enjoyments which "need no foreign aid nor sympathy." I'm not over fond of them.

P. P.

(*To be continued.*)

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

NINE o'clock had just struck at the Imperial Palace at Fontainebleau. Napoleon, seated by the fire-side with Marie Louise, was enjoying that freedom of conversation and familiarity he was so fond of. Never had his noble and antique features assumed so joyous and so natural an expression. He laughed, he chatted, he joked; and a stranger entering by chance, would have had much difficulty in recognising the Emperor in that little stout man, lolling with so much *nonchalance* in an arm-chair.

He poked the fire with the tip of his boot, rubbed his hands with glee, and with playful and tender sallies, provoked Marie Louise to venture upon some French phrases as yet strange to her, which she disfigured with a German frankness so irresistibly droll, that Napoleon burst into fits of laughter.

The Empress, half angry, half smiling, came and sat upon the knee of her husband. At the same moment the door opening, the soldier-like face of Duroc presented itself.

"Sire," said he, "the Italian artist is arrived."

"Conduct him here immediately," replied the Emperor, at the same time pushing back his arm-chair, he left a space for the new comer between the Empress and himself.

The visiter, on entering, made a profound bow to the two illustrious personages into whose presence he was admitted; and at the desire of Napoleon, took a seat near the fire.

"Welcome to France, my dear Canova," said the Emperor, in one of his kindest accents. "But how pale and thin you have become since I last saw you. You must certainly leave Rome and come to reside in Paris. The air of the capital will restore you to health and vigour. See how well we are," continued he, taking in his hand the fresh and rosy chin of Marie Louise.

"Sire, you must attribute my ill health to the fatigue of my occupations, not to the air of my country. To leave Rome altogether, would be impossible for me; indeed, it would be fatal to me."

"Paris is the capital of the arts. You must stay here, I desire it," said the husband of the pretty German, in a commanding tone, on a sudden assuming the Emperor.

"Your Majesty may dispose of my life; but if you wish it to be devoted to your service, sire, grant me permission to return to Italy as soon as I have finished the bust of her majesty, the Empress, which I am about to undertake."

"Devil's in the man," exclaimed the Emperor, "he refuses to remain with me! You see, Louise, he has no other ambition than to be the greatest sculptor in the world. He longs to leave us to return to Rome to resume his labours, and present to the world another such a work as his 'Terpsichore,' 'Pâris,' 'Les Danseuses,' 'Venus,' or the 'Magdalen.'"

The conversation then became more general: they talked of the "Excavations" continued by the Borghese family of Italian artists, of the "Colonne Vendôme," and a thousand other topics. Nothing was

new to Napoleon, who conversed with a perfect knowledge of every subject, and a wonderful clearness of perception.

Canova could not contain his surprise and admiration.

"How is it possible for your majesty to divide your attention between so many different matters?" exclaimed he.

"I have sixty millions of subjects," replied Napoleon, with a smile; "eight or nine hundred thousand soldiers, a hundred thousand horse. The Romans themselves had not so many; I have commanded at forty battles. At Wagram I fired a hundred thousand cannon-balls, and this lady, who was then Archduchess of Austria, desired my death." At this he pulled the ear of Marie Louise, who answered with a droll imitation of her German accent. "Il être bien frai." "I think," said the Roman artist, "things now wear a different aspect."

"Oh! Cela est bien vrai," said Marie Louise; this time in the best French possible, kissing the emperor's hand tenderly, who taking the young creature by the waist, made her sit upon his lap, but as she blushing resisted, "Bah! bah!" said Napoleon; "Canova is a friend, and we don't make ceremonies with friends, besides he is himself of a tender and susceptible nature, and will be delighted to witness the happiness of an affectionate couple."

"Listen to me, Louise, and I will relate to you a romantic story, the hero of which you may easily guess; you will then judge if those who love each other ought to feel restraint before Canova."

He kissed Marie Louise, and keeping her still upon his knee, began. "In the province of Trevisa there is a little village, called Possagno. In this place was born and reared the son of an architect, whose father died at the early age of twenty-seven, and whose mother married a second time, 'Sartori di Crepano.'

"At four years old, the child, by name Antonio, was intrusted to the care of its grandfather, who treated it with much severity. By him it was sent to pass an autumn at Pradazzi, two or three leagues from Possagno, at the house of an Italian senator, a friend of his, whose name was Faliero. The latter observing the intelligence of the little peasant, and pleased with the ability he evinced in carving stone, and shaping clay, placed him as a pupil with a clever sculptor called Toretto."

"What! your majesty knows all these minute details of my private life?" exclaimed Canova in surprise.

"I know many more," replied Napoleon maliciously, and he continued.

"Toretto was a man of strict morals, but however narrowly he may have watched his favourite pupil, Antonio found means to escape from the Atelier now and then to go and dance at the village *fêtes*. He was then only sixteen. Amongst the gay throng of peasants assembled together during the vintage to dance the tarantella, there was one whose charms captivated his heart, Bettina Biasi; she was just fourteen. Her large black eyes sparkled with animation, her waist was so tapering two hands could span it, her hair, the loveliest that ever adorned a maiden."

A sigh escaped from the bosom of Canova.

The Emperor pressed the hand of Marie Louise, that she might remark that sigh, and without interrupting his recital, continued—

"Antonio was enthusiastic, and in love. As for the grandfather, he

was much less moved by the fascinations, than by the marriage portion of Bettina, which was considerable, particularly for the poor apprentice to a sculptor.

"The parents of both, formed projects of uniting them; arrangements for their marriage were drawing to a close, when Toretto and the Senator chanced to hear of it.

"They reflected that this union would destroy the prospects of their *protégé*, and determined to prevent it.

"One evening, they entered the chamber of Antonio, commanded him to follow them; and notwithstanding his tears, his resistance, and despair, carried him to Venice, where they confined him during a whole year.

"All endeavours to escape proved fruitless. The enamoured youth finding his return to Pradazzi impossible, was compelled to seek consolation in the study of his favourite pursuit—sculpture.

"The talent and reputation of the young man soon spread abroad; his celebrity was established—he became rich—his society was courted by all, and the memory of Bettina Biasi was gradually erased from his mind.

"At the same time, the arts and blandishments of another little coquette, Dominica, took the place in his affections. She was the daughter of the sculptor, Volpato.

"Proposals of marriage were made; but as Dominica was yet young, a postponement was agreed upon till the following year. Alas! before that time, Dominica bestowed her hand on Raphael Morghen.

"The poor deserted lover was in despair at this new piece of treachery."

At this part of the recital, Canova fell into a deep fit of musing and melancholy, unconscious of what was passing around him.

"His health gave way. His physicians and friends recommended him to return and breathe the air of his native village.

"(Were Corvisart here, he would say this was a remedy the faculty do not believe in, but nevertheless it always succeeds.)

"Antonio set off on his journey.

"On his approach to his native place, the thoughts of Bettina Biasi, that charming, that lovely girl, so disinterested in her love for him, rushed upon his imagination more fresh, and more engaging than ever.

"'Oh!' cried he, 'how ungrateful have I been to neglect and forget her!'

"Dismissing from his mind all remembrance of Dominica, he dreamt only of Bettina Biasi. He pictured to himself the delight he should experience in again clasping her to his bosom.

"His heart beat with hope and joy, and whilst he was resolving within himself, to proceed next day without fail to Pradazzi, he perceived the village spire of Possagno before him.

"Too much agitated to remain in the slow 'vetturino,' he alighted and continued his journey on foot by a short road, until he arrived at the gate of the little town.

"At this moment a crowd of young men who are awaiting his arrival, and perceive him approach, fill the air with shouts of welcome, surround and embrace him.

"He stands without the power of speech, his heart throbs within him, his eyes are filled with tears.

"The road is strewed with laurel-branches and evergreens, all the inhabitants of Possagno, women, children, and old men, in holiday costume line the road, and salute the celebrated youth.

"The venerable Toretto, the old master of Canova, folds him in his arms, weeping over him. At a distance approach the mother of Canova, his stepfather, and behind them, a female bathed in tears.

"*'Bettina! mia Bettina!'* cried Canova.

"She stretches out her hand to him, he is about to speak, when the bells of the village sound a merry peal, salvos of musketry rend the air, and the curate at the head of his clergy, singing the "*Te Deum*," advances in his clerical robes, kneels down, and returns thanks to Providence for having granted to Possagno a child so renowned as Canova. The aged priest then passes his arm through that of Canova, his mother leans on the other, and the procession conducts the hero in triumph to his grandfather, whose infirmities confine him to his house."

"Ah! sire, sire! let me entreat you not to continue a recital which awakens such cruel and such sweet recollections," interrupted Canova, sobbing.

But Napoleon was too much pleased with the impression he had made on his listeners to think of stopping. Marie Louise had several times wiped the tears from her eyes.

"Listen to the rest," resumed he, addressing the empress, "we are coming to the *dénouement*, which is well worthy of the rest of the story."

"The day following, as Canova was entering the little garden of his grandfather, he saw Bettina Biasa approaching him.

"Five years had diminished nothing of her beauty, except that she was pale, and resembled one of his own white marble statues.

"*'O Bettina! Bettina!'* cried he, 'will you pardon me my ingratitude, and confer on me a happiness I scarcely deserve. I had not yet seen you, when all the fervent and tender affection I once bore you returned upon me with increased strength.'

"*'Listen!'* said Bettina, whose voice trembled with emotion, 'listen! Antonio Mio,—I suffered much when I learnt that you were to be married to Dominica, but I felt even then, dearest friend, that the humble village girl of Pradazzi, the daughter of a peasant, the affianced of the apprentice, Antonio, could never be the wife of the celebrated Canova. Nevertheless, I refused several offers of marriage, and for five years I lived upon the recollection of him I loved. But when I heard that you were about to return to Possagno, when I concluded, from my own feelings that you would not be able to see me again without emotion—when I reflected that we might be both weak enough to renew intimacies rendered unreasonable by your present position, I was anxious to save us both, not only the possibility of yielding, but also the agitation and struggles we should have to undergo—I married.'

"*'Married! you married!'*

"*'About eight days ago, to a deserving young man who has sought my hand for four years.'*"

"Oh! that was a noble and worthy creature," cried Marie Louise.

Canova had left his seat, and had gone to lean his head against the window to conceal his grief.

A knock came to the door, and the Minister of Police, the Duc d'Otrante, put in his plain but expressive head.

"Really, M. le Duc, you could not have arrived at a more opportune moment.

"See the effect I have produced, thanks to the information you have procured me from Italy, within the last few days.

"Adieu, Canova," continued he, gently patting the shoulder of the artist. "Employ yourself in making the bust of my wife, and when you have finished it, if you still persist in returning to Italy, I suppose we must let you go.

"Good night ! I have business with M. le Duc d'Otrante. Ah ! it is a hard life that of emperor," said he, "it is not often I have an evening to myself, and a pleasant chat with my wife and a friend, near the fire.

"Now, come M. le Duc." And he went out with the minister.

We must not omit to add, that this was the evening of the 11th October, 1810, and that the Emperor, Marie Louise, and Canova, were in the same room, and near the same fire place, where Napoleon signed his abdication on the 11th of April, 1814.

SKETCHES OF ILLYRIA, ITALY, AND THE TYROL.

BY THE REV. G. R. GLEIG.

CHAP. I.

Fiume and the Porta Hungorica.

THE first steady beams of the morning sun were just beginning to break through, when on the 14th of August, 1837, the wheels of the carriage, in which I sat a wounded and weary man, rattled upon the paved streets of Fiume. To gain this point my son and I had been carried across that branch of the Julian Alps which, separating Croatia from Carniola, continues its downward sweep, till it touches the shores of the Adriatic at the lower extremity of Dalmatia.

It had been a glorious drive, and was performed at a glorious season, under the influence of a full harvest-moon, and during a night, the refreshing coolness of which told with remarkable effect upon our feverish frames: yet neither by him nor by me, could much account be taken of the beauties, which every bend and turn in the road opened out before us. As to the boy, he slept upon the knees of our kind friends soundly and happily. His hurts were all forgotten; and his very dreams, I dare say, brought to him visions of home, rather than memories of the strange and perilous scenes through which he had just passed; but with me the case was different. I could not even rest my head upon the pa-

nels of the carriage, and to sleep in a perfectly upright position is not very easy. Well pleased, therefore, was I, when it was announced to me by one of our companions that the summit of the range had been gained; and that another hour or two of continual and rapid descent, would bring us to the end of our toilsome journey.

I do not know how far it may be necessary to state, that the journey in question was performed, after my son and I had been delivered out of the hands of the ruffians, from whom, among the mountains of Croatia, we had suffered so severely. Our companions in travel were Mr. Hill, the British vice-consul at Fiume, to whose exertions we owed our deliverance; a legal gentleman, whom the governor had despatched to assist the consul with his advice; and a medical man, by birth a Neapolitan, who had served in the French army under Napoleon, and was now a private practitioner in Fiume. I trust that I shall not appear unmindful of my obligations to the latter, if I confess that his behaviour during the whole of that night, amused me exceedingly. His imagination seemed to be in a state of fever with the ideas of brigands and robbers that had invaded it. He entreated me to give him one of my pistols, which I did; and though it was not loaded, he never relaxed his grasp upon it, till we reached the town. Then again he would watch every movement of my head and body, and whenever a disposition to sleep came upon me, and I nodded, he would entreat that for his sake, if not for my own, I would not run the risk of displacing the bandages. But it is nothing to detail these matters; the tones of the speaker's voice, his quick and mercurial movements, his undisguised terror, when once or twice the shadow of a rock or a tree fell across the road; these things to be properly relished must have been seen. I confess that in defiance of cuts and bruises, I could not at all times restrain my laughter, even while the indulgence of the humour painfully reminded me, that when the scalp is laid open, the jaws had best be kept shut.

Though I could not on that occasion pay much heed to the scenery around me, I may still be permitted to say a few words respecting it; because I had other opportunities, while lingering in the country, of visiting some of its most striking points, and did not fail to take advantage of them. You pass then, from Dalniza to Fiume, by a continued ascent of about twelve or fifteen English miles, throughout which the road twists and turns so as to take advantage of every valley that occurs, without, however, in any instance, descending into their gorges. You are thus lifted to a height of not less than four or five thousand feet above the level of the sea; not, as in many of the passes of the Tyrol, by a process so gradual as to hinder you from acquiring a knowledge of your exact situation; but rapidly and perceptibly, by means of zig-zags and giant stairs, which seldom, as it appears to me, run on an inclination of less than thirty-five degrees. Meanwhile, there is spread out before you and around, a panorama as peculiar as is any where to be met with in the south of Europe. Wild hills are on your left, arid and rocky—upon the very face of which you seem from time to time to hang,—while below you on the right are glens and ravines; now verdant and rich, with meadows in the bottom, and here and there a human habitation, planted near a stream; now, dark and deep, and precipitous, any effort to descend which, would lead to the destruc-

tion of him who should adventure on it. Moreover, the very method which has been adopted to guard against accidents shows, that your progress is by a path where dangers are abundant. A stout wall flanks you on the right all the way across the chain; and your postilion tells you, that were it removed, there would be no certainty whatever of reaching either extremity with unbroken bones. For there is a wind called the Bora, which sweeps down these gullies with such violence, that neither man nor beast can resist it, and not unfrequently both have owed their preservation to the fence which, with such excellent care and judgment, the Hungarian authorities have constructed.

In this manner you toil upwards for about ten English miles, the scenery as you approach the ridge becoming of course more and more desolate, till by and by, a wall of rock seems to bar your further progress, and you are fain to look round. Not a trace can you now discover of the haunts or dwellings of men. As far as the eye may reach, peak rises above peak in wild confusion; while of the valleys that wave among them, only the upper extremities are discernible: for there is no human eye which could hope to reach their depths. It would be strange if you were not startled by your position into a consciousness wellnigh of alarm. Yet on you go; and behold the wall of rock rounds itself off, and you discover that into the very face of the mountain, pickaxe and crowbar have been driven. Human ingenuity, in fact, has wrought out a passage through the very whinstone, and you plant your foot securely and easily where the goat, a few years ago, would have feared to tread. But the effect of gaining this point, how shall I describe it? One instant all before you is as a closed volume; the next, you round a corner, and there at your feet lies that exquisite portion of the Adriatic, which running up between the headlands of Melada and Pola, becomes, as it pushes its way within the framework which nature has constructed for it, the gulf of Fiume. How beautiful it is with its waters, blue and still and motionless; its mountain shores, gray and rocky on the summits, yet along their roots, and to more than half their altitude, clothed with herbage of every die and formation; the islands studding its fair surface, till they seem to cut it off from the rest of the ocean, and leave you wellnigh convinced that you are gazing on an inland lake; how perfectly beautiful it is, gaze on it when you may. For it is one of the peculiarities of that climate, that almost every separate hour of the day sheds its own peculiar tint over the landscapes that greet you; and both poet and painter will be rash to determine, by which the sense of the sublime is most powerfully awakened.

When the traveller has once arrived at this magnificent ridge, his anxieties, if he had any, during the progress of the ascent, are sure to leave him; for each new step that he takes brings before him some beauties, on the occurrence of which he had not counted. I say nothing of the sea view, which in its degree is perfect, whether the traveller behold it tinged with the soft gray light of morning, or watch the golden evening melt away, that the moon may come forth in her majesty and soften, without detracting in any respect from its splendour. But the country round him has put on a new face; and without losing aught of the majestic and the bold, makes irresistible demands upon his more reflective admiration. It is no longer a succession of

mountain ridges and barren corries, on which he looks forth. Over the sides of the hills, so as to face the sea, vineyards and olive-gardens are waving; while, nearer at hand, ruin and modern structure struggle for pre-eminence in arresting his attention. There is, on the summit of a detached peak which overlooks the town, and stands to the left of the road, the ruin of an old castle in which, if I recollect right, the family of Franghani used long ago to dwell. As an architectural specimen it has few charms to boast of; but the situation is uncommonly fine, and Count Nagent, by whom it was recently purchased, has not failed to make the most of it. He has fitted it up as a sort of temporary lodging for himself, whenever business or pleasure may tempt him to travel by this road; and in order that there shall be about it some feature more attractive than mere age is wont to supply, he has converted one suite of apartments, in the basement story, into a species of gallery of the arts. There, in well-arranged groups, stand casts and copies from almost all the best statues of which Italy can boast,—Apollons, Venuses, Gladiators, and Niobes, which skilful hands have taken. They are well executed, and agree admirably with the character of the place, having only this drawback attached to their locality, that it is extremely difficult, make your attempt from what side you may, to reach them, without the endurance of more fatigue than a careless traveller, at least, will care to undergo for such a purpose.

The castle of the Franghani catches your eye just as you are preparing to descend upon Fiume itself. It is not, however, the only object towards which you involuntarily direct your gaze. You are now sweeping along a road, more completely hewn out of the living rock than any portion of the chassée which as yet you have traversed. It is, indeed, neither more nor less than a gallery excavated out of the mountain's side; to effect the formation of which, quarriers were suspended by ropes from the peaks and precipitous ridges which tower upwards. And it is down into the bottom of a far abyss that you are here tempted to gaze; first, because its edge falls from you, with the drop of a plummet; and, by and by, because there seems to meet your ear the faint murmur of a torrent. And a torrent there is; for, chafing and roaring from pool to pool, the Fiumara forces his way through this ravine towards the sea, till his waters are suddenly gathered up, by the hand of the artist, and rendered comparatively smooth, while they apply their strength to the improvement of men's luxuries. An extensive paper-manufactory has of late years been erected along the course of the Fiumara, from which a large portion of Germany, and almost all Hungary receive their supplies; and such has been the good taste displayed in the management of the very buildings, that they break not in, to the most minute degree, on the beauty and grandeur of the scene.

Your attention has been rivetted upon this object for a brief space only, when the road makes a sudden turn, and Fiume itself, with the groves and vineyards that hang over it, bursts upon your gaze. There it lies, like a fairy thing, nestled under the shelter of the mountains, with its white houses spread along the margin of the bay; and, here and there, a solitary building which appears to have separated itself from the rest, and found a more convenient site in one of the many miniature ravines that

twist and turn and wind among the rocks above the town. There too is a Casa Santa, or Holy House of the Virgin, perched upon the brow of the Tersatto, in the exact spot where the angel stayed to rest while conveying it, *more solito*, from Nazareth to Loretto. A Franciscan convent also occupies a natural terrace in the adjoining mountain, and is approached by a long flight of steps cut into the rock, while the valley that lies between laughs with the luxuriance of its vineyard, even while the plants seem to spring out of the solid rock.

Such is Fiume as seen from the ridges that look down upon it,—a bright and beautiful spot—a sort of picture set in a frame of adamant, and reflected back from the great mirror of the ocean. Of the bay again I need say no more, than that over its surface there were scattered, when I beheld it, the white sails of many vessels, none of them of such a size as might convey to your mind the idea of a place of great trade; but brigs and cutters, with a whole swarm of fishing-boats. Of these latter, by the way, it may be proper to remark that they are never seen to prosecute their calling with such zeal, as after nightfall. There is a particular season of the year when a particular species of fish, of which I have forgotten the name, but which is very highly esteemed by the natives, comes in shoals towards the head of the gulf, as if for the purpose of being caught; and as the animal does not choose to walk into a net unless guided by the flare of torches, it is by night that the fishermen go forth to their business. I have seldom looked upon a more curious illumination of the deep than was produced by a line of these boats, at about a mile's distance from the beach. In the stern of each a fire was blazing, the red light of which glanced strongly over the water, and brought into view, in the most grotesque manner conceivable, the masts and rigging of several vessels which lay at anchor near.

So much for a transcript of the impressions which are produced by a general view of Fiume, by night as well as by day. Now for a few words descriptive of its localities, as well as of the condition and habits of the people that dwell there. I need scarcely say that Fiume, the ancient capital of the Roman Littorale, constitutes the single outlet for her produce of which Hungary can boast, now that the mouths of the Danube are in possession of the Russians. Considered as a place of trade, however, it is not very flourishing. It lies too close to Trieste, into which, as all the world knows, the policy of the Austrian government has long laboured to turn the principal stream of commerce; and though a free port, with privileges nominally extensive, it has not succeeded in competing with its rival. The population, therefore, has never exceeded eight or nine thousand souls, and the amount is said to be on the wane, rather than on the increase. Still something is done here, as well as elsewhere. Rags, paper, and rosoglio, are to some extent exported; while colonial produce and salt form the chief of the imports. But it did not appear to me, from what I observed, both of the roadstead and the shops, that business of any kind was brisk. To be sure there are vice-consuls here, to represent, not England alone, but the United States, Sweden, and I think Denmark also; a tolerably sure proof that vessels from each of these countries do occasionally arrive and discharge cargoes. Yet the impression made upon you is, that the commerce of

Fiume stands in need of rousing—that though not absolutely defunct, it is exceedingly torpid, and that there must be some other causes for that torpor than such as meet the eye. Can the Fiumans be right, when they insinuate that the government at Vienna is not desirous that the trade of Hungary should be opened?

The nine thousand inhabitants, of whom I have spoken, are distributed between the old and the new towns; of which the former is mean and filthy, and every way disagreeable to the senses; while the latter is, in truth, an exceedingly attractive place. Here are the governor's lodgings, the Casino, or club, and the guard-house, all of them, but especially the last, constructed with a good deal of taste; and here, also, is the mall, a pleasant promenade, which, skirting the bend of the bay, runs in front of a sort of crescent, and is, in the cool of the evening, a good deal frequented. On the other hand, it is to the old town that the stranger's steps must be turned if his taste lead him to institute researches after the antique. I say nothing of the church of St. Viet, because it is a structure of comparatively recent date, for which the architect seems to have taken as his model that of Santa Maria della Saluti at Venice; but a noble Roman arch, even though it be sadly hemmed in by some of the meanest and filthiest hovels in the place, well deserves to be examined. Strange to say, however, neither the date of its construction, nor any record of the uses to which it was turned, has been preserved, and though there are other specimens of Roman architecture scattered here and there about the town, they are, generally speaking, mere fragments, and have no history connected with them.

CHAP. II.

Fiume—Its antiquities—Valesca—The Vale of Dragha.

THE first steady beams of the morning sun were just beginning to break through, when the carriage in which I and my companions were seated, entered the town of Fiume. We drove at once to the principal hotel, and having failed in obtaining admission there, were conducted by Mr. Hill to another, little if at all inferior, where accommodation adequate to our wants and wishes were afforded. Mine host had heard of our adventure among the mountains, and was eloquent in the expression of his condolence. We were very much obliged to him for his sympathy, of course, yet I am not sure that our satisfaction sustained any decrease, when he conducted us to our apartment. Its claims to be accounted either elegant or capacious were not perhaps great. But it was our own; and this, with the promise of some green tea for breakfast, left us, at that moment, nothing more to desire.

Our friends having seen us thus taken care of, withdrew, and for a few hours we rested: my boy sleeping soundly and sweetly, as after toil youth always sleeps; and I snatching such broken slumbers as men are apt to obtain, who cannot venture, from the sheer sense of bodily suffering, to rest their heads upon their pillows. It might be about nine o'clock when these characteristic humours wore out, and we had risen, and were addressing ourselves to the wished for tea, when a rap at the

door gave indication of visitors. They were desired to enter; and Mr. Hill made his appearance, bringing with him the proprietor of the paper-mills on the Fiumara, Mr. Smith, an English merchant, and a resident in the place; of whose hospitality, as well as of the kindness of his amiable wife and sister, I have elsewhere made some but very inadequate mention. Mr. Smith came to request that we would not think of lingering in a hotel, where, as he was good enough to say, it was impossible that we could be rightly attended to; he insisted that we should remove to his house, of which the contents were entirely at our service. Now, to Mr. Smith I was a total stranger. I question whether, at the moment, he was aware either of my name or condition; so that his kindness could arise only from a generous anxiety to befriend a countryman in distress; but I saw at once that it was sincere, and did not refuse to avail myself of it. We paid our bill, caused our little baggage to be packed, and became the same day guests in a family, of which the members appeared to vie one with another in the efforts which they made to convince us that our society was agreeable to them.

We spent between ten days and a fortnight in Fiume, during the whole of which time I was under the surgeon's hands. Not that my hurts were ever very serious; but a broken head is not to be mended in an hour, and where the fractures chance to be three or four in number, they will not always proceed at an equal pace towards the point of renovation. After the third day, however, I was so far recovered that my medical friend permitted me to go abroad; and it thereupon became the business of our kind hosts to render each excursion more agreeable than those which preceded it. One evening we strolled as far as my weakness would allow; another, we took boat, and swept over the bosom of the gulf; a third, we proceeded in the carriage, resting from time to time by the sea-side, to the valley of Dragha, one of the most exquisite things of the kind which I have anywhere visited. As these several excursions presented at the moment, very much to excite the interest of those who took part in them, it may not be amiss if I describe one or two, during the progress of which we increased our acquaintance both with the scenery of Carniola, and the manners of its inhabitants.

Our walks in and around Fiume were almost always performed after sunset, and carried us either along the sea-shore, where the perfume of the orange-blossom and myrtle was fragrant, or back into one or other of the valleys which pierce, in rear of the town, into the heart of the mountains. I do not remember that there occurred to us, while following the first of these routes, aught of which it is necessary to make mention. Our adoption of the last introduced us to more familiar acquaintance with the convent and chapel referred to in a previous chapter, and in a still more satisfactory degree, made us free of the paper-mills. And in truth the powers of my imagination are not sufficiently active to portray a scene, more attractive than that which greeted us there. To reach the mills we ascended the course of the Fiumara, which works out a channel for itself through the heart of the chain, the hills rising from either of its banks, with an abruptness which surprised even us, to whom the nature of these ravines was by this time familiar. Close to the town, indeed, something of a valley is opened out, the sides of which afford footing for extensive vineyards—but by and by you are hemmed in on the right and left with walls

of adamant, so perpendicular, that you find some difficulty in persuading yourself that they have not been scarped by the hand of man. It is in a sort of recess in this glen, where the cliff falls back so as to leave an open space of eighty or a hundred paces across, that the paper-mills have been erected. In themselves they differ in no respect from the common run of such structures; but to guide the water to a convenient point, great pains have been taken;—for I think that the aqueduct, a race or sluice, formed of planks, cannot measure less than three-quarters of a mile in length. Moreover the level space has been arranged with singular good taste into bowers, alcoves, and umbrageous walks. So that even in the middle of the day shelter is always to be found, and that too within reach of nature's most delicious music, the roar of running water. My recollections of that spot were, however, all associated with the cool evening breezes, and a glorious moonlight, which fell in a broken stream, over the elbow of one of the mountains: and left nothing for the sense of sight, considered as the handmaid of imagination, to desire.

To this pleasant recess we repaired on more than one occasion, that we might drink tea under the shelter of its foliage. At other times we took the air upon the water; and once at least went across the bay that we might spend both morning and evening among the olive-gardens near Valesca. As these lay full five leagues distant from Fiume, Mr. Smith took care that our little party should not be left, in the important matter of provision, to chance: sundry cold pies, with a moderate supply of wine, were stowed away in the bow of the boat; and about eleven o'clock on a bright sunny morning we embarked.

I have no language in which to describe the extreme beauty of the scene which surrounded us throughout that little voyage, both in going and returning. If the view from the hills above Fiume had appeared fine, that which included both them and the town which they sheltered, was a thousand times finer. This was especially the case when, drawing towards the point of our destination, we brought the magnificent proportions of the Monte Maggiore more into notice, and placed ourselves as it were in the gorge of a mighty amphitheatre, the walls of which were the Alps. For there is a variety in the formations of these mountains, which seems to be unlimited, and a luxuriance in the vegetation which clothes them, such as it were vain to look for in colder regions; while the perfect stillness of the water, and its deep dark cerulean hue affect you in a manner which is not to be described.

The party which embarked on board of the boat that day, consisted of our kind host and hostess, Miss Slater, my boy, and myself, and we had a couple of mariners to take care of us. We were all in the best possible humour; and the elements, as if they had agreed not to interfere with our equanimity, ceased not to favour us throughout. As the day was quite calm, our sail, which we carried, proved of trifling advantage to us; but the Fiuman boatmen struck out well, and we skimmed over the gulf's surface right merrily. Every object, too, which seemed to have the smallest claim on our notice, was pointed out, till by and by Valesca rose out of the water. A strange, old, picturesque place it is. Its houses, composed entirely of gable-ends and angles, run in two parallel lines along the shore, while those which face the sea, are planted so near to the high-water mark, as to call forth,

when first beheld, some such demand as this: "How could the builders find room on solid earth whereon to dig and lay these foundations?" Nor is it only when you are gazing at this curious old town from afar, that you are prone to wonder. Every thing in and around the place, carries you back to ages that will never come again. The inhabitants go up to their respective flats, not by staircases included within the bodies of the piles, but by flights of wooden steps that adhere to their exterior. Galleries, too, are there, carried round each story, with casements instead of windows, unglazed, yet sufficiently defended against the storm by wooden lattices; while, to sum up all, the children run about in a state of perfect nudity; while the costumes, both of men and women, are grotesque and peculiar in the extreme. We found them, however, of all ages and both sexes, civil and willing to oblige, as far as their opportunities would allow, and if they did look for a few small coins, more especially at the landing-place, where offers of service were numerous, I suspect that their mode of expressing such want, was to the full as gracious as a foreigner is accustomed to find in general usage throughout England.

We landed at Valesca about three in the afternoon, and Mr. Smith having directed the boatmen to pull round towards the point, near which it was determined that we should eat our dinner, we proceeded on foot to follow a tortuous path, which led in the same direction. The town or village was soon cleared, after which we found ourselves penetrating through a succession of olive-groves, with myrtle and orange trees largely intermixed; the former, indeed, having been rudely trained to form hedges on either side of us. Over these again, so as to bear them to a certain height upon an inclined plain, uprose the Monte Maggiore, while leftward and glancing through the foliage, lay the quiet gulf. Then came we to an enclosure, a sort of farm-house, surrounded by its garden-plot, and inhabited by persons to whom Mr. Smith was known. They gave us, when we presented ourselves, a hearty welcome; and at the bottom of the orchard, we addressed ourselves to the *provende*. It was marvellous to behold how pasty after pasty disappeared, and fowls well browned and roasted, seemed to make to themselves wings, and fly away. And when it came to the onslaught, on green figs and wild strawberries, I question whether any half-dozen gown-boys from Eton or the Charter-house would have kept pace with us. A right joyous and hungry group we were when the meal began; when it ended, there was no diminution of good-humour; but hunger was a word without meaning in our ears.

Amid the beautiful olive-groves which skirt that side of the bay we lingered till the sun was far in the west, and then re-embarked at our dining-place, not without the exercise of some skill, in picking our way over the slippery rocks that girdled it in. Twilight had, however, commenced, ere we can be said to have got fairly afloat; and as twilight in these climates is an affair of much less importance than in England, we had not accomplished a fourth part of our voyage, ere night gathered round us. But who could have desired to exchange such a night as that for the brightest day that can shine? There was not a cloud in the sky, over the dark blue surface of which millions of stars were shining. No sound broke in upon the deep silence, except the roar of the water upon the beach, and the dash of the boatman's

oars, as he deliberately plied them ; while the air was so soft, so cool, and so fragrant, that each little breeze, as it swept across, seemed to bring health and peace upon its wings. For myself, I lay down in the stern of the boat, imagining that nature could produce no scene more exquisite ; when all at once a silver light broke over the tops of the Dalmatian mountains, and a full moon arose. I defy the most imaginative of living men to conceive any thing more glorious than that moonlight. The waters of the bay, slightly agitated by the breeze that swept over them, received and broke it into a line of living beauty. Rocks and mountains, along the entire extent of the amphitheatre, stood out beneath its influence in bold relief ; while some vessels which lay at anchor looked black as it caught them, and contrasted beautifully with others, which took advantage of the land wind, hoisted sail, and stood to sea. I have blessed the moon for the light she gave in many situations, and under almost every variety of circumstance ; but I do not recollect that I was ever more tempted to adopt the creed of Sbaist, than [while I lay to watch her progress that night. Nor was it thus only that we made the most of the sources of enjoyment, which Providence had brought within our reach. Mrs. Smith and her sister both sang very sweetly. Mr. Smith's voice was a good one, and even my own used once upon a time to have some touch of melody in it. It is not for me to speak commendingly of a concert in which I myself plead guilty to having played an humble part ; but this much at least may be said respecting it, that it was much relished by the audience. We did not reach home till past ten o'clock ; and I believe that we should have experienced no regret had the little voyage, with its accompaniments of sweet sights and sounds, lasted several hours longer.

The exertions necessary to accomplish all this, had been too much for my enfeebled strength, and for a couple of days afterwards I was obliged to keep my room ; but on the third morning I felt better, and our kind hosts took the earliest opportunity of proposing another pleasurable expedition, of which the valley of Dragha should be the ostensible limits.

Accordingly, after an early dinner, we set out in Mr. Smith's carriage ; and though the gratification produced was, in many respects, different from that which we had derived from the little voyage to Valesca, I am not sure that the impressions left upon our minds were in their degree one whit less vivid. After passing through the old town, the road bore straight forward, and carried us up the face of an ascent, where, for a time, we could see nothing, except the high and steep banks on either side of us. By and by, the bank on the right began to melt away, and a little hamlet, singularly romantic, as well in the construction of the houses, as in their situation, met our gaze. They occupied a sort of table-land in the side of the mountain, which, banked up behind by bold and precipitous rocks, presented an open, and indeed an exposed front to the sea. There was a cliff, too, with a jagged face, over which a single false step would be sure to cast the wanderer ; yet here dwelt a community of smugglers, whose children, as if they had been subjected to a system of training from the birth, were romping and playing at the very edge of the precipice, without exhibiting the slightest alarm themselves, or causing a moment's uneasiness to the

mothers that watched them. And a remarkable-looking race, in every point of view, these smugglers were. The men, with their dark, olive complexions, their long black hair and mustaches, seemed capable of any attempt which might require both hardihood and endurance. It struck me likewise, that they were more muscular by far than the people with whom, deeper among the mountains, we had formed so strange an acquaintance; while their costume, resembling rather that of the Italian than that of the Hungarian peasant, assorted admirably with the account which was given to us of their habits of life. Nor was another circumstance, entirely in keeping with these habits, unobserved. We overtook several of their waggons, laden, I make no doubt, with contraband goods; and I observed that the horses which drew them were of the very best breed—strong, powerful, active-looking animals, such as one might expect to find in favour among persons, who, though never backward to fight, would rather at all times flee, provided the opportunity offered.

“How bold they seem to be!” said I to my companion.

“You can have no idea of the boldness with which they carry on their business,” was his reply; “they are at once the most expert and most daring smugglers in the world. Acquainted with every creek and inlet along the whole coast, they have their scouts always abroad, who communicate the arrival of a vessel in an incredibly short space of time, and then forth goes a party to encounter which would be a service of danger even to the regular troops. In a few hours they will run the cargo, which they deposit in caves and holes of the rocks, known only to themselves; and there it abides till they shall have completed some arrangements with their customers, and settled the exact spot where the transfer is to take place. Next comes the march through the mountains, the circumstances attending which vary, of course, according to the amount and value of the property to be disposed of. If the goods be light and of comparatively small cost, two or three men with their pack-horses carry them; if bulky, they will march sometimes in bands of a hundred or more; and, as all the passes are familiar to them, and they have their fixed stages of halting, they generally contrive to elude the vigilance of the jagers when on their expeditions. But should it be otherwise, woe to the revenue-officers who may presume to oppose them; for they always go armed to the teeth; and there never lived a class of persons more prompt to use their weapons, or more indifferent to the value of life, either to themselves or others.”

“I presume that the people whom you thus describe are not averse to a little plunder, should it come conveniently in their way?” said I.

“It is not very easy to draw a line of distinction between the smuggler and the brigand, in any country,” replied he; “yet I believe that the contrabandists of this district are as little given to robbery as any portion of the fraternity to which they belong: on the contrary, though the sworn enemies of revenue-officers, and, generally speaking, of all government officials, to private persons they extend not a few of the civilities which we usually find practised among savages. Thus, I have heard of travellers coming by chance on one of their depots among the mountains, to whom they not only offered no violence, but whom they fed and treated with great hospitality. To be sure they exact from such a pledge that they will not turn traitors; but nobody

could object to take that pledge ; and when it is taken, there is not the slightest hazard that violence will be offered to the guest."

While this conversation lasted we traversed the village, and having won the brow of an eminence, began to descend into the vale of Dragha. I have seen many glens more magnificent, some much more beautiful ; yet there was about that recess of the Julian Alps a character which richly merited all the praise which had been bestowed upon it. In breadth I do not think that it exceeds, where it is the widest, a mile and a half ; in length it may measure, perhaps, four miles ; and the hills which enclose it, though they scarcely deserve to be described as mountains, are by reason of their formations, exceedingly fine. But it is the foliage of that valley, its groves of olive and orange trees, mingling with the vine, which give to it an air of joyousness and fertility, such as we had not observed in any other of the recesses through which, in our journey hitherward, we had passed. For in the midst of these plantations, cottages and farm-houses were planted, having their walls covered from ground to coping with flowering shrubs, the perfume that came off to us from which was delicious. And then, as we cast our eyes upwards, we beheld the short, rich, and exquisite turf, give place first to the bald, gray rock, and by and by to corries, the loose and broken nature of which bore testimony to the power of the earthquakes that had shaken the hills to their foundations.

We were charmed with the scene altogether, as well as with the cheerful and happy bearing of the peasantry, who suspended their light toil, or flocked to the doors of their dwellings, to gaze upon us as we passed. A handsome race, too, they seemed to be, especially in extreme youth ; for though their cheeks were well bronzed, there seemed to me to be a fresher hue upon them than one had a right to expect in such a latitude.

"Are these smugglers, likewise ?" demanded I.

"No," was my companion's answer. "Strange to say, these people, though surrounded on all sides by contrabandists, stand perfectly clear from all suspicion of participating in the smugglers' profits. They subsist on the produce of their little farms and vineyards, and would not, I verily believe, be moved by any prospect of gain to exchange, even for a time, their mode of living for any other. They are a remarkably primitive and virtuous community, moreover, which is more than can be said for their neighbours ; and they are rich because they are contented. But wait a little while, and you will see a different sight ; for in this country we are strangely mixed together, both in the physical and moral portions of the creation."

When this was said we were approaching the termination of the vale, and saw that the road, after winding round a bold, bluff rock, shot sheer, and with great abruptness, up the face of the hill beyond. In fact, it was found necessary to alight here, and for perhaps half an hour we continued to ascend that steep acclivity on foot. We gained the summit at last ; and, behold, another turn in the road introduced us to a scene as perfectly contrasted with the sweet, quiet valley which we had left behind, as it is possible for the imagination to conceive. We were once again among a crowd of stern and rocky precipices. Behind us, and on either hand, they stood like a wall, yet we looked forward upon the waters of the Adriatic, broken up by projecting head-

lands, in a countless number of lakes, amid which islands were cast with a free hand, in that precise degree of disorder, which is most effectual in rousing a consciousness of the sublime. As our good destiny would have it, likewise, we opened out this exquisite panorama just as the last rays of the setting sun were gilding the tops of the Dalmatian mountains. Already a sort of huge basin,—an isolated portion of the gulf that lay beneath us,—had been thrown into deep shade. It was a strange, wild, lake-looking thing, belted in, as it seemed, on all hands, by mountains of gray rock, and the shadows of evening, as they fell upon and deepened the hue of its waters, caused you to experience, while your eye wandered over them, sensations not far removed from those of terror. Not that the lake was there in utter loneliness;—an old town, composed of houses whose grotesque style of architecture agreed well with the scenery, amid which they were thrown, stood at the nearest extremity of it, while a single vessel, a cutter if I recollect right, lay at anchor about a gun-shot from the shore. But the town appeared so small, and the vessel, diminished by distance to the size of a cock-boat, so utterly insignificant amid the stupendous framework in which the marine picture was set, that the sense of desolation, instead of being weakened by their presence, seemed to me to be strengthened.

“There,” said Mr. Smith, “you are now gazing upon one of the well-known ports to which the contrabandists carry their cargoes and discharge them. In that old town there is probably not a man who earns a subsistence otherwise than by smuggling; and the cutter which you see there, ostensibly laden with fish, is doubtless rich in salt, or some other article of which the government thinks fit to claim the monopoly. But look round, nearer to the spot on which we are standing.”

I did look round, and among the crevices of the rocks hard by I beheld some clusters of hovels, with a little chapel surmounted by a crucifix, standing on a platform by itself. Nothing could be more rude than these dwellings, nor would it be easy to draw a picture of squalor more dark than their inmates presented; for women and children came forth to gaze upon us, some of the latter in a state of absolute nudity. One or two old men, likewise, showed themselves; not, however, as it appeared, for the purpose of gratifying their own curiosity, but rather to chide and bring back their families to their own proper business. For this, it appeared, was a pastoral district, and flocks of goats were, at the hour of our arrival, about to be driven home and milked for the night. We requested, and had freely given to us some of the milk; and the little ones, who brought it in very dirty tin dishes, were delighted with the small silver coins with which we recompensed them for their civility.

We lingered near this wild spot till the sun had fairly set, and the last of the varying and glorious hues which he shed upon the Adriatic were melting away. We then returned to the carriage, and drove back again to Fiume, without the occurrence of any incident of which it is necessary to take notice. Finally, a bathe in the sea by moonlight completed the enjoyments of the day, and our sleep at night was sound and refreshing.

THE CIRCASSIAN CHIEFTAIN'S LAMENT

*Over the dead body of the last of five Sons who fell fighting for their country
against the invading hosts of Moscow.*

BY CAPTAIN SPENCER.

SLEEP! sleep! my boy, thy father mourns thee not,
Tho' thou alone wert left, to sooth and cheer
The ills that wait the aged warrior's lot,
And lay his corse upon the silent bier.

But thou art happy! thou wilt never see
Thy country vanquish'd, and her people slaves,
With nought to tell that she had once been free,
Save minstrel's lays, and her brave children's graves.

Day after day, and each succeeding year,
We chased the hated tyrants from our shore;
Again! again! they come, oh! Allah, hear!
And bless our rightful, sacred cause once more.

We spread our hands towards the far, far west,
To ask for aid in this our time of need;
Vain were the pray'rs that *Attéghei's* sons address'd—
Men pitied! wept!—but left us still to bleed.

And we have bled, till one long wail of woe
From widows, orphans, echoes through the land,
Who weep the loss of all they loved below,
The wreck of ev'ry joy on death's dark strand.

Oh! England! England! thou wilt mourn the hour,
When thou to *Attéghei* didst aid deny;
Thy boasted fleets, thy proudly-vaunted pow'r,
Will Moscov might with bitter scorn defy.

Then sleep my boy, for here thy brothers lie,
Like thee they nobly fought on war's red field,
Like thee they fell, that our loved *Attéghei*
Should never to a foreign tyrant yield.

But blest are they who die a patriot's death,†
On earth their names shall wear a bright renown;
Angels shall stoop to catch their parting breath,
And Heaven bestow eternal glory's crown.

* Circassia.

† The religion of the Circassians teaches that a patriot who dies in defence of his country is immediately translated to paradise.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

"The youngest of the Sister Arts,
Where all their beauty blends."—CAMPBELL.

To find a subject which is either capable, or may be made so by a little management, of pressing all other possible subjects into its service, is the grand desideratum to which the quarto-monger, and the man of many volumes should aspire. Bayle contrived, in his "*Thoughts upon Comets*," to make the world acquainted with his thoughts upon every other existent topic,—from Jesuits and Jansenists, and the peace of Nimeguen, to crusades and demons. Bishop Berkeley has converted his "*Essay on Tar Water*" to purposes no less omnigenous and incongruous;—the principles of attraction and repulsion—the story of Isis and Osiris—the *Anima Mundi* of Plato, and the Doctrine of the Trinity, are all administered by that learned prelate to his readers, through the somewhat nauseous medium of Tar Water. With much less abuse of the privilege of discursiveness than has been assumed by either of these philosophers, the author of a *History of Private Theatricals* might interweave with his subject, not only an account of the rise and progress of the drama, but, by availing himself of the splendid names which have, from time to time, illustrated the annals of private theatres, he might, with perfect relevancy, branch out into such a rich variety of anecdotes and biography, as few subjects could furnish. Our present purpose is less ambitious, it is merely to lay before our readers a brief sketch of the rise of private theatricals.

Private theatricals were unknown in Greece; among that enlightened people it was allowed, as old Montaigne truly observes, to persons of the greatest quality to follow the profession of the stage. It is in the Roman history of the dramatic art that we must seek the origin of the private theatre. There we may read of a species of satirical drama, called *Attellanæ* or *Exodia*, in which the free and noble youths of Rome not only took delight to perform, but, with the true spirit of aristocratic exclusiveness, reserved the right of appearing in such dramas wholly to themselves, nor would suffer them, as Livy tells us, "to be polluted by common histrions." From these entertainments we must date the origin of the art we proceed to illustrate.

On the revival of dramatic poesy among the Italians, it was in private theatres,—and for a long time in private theatres only,—that any advance in the cultivation of the art was made. At the close of the fifteenth century, the poet and scholar Politian presented his countrymen with the first native Italian tragedy, and the "*Orfeo*" was acted before Lorenzo the Magnificent, amid the acclamations of all the wits and beauties of Florence. The example set by Politian was soon followed, and Cardinal Bibienna supplied the want of Italian comedy, by the clever but licentious *Calandra*, written in honour of the Duchess of Mantua, which was honoured with no less distinguished a place of representation than the private apartments of the accomplished Leo X., at the Vatican. Gay times! when Cardinals wrote farces, and Popes were the audience. Among the givers of Italian dramatic fêtes, the Dukes of Ferrara shone pre-eminent. Ariosto furnished the design for the

theatre of their court, which stood on the spot now occupied by the *Chiesa Nuova*, and composed his comedies for performance on its stage. And such, says Gibbon in his "Antiquities of the House of Brunswick," was the enthusiasm for the new art, that one of the sons of Alphonso I. did not disdain to speak a prologue on this stage. It was in the court of Ferrara that the pastoral comedy, that romantic Arcadia which violates the truth of manners, and the simplicity of nature, was invented and refined. It was for the amusement of that court that the "Aminta" of Tasso was written, and Leonora, sister of Alphonso II., might apply to herself the language of a passion which disordered the reason of her poetical lover. But among all the amateur actors of this period, he of whom the lovers of private theatricals have most reason to be proud, is the great Nicolo Machiavelli. His connexion with the stage is said to have arisen from a circumstance purely accidental. Admitted, while a young man, to the intimacy of the illustrious family of the Medicio, he was one day amusing the Cardinal de Medicis, afterwards Leo X., by mimicking the gestures and irregular motions of some of the Florentines; the Cardinal delighted, expressed a wish to see the absurdities of his fellow-citizens corrected by ridicule on the stage, in a comedy of the Aristophanic stamp. Machiavelli gratified his friend by his "Mandragola," which he quickly followed by the "Clizia" and two other comedies. He lent his mimic talents to aid the performance of his own plays, and by his acting made Cardinals and Popes, to use his own expressive words, "burst their sides with laughter."

The theatrical dilettanti of Vicenza applied to their brother academician Palladio to furnish them with a design for a theatre, worthy of their classic objects, and in the beautiful structure which he planned for them, was performed, in the year 1585, the tragedy of "Œdipus," when the part of the sightless king was performed by the dramatic poet Luigi Groto, himself "the blind man of Adria." Lorenzo de Medicis, the happy master of a happy city, the fair, the beautiful, the glorious Florence, on the marriage of his daughter, the fair Maddalena, wrote a sacred drama, called "S. Giovanni e S. Paolo," which was performed by his own children, in a theatre erected in the garden of his palace, where, we are told, he meditated his sparkling songs for the May-day dances of the Etrurian virgins.

Cinthio, the novelist, to whom Shakspeare was indebted for some of his plots, had a private theatre in his own house, where the most celebrated of his tragedies were performed, with splendid scenic decorations. Chiabrera, to whom his countrymen give the glorious title of the Pindar of Italy, was one of a classic society at Rome, called the "Humorists," who devoted themselves to the composition and performance of comedies. The Sala, in which their meetings were held, still existed in the time of Muratori. Salvator Rosa was a comic actor of infinite vivacity, and his personation in the ancient farces is said to have thrown the immortal city into convulsions of laughter. The Duke Annibale Marchese, who resigned the government of Salerno in the year 1740, and retired to the monastery of the Holy Fathers of the Oratory, at Naples, wrote his sacred dramas for the private theatre of that holy retreat, from whose performances the oratorio, or scriptural opera derives both its origin and name. Lastly, Alfieri, the pride of the modern Italian theatre, performed his own *Antigone* at Rome—

established afterwards his little theatre at Florence—and finally took his leave of the boards at the feast of the Illumination at Pisa.

The first glimmerings of the drama in France, as well as in Italy, appeared on the boards of private theatres; but whilst its originators in the latter country were scholars and nobles, they were, in the former, humble bourgeois and priests. A society of French private actors, styling themselves "*Enfans sans Soucy*," was instituted about the beginning of the reign of Charles VI., and still flourished, after the lapse of a century, in the time of Francis I.'s poetical valet, Marot, the inventor of the *rondeau*. It was composed of young men of substance and *status*, of the middle classes, and the most brilliant period of this merry fraternity was under the mild reign of Louis XII., who tolerated their sallies, even when directed against himself. In the reign of Louis XIII., Cardinal Richelieu had a theatre in his palace, and exhibited in it theatrical pieces, in which Voltaire informs us he had some hand himself.

It was not, however, until the following reign, that the French private theatre began to be patronised by royalty, when, encouraged by the example of the grand monarque, it enlisted under its gay banner almost every name that genius, high station, or misfortune, has celebrated. The private theatre of Madame de Maintenon, on a night when *Esther* or *Athalie* was performed, presented a gallery of historical portraits. Louis and his sanctified wife-mistress listened to the stately verse of Racine, performed by the statesmen, generals, and courtiers of France. In 1702 the consummate tragedy of "*Athalie*" was enacted before Louis, when the part of *Josabat* was performed by the Duchesse de Bourgogne, and the character of *Abner* was sustained by the accomplished and dissolute Duke of Orleans, afterwards the Regent.

In the subsequent reign, another Duke of Orleans, the grandson of the Regent, and the father of *Egalité*, distinguished himself by his talents as a comic actor. At the château of this dramatic duke, at Bagnolet, a regular theatrical establishment was maintained, and the details of his theatrical *fêtes* given at Villers Cotterêt are amply detailed in the annals of French scandal. The dramatic character of the French private theatre, in the reign of Louis XIV., was stately, lofty, and severe; it changed with the character of the monarch, and now became allegorical and venal, voluptuous and dissolute. This turn was owing greatly to the influence of Madame de Pompadour. The royal favourite had one good trait, she was fond of literature and art. An excellent actress herself, she delighted in opportunities to fascinate her royal lover by her performances. Theatrical amusements were amongst the most frequent, at the *petits apartemens*; and attached to the once beautiful, but now ruined, Château de Belle-Vue, on the banks of the Seine, presented by the august lover to his mistress, was a small theatre. There she attempted by dramatic representations to divert the melancholy and grief which occasionally seized on a royal victim. French writers describe in the most glowing terms the performance there of the opera of "*Venus and Adonis*," in which the Monarch was described under the name of the most tender of mortals; the mistress, under that of the most lovely of goddesses. At Belle-Vue, Madame de Pompadour gave a dramatic *fête* to Mesdames de France. The piece performed was "*Les Trois Cousines*," the Duke of Orleans acting *Delorme*, and Madame de

Pompadour taking the part of *Collette*; and when this adroit mistress of the Monarch, looking earnestly at her royal lover, sang the words,

“ Mais pour un amant chéri
Tromper tuteur ou mari,
La bonne aventure,” &c.

“ One may easily guess,” says Collé, “ what was passing in the minds of all the audience at the moment.”

Voltaire sometimes assisted by his pen at these *fêtes*. It was to celebrate the successful campaign of Louis, in 1745, that he wrote his heroic opera of “The Temple of Glory,” in which the mistress took the principal part. The poet was present at the performance, and on its close, unable to restrain his rapture, he clasped the Monarch in his arms, and exclaimed, “*Trajan!*” (the name of the chief male character,) “do you know yourself?” To Madame Pompadour, with all her faults, the French stage is greatly indebted, and to her encouragement French writers of authority, have ascribed the theatrical taste of their nation. She caused the French opera and theatre to be placed under the direction of, and to be fostered by the support of government; and she caused actors to be relieved from the degrading laws under which they had hitherto laboured, and bestowed on them a greater share of consideration.

But, however amusing these Royal and ducal exhibitions just noticed may have been, some of the performances that took place at the same period, in circles less elevated by rank, were far more interesting; and the little theatre of Voltaire, at Paris, where he performed the part of *Cicero*, in his own “*Rome Sauvée*,” a performance so well described by Condorcet, calls up associations, before which, the splendour of Belle-Vue, and Bagnolet, fades into nothing. A theatre was every where a necessary adjunct to Voltaire’s establishment. His plays at Ferney, and his gay suppers of a hundred covers afterwards, attracted company from a distance of twenty leagues round. At Berlin, he used to indulge his dramatic propensity by performing tragedy with the brothers and sisters of the great Frederick; and during his residence in Paris, a large room above his own apartment, was converted into a theatre, in which his nieces acted with Le Kain. It is well known that Voltaire first discovered and brought into notice the splendid talents of that great tragedian; but it is not so well known, that chance discovered Le Kain’s genius to him in a company of amateur tradesmen. Rousseau, as well as the philosopher of Ferney, attempted the buskin, but not even Madame d’Epinay could make any thing of an actor of him. He contented himself by inveighing violently against the plays of Ferney.

War, as well as philosophy, paid homage to private theatricals in the reign of the “well beloved.” A company of actors formed part of Marshal Saxe’s establishment in all his campaigns. On the evening previous to his victory at Rancoux, a performance took place as usual, at the close of which Madame Favart, who sustained the character of the Marshal’s mistress, as well as the principal actress, announced that “to-morrow’s battle would prevent the next evening’s performance; but that on the following night they would have the honour to present “*Le Coq du Village!*”

Marmontel has recorded the performances at the house of M. de la Popliniere, the rich financier at Passy; but the most superb of the dramatic fêtes of that day, were those of Mademoiselle Guimard; the celebrated opera-dancer, who united the most cultivated taste and genuine philanthropy, with the most shameful libertinism. No woman attracted the attention of all classes so much as this celebrated courtesan, and artiste. Her palace, her boudoir, her equipages, her servants, amazed Paris by their sumptuousness. As she passed through the streets in her carriage, with her well-known arms encircled in an escutcheon, from the middle of which issued a branch of myrtle, supported by the Graces, and crowned by Venus, all passers-by gazed on her with delight. She gave weekly, three suppers, in which she indulged her various taste for ostentation, *belle lettres*, and gaiety. The first was composed of the nobility; at the second were assembled authors, artists, and litterati, who paid homage to her genius; and the third was of a character which decency does not permit us to describe. When Mademoiselle Guimard retired from the stage, where she had long reigned without a rival, she equalled the ostentatious magnificence of those Greek courtezans, who built pyramids, or founded public games; she erected two private theatres, one of the most superb description, at Pantin. Here she invited her friends, and attracted to her stage the dramatic Coryphæ of the public theatres; and for her performances, Marmontel wrote some of his "Proverbes Dramatiques." So popular were these enchanting entertainments, that the authorities were obliged to restrain the actors from attending them, as they did so to the neglect of their public functions. Our space permits only to refer to the private theatre of M. Trudaine, on the boards of which "Les Accidents ou les Abbés," a piece considered by Collé, its author, too licentious to be printed with his other works, was yet thought innocent enough to be acted in the presence of two Popish bishops.

The fate of the martyred queen, Marie Antoinette, has cast a melancholy gloom over the retrospection of the festivities of Marly and the little Trianon, where the amusements of the court were to parody the sittings of the parliament of Paris, in a sort of mock-heroic pantomime; one of the Princes playing the part of the president, and the *beau* Dillon, Besenvald, Segur, and others, representing ludicrously the other personages. In one of these merry audiences, the rôle of Procureur-général was sustained by a youth who little foresaw the destiny that awaited him,—La Fayette, under the auspices of the then happy Queen. The Count d'Artois (Charles X.) became a skilful rope-dancer, to qualify himself to take part in the ballets which succeeded these pantomimes. Tired of "*jeux de société*," these royal playfellows aspired to regular acting, and the Queen relieved herself from the representation of royalty, by acting soubrettes in the "Gaguere Imprévue" and the "Devin du Village." She devoted her mornings to the study of her characters, and took lessons from Micku, of the Comédie Italienne. This favourite passion was opposed by the unhappy Louis and his brother, who would not suffer Madame to act; the King is said to have hissed the royal *débutante* the first night; but she received the rebuff with good humour, laughed, and played the next evening. One evening she ordered the *gardes du corps* to be present at the exhibition. When

the comedy was finished, the royal actress came forward, and solicited their voices by saying, "Messieurs, j'ai fait ce que j'ai pu, pour vous amuser j'aurois voulu mieux jouer afin de vous donner plus de plaisir !" And yet the gay and innocent Queen was an indifferent actress.

In Italy and France, the cultivation of the histrionic art among amateurs prevailed long before the establishment of public actors; but in England, mercenary stage-players existed from a very early period. It was not until the reign of James I. that private theatricals made any progress, and the court and nobility took part in masques—those rich and fanciful spectacles, on which the Veres, the Derbys, the Bedfords, the Cliffords, the Arundels, and other historical names reflect such lustre, and which have been enshrined imperishably in our literature, by the pens of Jonson and Milton. The imaginations of the writers who describe those splendid scenes appear to bend under the weight of the pomp and prodigality displayed, as though they thought,

"That to narrate the whole, would be, in sooth,
To give mute wonder wing, and wed romance to truth."

The court of James's queen, Anne of Denmark, derives its principal and peculiar celebrity, from the performance of Jonson's masques. For the Twelfth Night of 1605, his "Masque of Blackness" was produced, with a magnificence, that can be faintly imaged to us by the knowledge of its cost, 3000*l*. It was represented in the banqueting room at Whitehall, the chief parts being sustained by the Queen, Lucy Countess of Bedford, that "crowning rose" in the garland of English beauty, which the Spanish ambassador desired Madame Beaumont to bring with her to an entertainment in 1603, and ten other ladies of the court, who personated the parts of Moors, and had, as we are informed by Sir Dudley Carleton, "their faces and arms up to their elbows painted black. But it became them," he adds, "nothing so well as their own red and white."

The "Masque of Hymen," the "Masque of Beauty," regarding which Jonson writes, "that the throne whereon the actors sat seemed to be a mine of light, struck from their jewels and their garments;" the "Masque of Queens," the "Antemasque of Witches," with many others, all followed in glorious succession, nor were any suffered to be contaminated by plebeian performers. In the "Masque of Oberon," Sir John Finnet tells us, "the little Duke Charles (Charles I.) was found to be in the midst of the fairy dancers." The "Hue and Cry after Cupid," as performed at Lord Harrington's marriage, 1608, cost the eleven noblemen and gentlemen concerned in it, "300*l*. a man."

The troubles of the government, and the personal anxieties of Charles I., banished, in a great degree, theatrical amusements from the court during his reign, but they took refuge in the scarcely less sumptuous households of the nobility. The performance of two masques of that day will carry down to immortality the memory of those who assisted in them, we allude to the *Arcades* and *Comus* of Milton. The former was performed by the children of the Countess Dowager of Derby, at her seat, Harefield Place; and the latter, says Jonson, "was presented at Ludlow, then the residence of the Lord President of Wales, in 1634, and had the honour of being acted by the Earl of Bridgewater's sons and daughters."

The last attempt made to revive this species of entertainment was in the reign of Charles II., when the two future Queens, Mary and Anne, assisted by many of the nobility of both sexes; among them, says Evelyn, "my dear friend, Mrs. Bragg," performed at court a masque, called "*Calisto*," written by Crowne, and the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth appeared among the dancers.

From the time of Charles II. till the middle of the last century, the Théâtre de Société of England affords little that is interesting. Masquerades were introduced about the same time as the House of Brunswick, and were exceedingly popular in fashionable life during the reigns of the two first Georges. They were a favourite amusement with George II., who used frequently to mingle in the throng (sometimes exceeding in number 2000 persons) of the subscription masquerades at Ranelagh and the Opera-house. It was at an amusement of this sort, that the King, disguised in an old English habit, was delighted by a party insisting that he should wait upon them at their tea-table.

Lady Dalkeith, daughter of the great Duke of Argyle, was one of the revivers of English private theatricals. In 1748 she collected around her a company of Scotch nobility and formed a theatre; she commenced her theatrical campaign by performing the "*Revenge*," which attracted the visits of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Walpole says, "that the acting was not excellent." The same agreeable and piquant writer, under the date of 1751, records the adjournment of the House of Commons to enable the national legislators to attend at Drury-Lane, where *Othello* was acted by a Mr. Delaval and his family, who had hired the theatre on purpose. The crowd of people of fashion was so great, that the footmen's gallery was decorated with blue ribands to receive them.

When the Prince and Princess of Wales were excluded from the court of their father, it became fashionable among the nobility, then in opposition, to give splendid entertainments for their amusement. For this purpose, the Duchess of Queensberry got up private theatricals, which are memorable for having enabled the favourite of those royal personages, Lord Bute, to display his finely-shaped legs, of which he was not a little proud, in the gay character of *Lothario*. The theatricals at Winterslow are the next that attract attention, where no less an actor on the stage of life, than Charles James Fox, played *Horatio* in the "*Fair Penitent*," and *Sir Harry*, in "*High Life below Stairs*." At Holland House, too, Mr. Fox played *Hastings*, to the *Jane Shore* of the beautiful Lady Sarah Bunbury.

Richmond House presents another patrician theatre of bygone times, the attractions of which, on one occasion, shortened the solemn sittings of the House of Commons, and brought Mr. Pitt himself "under the wand of the enchanters." That festive evening had the glory of having collected Fox, Pitt, and Sheridan, in one hackney-coach to be conveyed to the gay scene.

About the same time that a taste for private theatricals reappeared in England, a similar feeling manifested itself among the higher ranks in Ireland. In the year 1759, a series of amusements of this sort were given at Lurgan, in the county of Armagh, the seat of that distinguished member of the Irish parliament, William Brownlow. To this

meeting, the stage is indebted for the popular entertainment of "*Midas*," in the performance of which, the part of *Pan* was sustained by its author, Mr. Kane O'Hara. To these representations succeeded in the following year, a sort of theatrical jubilee, at Castletown, the seat of the Right Hon. Thomas Conolly, where after the performance of the first part of *Henry IV.*, an epilogue was spoken by Hussey Burgh, one of the most accomplished men the bar of Ireland ever produced. Ireland's only duke, Leinster, too, about the same time, opened his princely mansion at Cartown, to a series of dramatic entertainments, when the performance of *Lockit*, in the "*Beggar's Opera*," by the very Rev. Dean Marly, did not prejudice that excellent person's advancement to the mitre of Waterford.

Among the most interesting of Irish private theatricals of the last century, were those got up in 1774, at the seats of Sir Hercules Langrishe and Mr. Flood, where the two celebrated orators Grattan and Flood appeared together on the stage; and, in personating the two contending chieftains, *Macbeth* and *Macduff*, had a sort of poetical rehearsal of their own future political rivalry. The name of Grattan is again connected with private theatricals in 1776, when, after a representation of the "*Masque of Comus*," at the country-seat of David Latouche, an epilogue from his pen was spoken—the only copy of verses he is known to have written. In 1785 a private theatre was established at Slanes Castle, in the list of the actors of which there occurs the name of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. In 1802 the late Mr. Richard Power, "a man who never made an enemy or lost a friend," as the able and eloquent Chief-justice Bushe well said of him, founded a private theatrical society at Kilkenny, where performances were continued annually, with but few interruptions, until 1819, and which ranked among its members, Mr. Grattan, Mr. Curran, Mr. Thomas Moore, Mr. Corry, &c. &c. With the theatrical society of Kilkenny expired the last remains of what may be termed the Social Era in Ireland.

H. H.

THE GREAT DOINGS OF DR. DOOLITTLE.

IF the busy land of cultivation has converted the bold and diversified features of our country into one uniform and tame, if not spiritless surface; so, in like manner, has civilization worked a corresponding change in its inhabitants; for intellectual improvement, and extensive intercourse have so assimilated the habits of men, that individual peculiarities are no longer prominent. The novelist, therefore, who sports in search of native simplicity and eccentricity of character, will often return after many a weary search, without bagging a single bird of rare or unknown feather. There may, however, occasionally be found a genuine and unsophisticated specimen of humanity, even as we may observe a rocky eminence still bidding defiance to the plough which has brought under its dominion the extended plain that smiles around it—and now for our story.

In a remote and sequestered village in the west of England, in which the only news-room was the barber's shop, and the only newspaper a weekly chronicle received three days after date, lived Timothy Doolittle, the renowned Galen of the district, and whose name rejoicing in the orthodox appendages of "surgeon, apothecary, and man-midwife," served as a constant memento of the two great cardinal ills of life,—declining health, and increasing population. He was about fifty-six years of age, and although very nearly six feet in height, was as erect as a drill-sergeant; and being one of those orthodox persons who resisted every species of innovation, he had never altered his dress, a pepper-and-salt suit, since the days of his youth, regarding a change of costume as wanton as a change in the pharmacopœia. Upon the same principle, did he daily submit to the routine operation of the village barber, so that the colour of his hair must remain as an unsolved problem, concealed as it ever was by a profusion of powder, and drawn behind into a queue of considerable magnitude; for the supply of which, it would appear that a *barbarous* species of conscription had been in operation, since every *hair apparent* was dragged from its native spot to give weight and importance to this favoured appendage of his capitol.

Beneath this mass of *Polar snow*, blazed a ruddy countenance animated by an expression which at once announced that internal satisfaction which self-approbation can alone bestow. In short, our friend Doolittle ought to have been the happiest of mortals, for never had a doctor been on better terms with himself, or on better footing with his patients. He chuckled over a black dose, as he mingled its motley ingredients—with as much glee as the great Ude must have felt over his daintiest invention—while his patients swallowed the healing composition with complacency and satisfaction, if not with gastronomic avidity. In a word, his elixirs were the very type of that attribute which has ever distinguished the physician—mercy. Pleasing alike to him that *gives*, and him that *takes*.

Timothy Doolittle ought surely to have been the happiest and most contented of mortals—but, alas! there still remained a vacant corner in his breast. He sighed for a doctor's diploma—could that once be obtained, the measure of his earthly felicity, as he thought, would be full to the very brim. The fire that has been secretly smouldering for years may burst forth into a flame by an accidental puff of wind. A vacancy having occurred in the office of parochial surgeon in a neighbouring village, Dr. Doolittle became a candidate, but was defeated, in consequence, as it was generally rumoured, of his rival having long had a diploma "*in his pocket*," although hitherto he had never availed himself of its advantages. No sooner did this information reach the ears of our unlucky friend, than he applied without delay to his neighbour, Mr. Andrew Grumditch, a retired schoolmaster, whose wife had influential relatives in Scotland, and through whose interest he hoped he might obtain the object of his lofty ambition. He was not deceived; the diploma arrived in due course, duly signed and sealed, in a bright tincase, conferring upon the aforesaid Timothy Doolittle, the title, dignity, and all the honours, privileges, and immunities, and so forth, which appertain to a medical graduate of the first rank. We have stated that the diploma arrived in a *tincase*, a circumstance which the reader may perchance regard as trivial and unimportant, but

to the unhappy *Doctor*, the fact was by no means so insignificant in its consequences ; nay, we suspect that it proved the most unfortunate *case* that ever occurred in his practice ; but we must not anticipate the catastrophe.

“ Well, my dearest Timothy !” exclaimed his faithful spouse as her eyes glistened at the sight of the bright tin-case, that enshrined the long-desired treasure ; “ and so after all these years you have at last found out what you should have felt long ago—that nature never meant you for a subordinate, and I now hope to see some little changes in our way of living.”

Dr. Doolittle smiled and chuckled at the proposition, feeling, as every one in his position must naturally feel, that the dignity conferred by a diploma ought to be accompanied by a corresponding elevation in the establishment and habits of the individual so dignified.

“ I certainly do think that it would now ill become my rank and station, that I should any longer trudge through the mire,” observed the Doctor ; “ but—”

“ But—but what ?” asked the anxious wife.

“ Why, my dear, we have no stable.”

“ And is that the difficulty ? leave it to me ; buy your horse, and I will find a lodging for it. There is my preserve-cupboard that opens into the back-yard. It will answer prodigiously well.”

So thought the Doctor, and he accordingly without loss of time purchased of Mr. Jeffery Nickem, a well-known dealer, a tidy-looking beast for the sum of four pounds, under the condition of receiving from the vender, a warranty, setting forth that the said horse, with certain exceptions therein stated, was sound wind and limb, and above all, steady in its paces, and not addicted to intemperate sallies, and runaway frolics. The bargain was accordingly concluded ; and the nag was trotted home to the infinite delight of all parties.

It will be remembered that the hero of Cervantes was employed three entire days, in devising a famous and high-sounding name for his immortal steed—*ROSINANTE*. And those who have read that strange but entertaining work “ *the Doctor*,” will recollect with what difficulty Dr. Dove came to a satisfactory decision upon the occasion of giving a name to the foal *NOBS*. Is it then a matter of surprise that our own Dr. Doolittle should have experienced a similar difficulty ; and indeed, we believe that the problem would have remained unsolved to this very day, had not the genius of Mrs. Doolittle at once decided that, as the stable owed its existence to the preserve-cupboard, its inmate should bear the appropriate name of *PICKLE*.

The reader will be pleased to remember the circumstance that more immediately urged our worthy Galen to possess himself of a diploma. How far the success of his rival in the parochial election was due to his having a diploma “ *in his pocket*,” we shall not venture to decide, but we beg to direct the attention of the reader more particularly to the expression itself, “ *a diploma in his pocket*,” now we humbly submit that this is nothing more than a figure of speech, a proverbial form denoting that the said diploma was ready for use, though not in action ; but Dr. Doolittle was a plain matter-of-fact man, and neither valued nor comprehended the figures of rhetoric ; he accordingly concluded that the aforesaid instrument of wax and parchment was literally carried

about in that circumscribed cavity, commonly called a *pocket*, by its fortunate proprietor, and he accordingly directed his wife to prepare in the suburbs of his coat a dark recess of buckram, wherein his own dear tin case might repose in secret and in safety. Unhappy Doolittle! upon what slight and accidental circumstances do the fortunes of us poor short-sighted mortals depend!

Every arrangement having been completed, the next sun was to witness the elevation of the Doctor, and the merits of his new quadruped, and the reader must now accompany us, in imagination at least, to the front door of Dr. Doolittle. Oh! for the descriptive pencil of Hogarth, or the matchless pen of Smollett! but no matter, we poor scribblers must make the best of such goosequills as we can muster.

There were assembled at the door, Mrs. Doolittle, with a washing-tub to enable her lord and master to mount, Mr. Andrew Grumditch, Mr. Tobias Snakefoot the attorney, and several members of the six-penny club, of which the doctor was chairman, and Richard Latherwell, the political barber and village news monger.

Doolittle appeared in his usual dress, and there was one, and only one, indication of increased importance manifested in his person, and that was the addition of sundry rings, which had, from time to time, been presented to him by the friends of his defunct patients, and which, upon this remarkable occasion had been placed, by Mrs. Doolittle, on the digits of her elevated husband.

This little display of vanity did not escape the notice of the waggish ex-pedagogue, Grumditch, who declared that, like Hannibal, the Doctor denoted the number of slain by his collection of rings. At first, nothing could promise fairer than the jog-jog pace at which *Pickle* commenced his career, as the whip of the rider descended in heavy spondees upon his ribs.

"Capital," exclaimed Grumditch; "he maintains the character of Hannibal, for although he may not make his way by *vinegar*, he certainly gets on by the aid of *Pickle*."

"Like *Any bull*," muttered Mrs. Doolittle, who knew about as much of the Carthaginian general, as she did of the Assyrian monarchs, while she darted a look at Grumditch which seemed to intimate that she could eat him without salt.

"The Doctor gets on," continued Grumditch, "one might imagine from his *double knocks*, that he was riding a *Post-horse*."

As the Doctor, however, waxed in courage and confidence, these *double knocks* or spondees, were exchanged for more sprightly dactyls, and the sympathizing *Pickle* frisked about with corresponding liveliness. Now it did so happen that the tin case, to which we have so often alluded, suddenly disengaged itself, and without any warning, struck out a tattoo upon the nether quarters of the animal,

"Which, as he trotted with a thwack,
Rattled against his rawbone back."

Away went *Pickle* justifying his name, as Grumditch was heard to observe, by the display of *capers*. Kicking, snorting, and cutting a thousand pranks, to the just indignation, and at length to the terror of his rider, and to the alarm and consternation of the numerous friends of the Doctor: when lo! in less time than that we have consumed in the description, Doolittle was *un-pickled*, and though by no means

fresh, was happily *preserved* by a mass of mud, which fortunately received the fallen hero ; in which he struggled like a fly in one of his own electuaries.

"Snakefoot," exclaimed the prostrate Doctor, as he wiped the *black dose* from his mouth and nostrils, "surely an action will lie in this case?"

"Assuredly, Doctor, as certain as you and your case now lie in the mud," responded the Attorney.

We shall here drop the curtain upon the Doctor and his friends, who, the reader will readily believe, lost no time in repairing the mischief that the adventure had occasioned. Our history now passes to a very different scene. In consequence of the disaster above related, Dr. Doolittle, by and with the advice of his friend, Mr. Tobias Snakefoot, brings his action against the aforesaid horse-dealer, Jeffery Nickem, not only for the recovery of the purchase-money, but for damages consequent upon the personal injuries sustained by his downfall.

Mr. Sergeant Crankum, who had been retained for the prosecution, rose and addressed the jury in nearly the following words :

"May it please your lordship. Gentlemen of the jury. In the present action the plaintiff, Doctor Doolittle, is a highly respectable apothecary, in very extensive practice ; a gentleman not only competent to the full and conscientious discharge of those important duties which belong to the general practitioner in medicine, but whose merits and high attainments have clothed him with the distinguished honours of a Scotch diploma. The defendant is one Jeffery Nickem, a noted horse-dealer, with whose name and fame I doubt not but you, gentlemen of the jury, are already well acquainted. I shall prove to you in evidence that the plaintiff Doolittle did, in the month of May last, enter into a negotiation, with the defendant Nickem, for the purchase of a quiet and safe horse, and that the parties ultimately agreed as follows, to wit, the plaintiff to pay the sum of four pounds, and the defendant, in consideration thereof, to transfer to the said plaintiff all his right and property in a certain horse, now called *Pickle* ; provided, moreover, that a warranty of the said horse's soundness, and so forth, should be given by the defendant. I shall this day have the satisfaction of producing this warranty in evidence, and it is upon the falsities therein contained that I rest my client's claim for recompence. Gentlemen of the jury, it has been my good or evil fortune, for I know not which to designate it, to have been engaged in a greater number of horse causes than any of my brethren on the same circuit, and I can most conscientiously declare that, in the whole range of my experience, I never met with so barefaced an imposition as that which is now to engage your solemn attention, and for which my injured client confidently seeks redress at your hands. It no doubt accords with your experience, as it does with mine, that a case rarely occurs so totally desperate and forlorn as to defy the ingenuity of counsel in framing a defence ; but be assured, gentlemen, that the present case will turn out to be such an anomaly ; at least, I cannot for my life, anticipate the probability of a plausible answer from my learned brother Botherum to this warranty—this stubborn document which I now hold in my hand. Depend upon it, gentlemen, your labour will be as short in duration as was the ride of my unhappy

client, for like the horse Pickle, the defendant has not a leg to stand upon."

The learned serjeant then proceeded to detail the facts, with which our readers have been already made acquainted, and was preparing to call his witnesses in support of the case, when the defendant's counsel rose, and said, "That there was one point in his learned brother's address to which he readily assented, that the present trial would be as short as the plaintiff's ride, and he would take the liberty of adding, that he apprehended the analogy might be extended to its termination, which he doubted not would end in the complete overthrow and discomfiture of the Doctor. He was anxious to spare the time of the court, and he felt confident that he could satisfy his lordship, that if his learned friend proved his own case, the plaintiff must be nonsuited. The ground I take," continued the counsel, "is in that very warranty, in that stubborn document which the learned serjeant has so triumphantly flourished before you; not a syllable is to be found in that warranty as to the capability of the horse Pickle carrying *double*—my learned friend may smile, but I repeat of *carrying double*. I defy him to show any expression that can be so construed, nor could the vender have contemplated the existence of such a quality, any more than the purchaser ought to have expected it; for let me ask, who has a right to expect a horse, any more than a watch, to have a duplex movement, unless an equivalent price be paid for it? That the horse Pickle was doubly burdened by his new master, on the memorable morning in question, is quite clear from the statement of my learned friend, who has told you that nothing could be less riotous nor less offensive than the demeanour of the peaceful beast, until his ears were assailed by the discordant sound of the tin case, from which, for the first time, he instinctively inferred that he carried over and above the apothecary, for whom he had shown every mark of respect and homage, a physician to whom he could not possibly owe any allegiance. But it may, perhaps, be asked, how Dr. Doolittle can, for an instant, be considered as equivalent to a double charge upon the powers of his horse, however notoriously capable he may have been of a double charge upon the purses of his patients. I have no doubt, that upon this point, your lordship will agree with me that the law, in deciding upon the unity or multiplicity of a party, does not take into consideration, like a carcass butcher, the avoirdupois weight of its corporeal elements. I am willing to admit that to those less experienced in the subtleties of the law it may appear somewhat strange that where there obviously exists but one indivisible *corpus*, the law should recognise the presence of two or more distinct persons; this may not be reason, but it is law—in which so many analogous cases exist as to make the present one no anomaly. In the instance of man and wife, such as Dr. and Mrs. Doolittle, there were two distinct bodies, but the law, nevertheless, holds that they were but one person; nay, so accordant is this rule of law with the familiar conceptions of mankind that, in the case of a tailor, nine distinct and independent lumps of mortality, each exceeding the plaintiff in bulk and stature, would not constitute more than one individual. If, then, two or more bodies can be thus united into one person, surely the converse must be admitted, namely, that one

body may be legally resolved into two persons; indeed, a parish priest will afford a familiar example, for as parson, he is a "*body politic*," a "*corporation sole*," and is continued and represented by his successor; but, as a private person, he is an *individual*, clothed only with the same privileges, and subject to the same accident, as any other of her majesty's lieges. The case of Dr. Doolittle is precisely parallel; for although there be but one physical existence, I will undertake to prove there are two distinct volitions, opposed and often adverse to each other: thus, Doolittle as a physician, may often desire, as his name imports, to do little; while, in the capacity of apothecary, he is irresistibly led to *dose much*; unless, then, two distinct and independent existences be admitted, what discrepancies and discordances would arise, defeating the ends both of law and justice! Doolittle would thus represent a sort of medical Janus with a double face, the one expressive of peace and good-will, the other of war and bloodshed."

Mr. Botherum having thus concluded his defence, the jury expressed their decided concurrence, and pronounced a verdict for the defendant but the plaintiff's counsel begged that his lordship would reserve the point of law.

THE CAROL OF CONTENT.

BY SIR LUMLEY SKEFFINGTON.

THOUGH gaudy presumption my lot may deride,
I've a classical roof, and a talented bride;
A nymph that appears, while the merits refine,
More anxious to please, than ambitious to shine.
She pines for no pomp, for no jewelry sighs,
For, alas! what are brilliants to heavenly eyes!
And well may she slight a magnificent dome,
Who, more than a queen, makes a palace of home.
Though artists may there no originals trace,
We have models of beauty, and copies of grace.
If the gardens no splendid exotic present,
Still their lilies are pure, and I culture content;
From each bud take a hint how the world may ensnare,
And, renouncing its folly, escape from its care.
Thus reviewing the bounds of a limited store,
I bless what I have, without wishing it more.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.*

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C.B.

CHAP. XXXVI.

PREVIOUS to continuing our narrative, it may be as well to give our readers some little insight into the nature, ceremonies, and regulations of the Inquisition; and in describing that of Goa, we may be said to describe all others, with very trifling, if any, variation.

The Santa Casa, or Inquisition of Goa, is situated on one side of a large square, called the Terra di Sabaio. It is a massy handsome pile of stone buildings, with three doors in the front: the centre one is larger than the two lateral, and it is through the centre door that you go into the Hall of Judgment. The side-doors lead to spacious and handsome apartments for the Inquisitors, and officers attached to the establishment.

Behind these apartments are the cells and dungeons of the Inquisition; they are in two long galleries, with double doors to each, and are about ten feet square. There are about two hundred of them; some are much more comfortable than the others, as light and air are admitted into them: others are wholly dark. In the galleries the keepers watch, and not a word or a sound can proceed from any cell without their being able to overhear it. The treatment of those confined is, as far as respects their food, very good; great care is taken that the nourishment is of that nature that the prisoners may not suffer from the indigestion arising from want of exercise. Surgical attendance is also permitted them; but, unless on very particular occasions, no priests are allowed to enter. Any consolation to be derived from religion, even the office of confessor and extreme unction, in case of dissolution, are denied them. Should they die during their confinement, whether proved guilty or not of the crime of which they are accused, they are buried without any funeral ceremony, and tried afterwards; if then found guilty, their bones are disinterred, and the execution of their sentence is passed upon their remains.

There are two Inquisitors at Goa: one the Grand Inquisitor, and the other his second, who are invariably chosen from the order of St. Dominique; these two are assisted in their judgment and examinations by a large number selected from the religious orders, who are termed deputies of the Holy Office, but who only attend when summoned: they have other officers, whose duty it is to examine all published books, and ascertain if there is any thing in their pages contrary to the holy religion. There is also a public accuser, a procureur of the Inquisition, and lawyers, who are permitted to plead the case of the prisoners, but whose chief business and interest it is to obtain their secrets and betray them. What are termed *Familiars* of the Inquisition, are, in fact, nothing but this description of people: but this disgraceful office is taken upon themselves by the highest nobility, who think it an

* Continued from No. ccxxi., page 103.

honour, as well as a security, to be enrolled among the Familiars of the Inquisition, who are thus to be found dispersed throughout society; and every careless word, or expression, is certain to be repeated to the Holy Office. A summons to attend at the Inquisition is never opposed; if it were, the whole populace would rise and enforce it. Those who are confined in the dungeons of the Inquisition are kept separate; it is a very uncommon thing to put two together: it is only done when it is considered that the prolonged solitude of the dungeon has created such a depression of spirits as to endanger the life of the party. Perpetual silence is enjoined, and strictly kept. Those who wail or weep, or even pray, in their utter darkness, are forced by blows to be quiet. The cries and shrieks of those who suffer from this chastisement, or from the torture, are carried along the whole length of the corridors, terrifying those who, in solitude and darkness, are anticipating the same fate. The first question put to a person arrested by the Inquisition, is a demand, "What is his property?" He is desired to make an exact declaration of every thing that he is worth, and swear to the truth of his assertions; being informed that, if there is any reservation on his part (although he may be at that time innocent of the charges produced against him), he will, by his concealment, have incurred the wrath of the Inquisition; and that, if discharged for the crime he is accused of, he will again be arrested for having taken a false oath to the Inquisition; that, if innocent, his property will be safe, and not interfered with. It is not without reason that this demand is made. If a person accused confesses his crime, he is, in most cases, eventually allowed to go free, but all his property becomes confiscated.

By the rules of the Inquisition, it is made to appear as if those condemned have the show of justice; for, although two witnesses are sufficient to warrant the apprehension of any individual, seven are necessary to convict him; but as the witnesses are never confronted with the prisoners, and torture is often applied to the witnesses, it is not difficult to obtain the number required. Many a life is falsely sworn away by the witness, that he may save his own. The chief crimes which are noticed by the Inquisition are those of sorcery, heresy, blasphemy, and what is called *Judaism*.

To comprehend the meaning of this last crime, for which more people have suffered from the Inquisition than for any other, the reader must be informed, that when Ferdinand and Isabella of Castile drove all the Jews out of Spain, they fled to Portugal, where they were received on the sole condition that they should embrace Christianity: this they consented, or appeared to consent to do; but these converts were despised by the Portuguese people, who did not believe them to be sincere. They obtained the title of *New Christians*, in contradistinction to that of *Old Christians*. After a time, the two were occasionally intermingled in marriage; but when so, it was always a reproach to the old families; and descendants from these alliances were long termed, by way of reproach, as having a portion of the New Christians in them.

The descendants of the old families thus intermingled, not only lost *caste*, but, as the genealogy of every family was well known, they were looked upon with suspicion, and were always at the mercy of the Holy Office, when denounced for Judaism,—that is, for returning to the old

Jewish practices of keeping the Passover, and the other ceremonies enforced by Moses.

Let us see how an accusation of this kind works in the hands of the Inquisition. A really sincere Catholic descended from one of these unhappy families, is accused and arrested by the orders of the Inquisition; he is ordered to declare his property, which,—convinced of his innocence, and expecting soon to be released, he does without reservation. But hardly has the key of the dungeon turned upon him, when all his effects are seized and sold by public auction; it being well understood that they never will be restored to him. After some months' confinement, he is called into the Hall of Justice, and asked if he knows why he is in prison; they advise him earnestly to confess and to conceal nothing, as it is the only way by which he can obtain his liberty. He declares his ignorance, and being sent for several times, persists in it. The period of the *Auto da Fé*, or Act of Faith, which takes place every two or three years (that is, the public execution of those who have been found guilty by the Inquisition), approaches. The public accuser then comes forward, stating that the prisoner has been accused by a number of witnesses of Judaism. They persuade him to acknowledge his guilt; he persists in his innocence; they then pass a sentence on him, which they term *Convicto Invotivo*, which means "found guilty, but will not confess his crime;" and he is sentenced to be burnt at the approaching celebration. After this they follow him to his cell, and exhort him to confess his guilt, and promise that if he does confess he shall be pardoned; and these appeals are continued until the evening of the day before his execution. Terrified at the idea of a painful death, the wretch, at last, to save his life, consents. He is called into the Hall of Judgment, confesses the crime that he has not committed, and imagines that he is now saved.—Alas! no; he has entangled himself, and cannot escape.

"You acknowledge that you have been guilty of observing the laws of Moses. These ceremonies cannot be performed alone; you cannot have eaten the Paschal lamb *alone*; tell us immediately who were those who assisted at those ceremonies, or your life is still forfeited, and the stake is prepared for you."

Thus has he accused himself without gaining any thing, and if he wishes to save his life he must accuse others; and who can be accused but his own friends and acquaintances? nay, in all probability, his own relations—his brothers, sisters, wife, sons or daughters—for it is natural to suppose that in all such practices a man will trust only his own family. Whether a man confesses his guilt, or dies asserting his innocence, his worldly property is in either case confiscated; but it is of great consequence to the Inquisition that he should confess, as his act of confession, with his signature annexed, is publicly read, and serves to prove to the world that the Inquisition is impartial and just; nay, more, even merciful, as it pardons those who have been proved to be guilty.

At Goa the accusations of sorcery and magic were much more frequent than at the Inquisitions at other places, arising from the customs and ceremonies of the Hindoos being very much mixed up with absurd superstitions. These people, and the slaves from other parts, very often embraced Christianity to please their masters; but since, if they had

been baptized and were afterwards convicted of any crime, they were sentenced to the punishment by fire; whereas, if they had not been baptized, they were only punished by whipping, imprisonment, or the galleys; upon this ground alone many refused to embrace Christianity.

We have now detailed all that we consider, up to the present, necessary for the information of the reader; all that is omitted he will gather as we proceed with our history.

CHAP. XXXVII.

A FEW hours after Amine had been in the dungeon, the jailers entered: without speaking to her they let down her soft silky hair, and cut it close off. Amine, with her lip curled in contempt, and without resistance and expostulation, allowed them to do their work. They finished, and she was again left to her solitude.

The next day the jailers entered her cell, and ordered her to bare her feet, and follow them. She looked at them, and they at her. "If you do not, we must," observed one of the men, who was moved by her youth and beauty. Amine did as she was desired, and was led into the Hall of Justice, where she found only the Grand Inquisitor and the Secretary.

The Hall of Justice was a long room with lofty windows on each side, and also at the end opposite to the door through which she had been led in. In the centre, on a raised dais, was a long table covered with a cloth of alternate blue and fawn-coloured stripes; and at the end opposite to where Amine was brought in was raised an enormous crucifix, with a carved image of our Saviour. The jailer pointed to a small bench, and intimated to Amine that she was to sit down.

After a scrutiny of some moments, the Secretary spoke:—

"What is your name?"

"Amine Vanderdecken."

"Of what country?"

"My husband is of the Low Countries; I am from the East."

"What is your husband?"

"The captain of a Dutch Indiaman."

"How came you here?"

"His vessel was wrecked and we were separated."

"Whom do you know here?"

"Father Mathias."

"What property have you?"

"None; it is my husband's."

"Where is it?"

"In the custody of Father Mathias."

"Are you aware why you are brought here?"

"How should I be?" replied Amine, evasively; "tell me what I am accused of."

"You must know whether you have done wrong or not. You had better confess all your conscience accuses you of."

"My conscience does not accuse me of doing wrong."

"Then you will confess nothing?"

"By your own showing, I have nothing to confess."

"You say you are from the East: are you a Christian?"

"I reject your creed."

"You are married to a Catholic?"

"Yes! a true Catholic."

"Who married you?"

"Father Seysen, a Catholic priest."

"Did you enter into the bosom of the church?—did he venture to marry you without your being baptized?"

"Some ceremony did take place which I consented to."

"It was baptism, was it not?"

"I believe it was so termed."

"And now you say that you reject the creed?"

"Since I have witnessed the conduct of those who profess it, I do: at the time of my marriage I was disposed towards it."

"What is the amount of your property in Father Mathias's hands?"

"Some hundreds of dollars—he knows exactly."

The Grand Inquisitor rang a bell; the jailers entered, and Amine was led back to her dungeon.

"Why should they ask so often about my money?" mused Amine; "if they require it, they may take it. What is their power? What would they do with me? Well, well, a few days will decide." A few days!—no, no, Amine; years would have passed without decision, but that in four months from the date of your incarceration, the *Auto da Fé*, which had not been celebrated for upwards of three years, was to take place, and there was not a sufficient number of those who were to undergo the last punishment to render the ceremony imposing. A few more were required for the stake, or you would not have escaped from those dungeons so soon. As it was, a month of anxiety and suspense, almost insupportable, had to be passed away, before Amine was again summoned to the Hall of Justice.

Amine, at the time we have specified, was again introduced to the Hall of Justice, and was again asked if she would confess. Irritated at her long confinement, and the injustice of the proceedings, she replied, "I have told you once for all, that I have nothing to confess; do with me as you will; but be quick."

"Will torture oblige you to confess?"

"Try me," replied Amine, firmly—"try me, cruel men; and if you gain but one word from me, then call me craven. I am but a woman—but I dare you—I defy you."

It was seldom that such expressions fell upon the ears of her judges, and still more seldom that a countenance was lighted up with such determination. But the torture was never applied until after the accusation had been made and answered.

"We shall see," said the Grand Inquisitor; "take her away."

Amine was led back to her cell. In the mean time, Father Mathias had had several conferences with the Inquisitor. Although, in his wrath he had accused Amine, and had procured the necessary witnesses against her, he now felt uneasy and perplexed. His long residence with her—her invariable kindness till the time of his dismissal—his knowledge that she had never embraced the faith—her boldness and courage, nay, her beauty and youth—all worked strongly in her favour.

His only object now was, to persuade her to confess that she was wrong, induce her to embrace the faith, and save her. With this view he had obtained permission from the Holy Office to enter her dungeon, and reason with her—a special favour which for many reasons they could not well refuse him. It was on the third day after her second examination, that the bolts were removed at an unusual hour, and Father Mathias entered the cell, which was again barred, and he was left alone with Amine.

“My child! my child!” exclaimed Father Mathias, with sorrow in his countenance.

“Nay, Father, this is mockery. It is you who brought me here—leave me.”

“I brought you here, ’tis true; but I would now remove you, if you will permit me, Amine.”

“Most willingly; I’ll follow you.”

“Nay, nay! there is much to talk over, much to be done. This is not a dungeon from which people can escape so easily.”

“Then tell me what have you to say; and what is it must be done?”

“I will.”

“But, stop; before you say one word answer me one question as you hope for bliss: have you heard aught of Philip?”

“Yes, I have. He is well.”

“And where is he?”

“He will soon be here.”

“God, I thank you! Shall I see him, Father?”

“That must depend upon yourself.”

“Upon myself. Then tell me, quickly, what would they have me do?”

“Confess your sins—your crimes.”

“What sins?—what crimes?”

“Have you not dealt with evil beings, invoked the spirits, and gained the assistance of those who are not of this world?”

Amine made no reply.

“Answer me. Do you not confess?”

“I do not confess to have done any thing wrong.”

“This is useless. You were seen by me and others. What will avail your denial? Are you aware of the punishment, which most surely awaits you, if you do not confess, and become a member of our church?”

“Why am I to become a member of your church? Do you, then, punish those who refuse?”

“No: had you not already consented to receive baptism, you would not have been asked to become so; but having been baptized, you must now become a member, or be supposed to fall back into heresy.”

“I knew not the nature of your baptism at that time.”

“Granted: but you consented to it.”

“Be it so. But, pray, what may be the punishment if I refuse?”

“You will be burnt alive at the stake; nothing can save you. Hear me, Amine Vanderdecken; when next summoned you must confess all; and, asking pardon, request to be received into the church; then will you be saved, and you will—”

"What?"

"Again be clasped in Philip's arms."

"My Philip! my Philip! you, indeed, press me hard; but, Father, if I confess I am wrong, when I feel that I am not—"

"Feel that you are not!"

"Yes. I invoked my mother's assistance; she gave it me in a dream. Would a mother have assisted her daughter if it were wrong?"

"It was not your mother but a fiend who took the likeness."

"It was my mother. Again you ask me to say that I believe that which I cannot."

"That which you cannot! Amine Vanderdecken be not obstinate."

"I am not obstinate, good Father. Have you not offered me, what is to me beyond all price, that I should again be in the arms of my husband? Can I degrade myself to a lie? Not for life, or liberty, or even for my Philip!"

"Amine Vanderdecken, if you will confess your crime before you are accused, you will have done much; after your accusation has been made, it will be of little avail."

"It will not be done, either before or after, Father. What I have done I have done, but a crime is not to me and mine; with you it may be, but I am not of yours."

"Recollect also that you peril your husband, for having wedded with a sorceress. Forget not: to-morrow I will see you again."

"My mind is troubled," replied Amine. "Leave me, Father, it will be a kindness."

Father Mathias quitted the cell, pleased with the last words of Amine. The idea of her husband's danger seemed to have startled her.

Amine threw herself down on the mattress, in the corner of the cell, and hid her face.

"Burnt alive!" exclaimed she after a time, sitting up, and passing her hands over her forehead. "Burnt alive! and these are Christians."

This, then, was the cruel death foretold by that creature, Schriester—foretold—yes, and therefore must be—it is my destiny—I cannot save myself. If I confess, then, I confess that Philip is wedded to a sorceress, and he will be punished too. No, never—never: I can suffer, 'tis cruel—'tis horrible to think of—but 'twill soon be over. God of my fathers, give me strength against these wicked men, and enable me to bear all, for my dear Philip's sake!"

The next evening Father Mathias again made his appearance. He found Amine calm and collected: she refused to listen to his advice, or follow his injunctions. His last observation, that "her husband would be in peril, if she was found guilty of sorcery," had steeled her heart, and she had determined that neither torture nor the stake should make her confess the act. The priest left the cell, sick at heart; he now felt miserable at the idea of Amine's perishing by so dreadful a death; accused himself of precipitation, and wished that he had never seen Amine, whose constancy and courage, although in error, excited his admiration and his pity. And then he thought of Philip, who had treated him so kindly—how could he meet him? And if he asked for his wife—what answer could he give?

Another fortnight passed, when Amine was again summoned to the Hall of Judgment, and again asked if she confessed her crimes. Upon her refusal, the accusations against her were read. She was accused by Father Mathias with practising forbidden arts, and the depositions of the boy Pedro, and the other witnesses, were read. In his zeal, Father Mathias also stated that he had found her guilty of the same practices at Terneuse; and moreover, in the violent storm when all expected to perish, she had remained calm and courageous, and told the captain that they would be saved; which could only have been known by an undue spirit of prophecy, given by evil spirits. Amine's lip curled in derision when she heard the last accusation. She was asked if she had any defence to make.

"What defence can be offered," replied she, "to such accusations as these? Witness the last—because I was not so craven as the Christians I am accused of sorcery. The old dotard! but I will expose him. Tell me, if one knows that sorcery is used, and conceals or allows it, is he not a participator and equally guilty?"

"He is," replied the Inquisitor, anxiously awaiting the result.

"Then I denounce"—And Amine was about to reveal that Philip's mission was known, and not forbidden by Fathers Mathias and Seysen; when recollecting that Philip would be implicated, she stopped.

"Denounce whom?" inquired the Inquisitor.

"No one," replied Amine, folding her arms and dropping her head.

"Speak, woman."

Amine made no answer.

"The torture will make you speak."

"Never!" replied Amine. "Never! Torture me to death, if you choose; I prefer it to a public execution."

The Inquisitor and the Secretary consulted a short time. Convinced that Amine would adhere to her resolution, and requiring her for public execution, they abandoned the idea of the torture.

"Do you confess?" inquired the Inquisitor.

"No," replied Amine, firmly.

"Then take her away."

The night before the *Auto da Fé*, Father Mathias again entered the cell of Amine, but all his endeavours to convert her were useless.

"To-morrow will end it all, father," replied Amine; "leave me—I would be alone."

CHAP. XXXVIII.

WE must now return to Philip and Krantz. When the latter retired from the presence of the Portuguese commandant, he communicated to Philip what had taken place, and the fabulous tale which he had invented to deceive the commandant. "I said that you alone knew where the treasure was concealed," continued Krantz, "that you might be sent for, for in all probability he will keep me as a hostage: but never mind that, I must take my chance. Do you contrive to escape somehow or another, and rejoin Amine."

"Not so," replied Philip, "you must go with me, my friend: I feel

that should I part with you, happiness would no longer be in store for me."

"Nonsense—that is but an idle feeling; besides, I will evade him somehow or another."

"I will not show the treasure, unless you go with me."

"Well—you may try it at all events."

A low tap at the door was heard. Philip rose and opened it (for they had retired to rest), and Pedro came in. Looking carefully round him, and then shutting the door softly, he put his finger on his lips to enjoin them to silence. He then in a whisper told them what he had overheard. "Contrive, if possible, that I go with you," continued he; "I must leave you now; he still paces the room." And Pedro slipped out of the door, and crawled stealthily away along the ramparts.

"The treacherous little rascal! But we will circumvent him, if possible," said Krantz, in a low tone. "Yes, Philip, you are right, we must both go, for you will require my assistance. I must persuade him to go himself. I'll think of it—so Philip, good night."

The next morning Philip and Krantz were summoned to breakfast; the commandant received them with smiles and urbanity. To Philip he was peculiarly courteous. As soon as the repast was over, he thus communicated to him his intentions and wishes:

"Signor, I have been reflecting upon what your friend told me, and the appearance of the spectre yesterday, which created such confusion; it induced me to behave with a rashness for which I must now offer my most sincere apologies. The reflections which I have made, joined with the feelings of devotion which must be in the heart of every true Catholic, have determined me, with your assistance, to obtain this treasure dedicated to the holy church. It is my proposal that you should take a party of soldiers under your orders, proceed to the island on which it is deposited, and having obtained it, return here. I will detain any vessel which may in the mean time put into the roadstead, and you shall then be the bearers of the treasure and of my letters to Goa. This will give you an honourable introduction to the authorities, and enable you to pass away your time there in the most agreeable manner. You will also, signor, be restored to your wife, whose charms had such an effect upon me; and for mention of whose name in the very unceremonious manner which I did, I must excuse myself upon the ground of total ignorance of who she was, or of her being in any way connected with your honourable person. If these measures suit you, signor, I shall be most happy to give orders to that effect."

"As a good Catholic myself," replied Philip, "I shall be most happy to point out the spot where the treasure is concealed, and restore it to the church. Your apologies relative to my wife I accept with pleasure, being aware that your conduct proceeded from ignorance of her situation and rank; but I do not exactly see my way clear. You propose a party of soldiers. Will they obey me?—Are they to be trusted?—I shall have only myself and friend against them, and will they be obedient?"

"No fear of that, signor, they are well disciplined; there is not even occasion for your friend to go with you. I wish to retain him with me, to keep me company during your absence."

"Nay! that I must object to," replied Philip; "I will not trust myself alone."

"Perhaps I may be allowed to give an opinion on this subject," observed Krantz. "I see no reason, if my friend goes accompanied with a party of soldiers only, why I should not go with him; but I consider it would be unadvisable that he proceed in the way the commandant proposes, either with or without me. You must recollect, commandant, that it is no trifling sum which is to be carried away; that it will be open to view, and will meet the eyes of your men; that these men have been detained many years in this country, and are anxious to return home. When, therefore, they find themselves with only two strangers with them—away from your authority, and in possession of a large sum of money—will not the temptation be too strong? They will only have to run down the southern channel, gain the port of Bantam, and they will be safe; having obtained both freedom and wealth. To send, therefore, my friend and me, would be to send us to almost certain death; but if you were to go, commandant, then the danger would no longer exist. Your presence and your authority would control them; and, whatever their wishes or thoughts might be, they would quail before the flash of your eye."

"Very true—very true," replied Philip—"all this did not occur to me."

Nor had it occurred to the commandant; but when pointed out, the force of these suggestions immediately struck him, and long before Krantz had finished speaking, he had resolved to go himself.

"Well, signors," replied he, "I am always ready to accede to your wishes; and since you consider my presence necessary, and as I do not think there is any chance of another attack from the Ternate people just now, I will take upon myself the responsibility of leaving the fort for a few days under the charge of my lieutenant, while we do this service to Holy Mother Church. I have already sent for one of the native vessels, which are large and commodious, and will, with your permission, embark to-morrow."

"Two vessels will be better," observed Krantz; "in the first place, in case of an accident; and next, because we can embark all the treasure in one with ourselves, and put a portion of the soldiers in the other; so that we may be in greater force, in case of the sight of so much wealth stimulating them to insubordination."

"True, signor, we will have two vessels; your advice is good."

Every thing was thus satisfactorily arranged, with the exception of their wish that Pedro should accompany them on their expedition. They were debating how this should be brought on the tapis, when the soldier came to them, and stated that the commandant had ordered him to be of the party, and that he was to offer his services to the two strangers.

On the ensuing day every thing was prepared. Ten soldiers and a corporal had been selected by the commandant; and it required but little time to put into the vessels the provisions and other articles which were required. At daylight they embarked—the commandant and Philip in one boat; Krantz, with the corporal and Pedro, in the other. The men, who had been kept in ignorance of the object of the expedition, were now made acquainted with it by Pedro, and a long

whispering took place between them, much to the satisfaction of Krantz, who was aware that the mutiny would soon be excited, when it was understood that those who composed the expedition were to be sacrificed to the avarice of the commandant. The weather being fine, they sailed on during the night; passed the island of Ternate at ten leagues' distance; and before morning were among the cluster of isles, the southernmost of which was the one on which the treasure had been buried. On the second night the vessels were beached upon a small island; and then, for the first time, a communication took place between the soldiers who had been in the boat with Pedro and Krantz, and those who had been embarked with the commandant. Philip and Krantz had also an opportunity of communicating apart for a short time.

When they made sail the next morning, Pedro spoke openly; he told Krantz that the soldiers in the boat had made up their minds, and that he had no doubt that the others would do so before night; although they had not decidedly agreed upon joining them in the morning when they had re-embarked. That they would despatch the commandant, and then proceed to Batavia, and from thence obtain a passage home to Europe.

"Cannot you accomplish your end without murder?"

"Yes we could; but not our revenge. You do not know the treatment which we have received from his hands; and sweet as the money will be to us, his death will be even sweeter. Besides, has he not determined to murder us all in some way or another? It is but justice. No, no; if there was no other knife ready—mine is."

"And so are all ours!" cried the other soldiers, putting their hands to their weapons.

One more day's sail brought them within twenty miles of the island; for Philip knew his landmarks well. Again they landed, and all retired to rest, the commandant dreaming of wealth and revenge; while it was arranging that the digging up of the treasure which he coveted should be the signal for his death.

Once more did they embark, and the commandant heeded not the dark and lowering faces with which he was surrounded. He was all gaiety and politeness. Swiftly did they skim over the dark blue sea, between the beautiful islands with which it was studded; and before the sun was three hours high, Philip recognised the one sought after, and pointed out to the commandant the notched cocoa-nut tree, which served as a guide to the spot where the money had been concealed. They landed on the sandy beach, and the shovels were ordered to be brought on shore by the impatient little officer; who little thought that every moment of time gained was but so much *time* lost to him, and that while he was smiling and meditating treachery, that others could do the same.

The party arrived under the tree—the shovels soon removed the light sand, and, in a few minutes, the treasure was exposed to view. Bag after bag was handed up, and the loose dollars collected into heaps. Two of the soldiers had been sent to the vessels for sacks to put the loose dollars in, and the men had desisted from their labour; they laid aside their spades, looks were exchanged, and all were ready.

The commandant turned round to call to and hasten the movements of the men who had been sent for the sacks, when three or four knives simultaneously pierced him through the back; he fell, and was ex-

postulating when they were again buried in his bosom, and he lay a corpse. Philip and Krantz remained silent spectators—the knives were drawn out, wiped, and replaced in their sheaths.

“He has met his reward,” said Krantz.

“Yes!” exclaimed the Portuguese soldiers—“justice, nothing but justice.”

“Signors, you shall have your share,” observed Pedro. “Shall they not, my men?”

“Yes! yes!”

“Not one dollar, my good friends,” replied Philip; “take all the money, and may you be happy; all we ask is, your assistance to proceed on our way to where we are about to go. And now, before you divide your money, oblige me by burying the body of that unfortunate man.”

The soldiers obeyed. Resuming their shovels, they soon scooped out a shallow grave; the commandant’s body was thrown in, and covered up from sight.

(To be continued.)

THE ROCK OF THE BETRAYED.

A BALLAD.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

It was a Highland chieftain’s son
Gazed sadly from the hill:
And they saw him shrink from the autumn
wind,
As its blast came keen and chill.

His stately mother saw,—and spoke,
With the heartless voice of pride;
“’Tis well I have a stouter son,
The border wars to ride.”

His jealous brother saw, and stood,
Red-haired, and fierce, and tall,
Muttering low words of fiendish hope,
That he might be lord of all.

But sickly Allan heard them not,
As he looked o’er land and lea;
He was thinking of the sunny climes
That lie beyond the sea.

He was thinking of the native land,
Whose breeze he could not bear;
Whose wild free beauty he must leave,
To breathe a warmer air.

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He was dreaming of his childhood’s haunts,
And his gray-haired father’s praise;
And the chance of death which hung so
near,
And darken’d his young days.

So he turned and bade them both farewell,
With a calm and mournful smile;
And he spoke of dwelling far away,
But only for a while.

And if a pang of bitter grief
Shot wildly through his heart,
No man heard Allan Douglas sigh,
Nor saw the tear-drop start.

For he left in Scotland none who cared
If e’er he should return;
In castle hall, or cottage low,
By river or by burn.

Only upon the heather brae,
His quivering lip he press’d;
And clasped the senseless birchen tree,
And strained it to his breast;

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Because the human heart is full
Of love that must be given,
However checked, estranged, and chilled,
To something under Heaven.

And these things had been friends to him,
Thro' a life of lonely hours—
The blue lake, and the waving birch,
And the low broom's scented flowers.

* * * * *

Twice had the snow been on the hills,
And twice the soft spring rain,
When Allan Douglas bent his way
To his native land again.

More healthful glowed his hollow cheek,
His step was firm and free,
And he brought a fair Italian girl,
His bonny bride to be.

But darkly sneered his brother cold,
When he saw that maiden fair,
"Is a foreign minion come to wed
The Highland's chieftain's heir?"

And darkly gloomed the mother's brow,
As she said, "Am I so old,
That a stranger must so soon come here,
The Castle keys to hold?"

Then spoke the young Italian girl
With a sweet and modest grace,
As she lifted up her soft black eyes
And looked them in the face:

"A stranger and an orphan comes
To Allan's native land,
And she needs the mother's welcome
smile,
And the brother's friendly hand.

"Be thine! oh! stately lady—thine—
The rule that thou dost crave,
For Allan's love is all I earned,
And all I seek to have.

"And trust me, brother, tho' my words
With foreign accents fall,
The heart is of no country born,
And my heart will love you *all*."

But vain the music of her tongue
Against the hate they bore;
And when a babe her love had blest,
They hated her the more.

They hated her the more, because
That babe must be the heir,
And his dark and lovely eyes at times,
His mother's look would wear.

But lo! the keen cold winter came
With many a bitter blast:
It pierced thro' sickly Allan's frame,—
He drooped and died at last!

Oh! mournfully at early morn
That young wife sat and wept,—
And mournfully, when day was done,
To her widowed couch she crept,—

And mournfully at noon she rocked
The baby on her knee;
"There is no pity in their hearts
My child, for thee and me.

"There was no pity in their hearts
For him who is at rest:
How should they feel for his young son
Who slumbers at my breast?"

The red-haired brother saw her tears,
And said, "Nay, cease thy moan—
Come forth into the morning air,
And weep no more alone!"

The proud step-mother chid her woe;—
"Even for thy infant's sake,
Go forth into the morning air,
And sail upon the lake!"

There seemed some feeling for her state;
Their words were fair and mild;
Yet she shuddered as she whispered low,
"God shield me and my child!"

"Come!" said dead Allan's brother stern,
"Why dost thou tremble so?
"Come!"—and with doubt and fear per-
plexed,
The lady rose to go.

They glided over the glassy lake,
"Till its lulling murmur smote,
With a death-like omen, to and fro'
Against the heaving boat.

And no one spoke;—that brother still
His face averted kept,
And the lady's tears fell fast and free
O'er her infant as it slept.

The cold faint evening breeze sprang up
And found them floating on;—
They glided o'er the glassy lake
Till the day's last streak was gone—

Till the day's last streak had died away
From the chill and purple strand,
And a mist was on the water's face
And a damp dew on the land;

Till you could not trace the living hue
Of lip, or cheek, or eye,
But the outline of each countenance
Drawn dark against the sky.

And all things had a ghastly look
An aspect strange and drear;—
The lady looked to the distant shore
And her heart beat wild with fear.

• • • •

There is a rock whose jutting height
Stands frowning o'er that lake,
Where the faintest call of the bugle horn
The echo's voice will wake :—

And there, the water lifts no wave,
To the breeze, so fresh and cool,
But lies within the dark rock's curve,
Like a black and gloomy pool.

Its depth is great,—a stone thrown in
Hath a dull descending sound,
The plummet hath not there been cast
Which resting-place hath found.

And scattered firs and birch trees grow
On the summit, here and there,

Lonely and joylessly they wave,
Like an old man's thin gray hair.

But not to nature's hand it owes
Its mournfulness alone,
For vague tradition gives the spot
A horror of its own :

The boatman doffs his cap beneath
Its dark o'er-hanging shade,
And whispers low its Gaelic name ;—
" THE ROCK OF THE BETRAYED."

And when the wind, which never curls
That pool, goes sweeping by,
Bending the firs and birchen trees
With a low and moaning sigh,—

He'll tell you that the sound which comes,
So strange and faint and dim,
Is only heard at one set hour,
And called,—" THE LADY'S HYMN."

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

LIFE OF THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.*

THE curiosity, as idle and empty as it is eager, which is exhibited in the present day, touching the " life, character, and behaviour," even of the most insignificant among those of our contemporaries who have rendered themselves, from whatever causes, in the smallest degree conspicuous above their fellows, added to, or rather compared with, the indifference which prevails in regard to a large proportion of the great and mighty dead—those who by their thoughts, actions, and opinions, have influenced the fate of nations and of the world—is no very creditable or promising feature in the literary taste of the day. We have " Lives," without number and without end, of the little Knowns and Unknowns that are spawned forth to meet that craving for immediate intellectual excitement which is the prevailing error of our time ; while, to this day, we have remained without any adequate biography of not only one of the most gifted and extraordinary women that ever lived, but one who, during the whole of her prolonged career, exercised a more extensive influence over the destinies of nations than any other woman ever did, and, over England in particular than was ever exercised by any other individual. Until the present moment, the only attempt at a connected Life of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, is a small, anonymous, and inauthoritative volume, published in 1745, two

* Memoirs of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, and of the Court of Queen Anne By Mrs. A. T. Thompson, Authoress of Memoirs of Henry the Eighth, &c. 2 vols.

years after her death, without communication with, or assistance from, her numerous friends and relatives; without aid or illustration from the large body of her letters, which must have existed at the time, and most of which, in fact, still exist; and without any more than a meagre sprinkling of those numerous and piquant personal anecdotes about her, which existed in such profusion in the fugitive literature of her day, and of which, even now, whole reams might be collected, which are better worth preserving than half the *ana* that crowd our shelves relative to much less important persons. It is true that the duchess herself, only two years before her death, published a highly interesting volume, which she calls, "An Account of the Conduct of the Dowager-Duchess of Marlborough, from her first coming to Court, to the year 1710," a period comprising the whole of her extraordinary public career, in connection with political affairs. It is also true, that the celebrated Henry Fielding, who was her contemporary, published a sort of semi-official reply to the numerous attacks which the beforenamed "Account" of the Duchess herself had called forth. Finally, we have Archdeacon Coxe's able and elaborate "Life of John, Duke of Marlborough," compiled from the vast body of papers submitted to him, for that express purpose, by the Marlborough and Spenser families. But each and all of these publications, are but reasons the more why we should desire to possess a comprehensive and efficient Life of the Duchess herself, written when all prejudices and partialities regarding her are necessarily at an end, and when the real features of her extraordinary character, and the important career which was its result, can be looked at and developed without fear or favour.

That the highly creditable and comprehensive work which is now before us, fulfils all the desiderata which the interest and importance of the subject and its accessories might lead us to hope for, is more than we shall affirm. But, on the other hand, the very circumstance which has prevented the completeness of the work in one respect, has greatly added to its value and interest in another—we allude to the fact of its being written by a female. There is something in the very nature of the female mind, which prevents it from assuming that adventitious weight, and gravity of purpose and demeanour, which alone befits historical researches, and which can alone ensure those comprehensive results of which history should consist. The Duchess of Marlborough must undoubtedly be regarded as a great historical character: and the mind of a woman, however it may enable her to *be* such a character, cannot allow of her so projecting, as it were, her intellectual ken into the distance, as to have a fair *general* view of such a character in another. To take a fitting *historical* view of a personage like the Duchess of Marlborough, or, indeed, any other great character of history, the observer must look at it from a point at which the petty personal details of that character become merged and lost in the leading intellectual features and the general outline. It is quite impossible to form an adequate conception, still less to draw an adequate historical portrait, of such a general and statesman as Marlborough himself was, for instance, if we pay much, or even any regard, or attach any interest, to the petty question of whether or not he was as *stingy* as he was reported to be; and those who care much to inquire whether or not the Duchess of Marl-

borough was a virago in her personal bearing to her husband or her servants, will obtain for themselves, and can convey to others, a very imperfect notion of the nature and results of her influence over the councils of a great nation for a lengthened period.

In these points of view therefore we could have wished that the life of such a woman had been undertaken by a writer of the other sex. But when we come to perceive, as we do in the present instance, that the biography on which we are called upon to remark, partakes, and is intended to partake, more of a personal than a political character, we rejoice that the task has been fulfilled by a woman: having numerous instances before us in our contemporary literature, that none *but* a woman can duly penetrate and appreciate the mysteries and the subtilties of a woman's heart and mind. In this respect, Mrs. Thomson has executed her task with considerable acuteness and penetration, and with perfect impartiality. In her *personal* character of the duchess there is much truth and spirit, without any attempt to palliate those features of it which detract from its greatness as much as they impair its amability. In investigating the personal motives and feelings which actuated the duchess in her political conduct, while she has seldom overlooked the weaknesses and littlenesses of her character, she has quite as seldom failed to do justice to that noble and uncompromising spirit, that unshrinking boldness and decision of intellectual bearing, and that masculine sagacity, which lifted that extraordinary woman to a height of political greatness which no other of her sex ever openly attained.

Of course the main interest of this work depends, as it ought, on those portions of it which immediately arise out of the personal career of "Queen Sarah;" but its value and attraction are by no means confined to those portions. The incidental features of it, connected with the important times and events to which it relates, are sketched and set forth in an able and careful manner; and the notices connected with the personal as well as the public history of Marlborough himself are full of interest—an interest often of the most touching nature, arising out of the singularly devoted affection of this truly great man for a woman who, in the simplicity of his greatness, he believed to be as much his superior as she was in fact beneath him in all the elements of true greatness. And this point leads us to remark, as among the defects of this work, that its writer does not appear to entertain—certainly she does not convey to the reader—a sufficiently elevated impression of the Duke of Marlborough's intellectual character. Because, out of his deep love, he often evinced an implicit belief in—almost a superstitious reverence for—his brilliant wife's striking qualities, and sought to bend all his *personal* views and feelings to her wishes—because he seemed to live but in her presence, to think but with her thoughts, to hold his very being at her bidding and for her benefit and aggrandisement—our authoress seems to think of him as of an inferior spirit, veiling itself humbly in the presence of its acknowledged superior. But she may be assured that if there was any one of her companions and contemporaries who entertained a perfectly just notion of the weaknesses as well as the strengths of the proud, hard and intractable Sarah, it was her own lord, who had no one of her ill-qualities himself, and who on that very account tolerated them in her:—for it is not the defects that we are without, but those we possess, that we hate or condemn in others.

There is one other questionable point in these volumes: we are of opinion that the writer has not sufficiently availed herself of the vast profusion of correspondence which exists, printed as well as in MS., in connection with the subject of her work; nor has she made enough use of the duchess's own "Account" of her conduct, &c. In particular she has omitted many of the singularly curious and interesting letters between the Queen (Anne) and the duchess, which that curious and entertaining volume contains. Doubtless her reason for these omissions has been, a desire that her work should contain as little as possible which had already appeared in print. And this reason has some weight: but not enough to overbalance any deficiency that may thus be found in her work, as a substantive production, professing to embody the entire life and conduct, both public and private, of the important personage to whom it is devoted, and of course to develop as far as possible the motives and causes which led to that conduct.

Having hinted at these trifling deficiencies, the remainder of our task is one of unmixed commendation, and may be performed in a very few words. These volumes very ably, creditably and satisfactorily fill what has hitherto been a strange hiatus in our biographical literature, and they at the same time furnish an amount of popular reading that unites all the excitement of high romance with all the solid gratification that can spring from truth alone.

SKETCHES OF POPULAR PREACHERS.*

AMONG the whole of Mr. Grant's productions connected with the great metropolis, its sights and singularities, and its various social, physical, and intellectual features, there is not one that will excite so much difference of opinion among its readers as this, on the metropolitan pulpit of the present day; for there is nothing about which people pique themselves more than about the reputation of their favourite preacher—nothing on which they are so unwilling to hear their own opinions or impressions impugned, and what is more, nothing on which it is so difficult to satisfy them in any attempt at a critical estimate, or even a personal description. This is a case in which every one thinks his own individual choice is, without exception or comparison, the "wisest, virtuouslest, discreetest, best;" and if there is a personal opinion or sentiment, in behalf of which he would willingly do battle, even to the death, this is it—always provided he is sincere and earnest in his faith. The author of "The Metropolitan Pulpit" must, therefore, reckon on no small degree of dissatisfaction touching the truth and force of his sketches; and this precisely in those quarters where alone he can look for qualified judges of his pictures. None can fairly estimate the likeness or otherwise of the portraits here offered to public notice, but those persons respectively who habitually attend the individuals who have sat for them; and, we venture to predict, that in no one instance will those individuals be satisfied with the particular sketch

* *The Metropolitan Pulpit; or, Sketches of the most popular Preachers of London.* By the author of "*Random Recollections*," &c., 2 vols.

which comes most home to *their* "business and bosoms." They may, perchance, think all the *other* likenesses excellent, especially where they are not very flattering ones. But there will, in the case of every individual reader, be *one* exception, which will thus extend in turn to every sketch in the book. For our own parts, we will not pretend to be in a condition to judge fairly as to the merits or defects of these portraits; and we shrewdly doubt if any of our brother critics will find or place themselves in any better condition for the task. So that all Mr. Grant must look for at the hands of the ungentle craft is, an estimate of the *style* of his book—a particular in regard to which his writings are so well known that nothing more need here be said, beyond the fact that "The Metropolitan Pulpit" is, upon the whole, less liable to adverse criticism, than most of his preceding productions. The subject, too, is at least as well worthy of detailed treatment, and has as many claims on popularity, as those which the writer has heretofore chosen. The result, therefore, will probably be, that these volumes will obtain a fair share of favour, especially among that particular portion of the community to which they chiefly address themselves.

HINTS ON HORSEMANSHIP.*

To ride well, and to write well, have hitherto, by a strangely perverse prejudice, been deemed arts that are almost incompatible with each other; whereas we are not without hope that (partly by the help of this little book) the time may come when they will be looked upon as precisely those two branches of a liberal and polite education which cannot possibly be dissevered from each other. That really good writing can emanate from any thing but the *mens sana in corpore sano*, is a proposition that will scarcely be advanced in these days of extra enlightenment; and that either a sound body or a sound mind—much less the two together—can long subsist in the absence of riding on horseback, is what none but a cockney or a camel-driver will assert. The syllogism is complete: the perfection of writing can only result from the perfection of bodily and mental health; the perfection of bodily and mental health cannot exist without the perfection of horsemanship: *ergo*, there can be no good writing without good riding! The proof is before us, in the admirable little treatise of Colonel Greenwood, who is unquestionably as good a writer as he is a rider; or, in other words, has attained the perfection of both. His whole essay may be described in a word: good sense: and that, we take it, is the essence of all good writing, as it is of all other good things. As we are unluckily not able—even if we were justified in so doing—to quote the entire of Colonel Greenwood's treatise, we shall and need only say further of it, that its somewhat quaint title at once describes and characterises it:—it is "Hints on Horsemanship,"—which "hints" seek to apply "common sense" to the "common errors" of "common riding." The volume is elegantly got up, and is embellished by two beautiful engravings, from those models of good horsemanship exemplified, the Elgin and (if our recollection serves us) the Phigalean marbles.

* Hints on Horsemanship, &c. By an Officer of the Household Brigade.

FAIR ROSAMOND.*

WHEN Benedick swore that he would die a bachelor, he did not think he should live to be married. When we, last month, congratulated Mr. Miller and ourselves on again meeting him amidst those rural realities of his early youth, in which it was then his cue to expatiate, we little thought that we should presently have to greet him amidst scenes of high romance and spirit-stirring splendour, and to retract (as we cordially and unhesitatingly do), our hasty verdict in favour of a style of writing, to succeed in which demands little more than strength of feeling, and simplicity in the expression of it; and record, as we hereby do, a new one in behalf of that infinitely higher, nobler, and rarer style which asks a creative imagination, a fervid fancy, a rich fund of knowledge, a matured judgment, and, above all, a reach and grasp of intellect, a due and balanced union of all which is the rarest gift that is bestowed on man. That these qualifications belong, in a considerable degree, to the author of "Royston Gower," the new effort of his pen, which is now before us, places beyond the reach of doubt. "Fair Rosamond" is, in fact, an admirable work of its kind—that kind being the highest at which the writer of prose fiction can reach, and the topmost elevation of which no writer, living or dead, yet *has* reached, with the sole exception of Scott and Bulwer, but which, we have no hesitation in saying, Mr. Miller has *now* made a nearer approach to than any other writer. In regard to his "Royston Gower," this could scarcely be said with justice; for though there was a vigour, a spirit, and a creative power in some of the scenes of that romance, which gave certain promise of that future excellence which they almost reached, there was an absence of any high degree of that poetical elegance and grace of design, and that mingled richness, sweetness, and harmony of colouring, which are indispensable to the highest efforts of this class of composition. In "Fair Rosamond," however, these high and rare qualities undoubtingly exist; and the result is a work which, in its peculiar department,—namely, the strictly historical romance, without any blending of the philosophical novel,—in which, in the present day, Sir Lytton Bulwer stands alone and unapproached—we do not know of any other writer who has produced, or is likely to produce, a more favourable example. The subject of "Fair Rosamond" is most happily chosen. The very name is a romance—or rather it calls up realities that overtop romance herself, and make her veil her plumed and jewelled helm to the unadorned front of truth—of truth so beaming with her own innate brightness, that she scarcely requires to be "in fairy fiction dressed," to give her all the air of a vision of poetic beauty. But there is more than the beauty of blended romance and reality in this work; there is a high degree of dramatic power, calling forth, in all their strength and spirit, some of the most striking and important characters in our historical annals. Henry II. was one of the wisest and boldest kings that ever sat on the throne of England; and Thomas à Becket was, undoubtedly, among the very greatest characters in our historical records: and these two individuals may be regarded as the heroes of the story,

* Fair Rosamond. By Thomas Miller.

and as figuring there without manifest disparagement to the station they hold in our annals. With regard to the other principal characters, especially the female ones, Fair Rosamond herself, and her royal rival Queen Eleanor—they are depicted with great skill, but chiefly (and very properly so), with a view to that contrast and *effect* which are so essential to the due treatment of the story, as a work whose ostensible aim is the attainment of popular favour. And if, with this view, the one is drawn with a harsher and deeper outline, and in darker colours, than some may think the truth warrants, and the other is invested with qualities and attributes, and clustered round by graces, elegancies, and refinements, which are scarcely compatible with the semibarbarous character of the times,—so far from complaining of this, we look upon it as evidence of the writer's judgment, no less than of his skill and creative power, and we laud him accordingly.

It is not consistent with our plan to enter into details respecting the plot and construction of works of this nature; but the high impression we have received of this writer's powers, from a hasty perusal of his new production, induces us to offer a specimen of the style in which its separate scenes are executed. There are few things more beautiful in their way than the following picture—or rather the rapid succession of pictures—arising out of the first introduction of the heroine, Rosamond de Clifford, as one of a part of nuns and other young damsels who are discovered wandering, on a sweet May morning, among the bowers of Woodstock.

“ Two of this untamed party had wandered together along the banks of the river, and one of them slipping off her pointed shoes, and crimson hose, threw them carelessly upon the grass, and extending her hand to her companion for safety, ventured to plant one of her white feet in the water. The stream was, however, too cold, and she withdrew her foot, while a silvery shivering ran through her frame, and pervaded her delicate neck and shoulders (which were somewhat freely exposed), not unlike the sudden gust that for a moment stirs the white leaves of the willow, then all becomes again suddenly still. While she stood with her long tunic drawn aside, her white feet and ancles glancing through the green grass, and her beautiful head slightly bent forward, as if listening to the rippling and plashing of the river, she bore no bad resemblance to Diana, where that goddess is represented as if hesitating whether or not to enter the bath. She was, however, suddenly started from her reverie by the loud bellowing of a stag, which springing angrily from an adjoining covert, came with bowed head, and flaming eyes, which denoted mischief, in a direct line to where she stood. The damsel who held her hand, on discovering the danger, uttered a loud scream, and losing her hold, fled along the bank, without once deigning to look behind. Not so with the bare-footed beauty; for while she half-averted her lovely head, to discover the cause of so sudden an alarm, she beheld the infuriated animal in the act of rushing upon her, and unconscious for the moment of the danger that lay before her, she suddenly bounded forward with outstretched arms, and in another moment was struggling with the headlong torrent. The noble stag also shared the same fate, but before he had been borne far by the stream, he breasted about and made for the shore. Fortunately at this moment a horseman chanced to issue from an opposite thicket, and throwing up the hawk which was perched upon his wrist, he instantly sprung from his saddle, and without hesitating a moment, at one bound threw himself from the bank into the river. Hitherto the maiden's flowing drapery had kept her afloat, and had just become sufficiently saturated to draw her whole figure under water, as she was caught by the sinewy grasp of the horseman. With one of his long masculine arms he bore the drooping and delicate

damsel along, and with the other dashed aside the rapid current, and in less time than we have been occupied in the description, bore her safely ashore, and laid her down gently upon the sloping greensward. Meantime several horsemen, equipped for hawking, had reined in their steeds along the brow of the bank, and stood gazing in astonishment at the object before them.

"The scene had now become animated and picturesque to the highest degree, for several of the horsemen had dismounted, and stood in bent and musing attitudes, over the beautiful and senseless form, that lay outstretched on the sloping bank. The dogs, too, poked their sharp bright noses through wherever there was an opening, as if they also were interested in what was going forward; and every now and then, some noble steed suddenly jerked up his graceful head, and scattered his white foam upon the greensward, while the bells that ornamented the bridle which was thrown carelessly over the rider's arm, jingled again with the motion. On the opposite banks stood the nuns and their companions, all crowded together like a herd of deer suddenly alarmed: some of them were wringing their hands, and shrieking, while others shouted across the water, and put so many interrogations in a breath, that their mingled voices produced such a variety of confused sounds, as reminded the hearer of the babbling of Babel.

"But all these sounds were lost to the ear of the noble stranger, who had so bravely rescued the unfortunate damsel; and he knelt beside her, utterly unconscious of those around him; and never bestowing a thought on himself, although he was wet to the very skin. Sometimes he lifted up her head gently, and while a painful anxiety (mingled with such a look of tenderness as a mother casts upon her dying child) overspread his fine features, he earnestly watched for the first sign of returning animation. And when the first feeble breathing came, so faint as only just to move one of the silken tresses which had fallen over her lips, a sudden joy broke over his face, and lighted up his large blue eyes with a tenderness that looked not unlike the first kindling of love.

"There she lay, unconscious of those charms which drew forth many a sigh from the breasts of the group which had gathered around her: even the waves, as they went plashing by, seemed as if they made a struggle to bathe her white and beautiful feet, or were envious at the earth bearing so lovely a burden. The sun also had burst forth, and shed a golden lustre through the long green grass that fell around her head; giving a brightness to the upper part of her face, not unlike the glory surrounding a saint. Her sweet lips were now slightly apart, and the returning breath came over her white and pearly teeth, like the gentle air stealing through a row of lilies. Here and there, too, the white foam bells of the river had broken over, and encrusted her silken tresses; as even they could not forbear kissing such lovely locks. Her fine arms also fell carelessly by her side, and as they rested upon the folds of her unbound and upper tunic, it required but a slight effort of fancy to conjure them into the resemblance of wings, and the whole figure into that of an angel, sleeping. Her thin delicate eyelids were closed over those bright orbs, and showed their purple and veiny lines, freaked and figured like the irregular tracery of flowers. Above them spanned her nobly arched and finely marked brows, just varying as much from the colour of her hair as a skilful painter would mark the faintest shadow, without perceptibly altering the tone. The horseman who still knelt beside her with clasped hands, and watched charm after charm return, seemed struck with astonishment when her blue eyes unsealed their lids, as if he doubted whether such a vision of beauty could be mortal."

We must find room for another example of a totally different, but equally characteristic nature, connected with the extraordinary personage who acts so striking a part in this narrative. The chief interest of the following picture, arises from its being strictly true in every feature of its costume.

"All Oxford had made holiday to witness the splendid procession of the Chan-

cellor, and hundreds were assembled at the end of the narrow street which led from the palace and opened into the high road. Trees and banks were crowded ; and many a one had assembled on the roofs of the ancient houses that they might witness the procession. The grave student mingled his voice with the ragged urchin, and the expounder of laws had stolen an hour from his books to gaze on the gay scene. The shouting drew near, and all eyes were anxiously turned in the direction from whence it came.

"Nearer drew the loud murmurs of the great multitude, which came upon the ear like the sounding sea, heard inland ; now near, then again remote,—swelling and falling with solemn variation. Ever and anon, 'the silver snarling trumpets 'gan to chide ;' and the deep braying rang over valley and woodland, until it was lost along the distant river. By and by, the far-off clattering of steeds became audible, their hollow tramp sounding far around the firm-set earth, which seemed to vibrate beneath their measured tread. As the eager buzz drew nearer, the face-thronged walls seemed all astir with life ; tree and tower appeared in motion ; the doorway of every hut was crowded with faces, and every foot of ground that showed an elevation, was speedily taken possession of. Here was seen a young Saxon mother, holding up her infant at arm's length, that it might view the procession, while the young slave crowed again with delight. There stood the surly Norman, with folded arms, lowering brow, and quivering lip, only wanting the signal of his leader to spring forth, and stab the 'proud upstart' (as the Chancellor was called) to the heart. Further on were seen gray locks, and aged bow-bent figures ; men who had fought and struggled through the iron reign of Stephen, mingling with the dark ringlets of youth ; and rejoicing in their hearts that they had lived to see one of their own despised and conquered race elevated to the highest trust in the kingdom.

"At length the procession wound in sight, and the assembled throng raised a loud shout which was caught up and echoed back by the distant crowd that were in waiting.

"Foremost rode two hundred knights in suits of complete armour, which made the eye ache again under such a weight of splendour, for the summer sun shot down his brightest beams. Each knight carried his lance erect, and with battle-axe slung at the saddle-bow, and their huge triangular shields suspended from their necks, showed that they were ready prepared for any sudden danger. Behind these rode several barons and nobles, all richly attired, who, however much they might envy the Chancellor in their hearts, found it to their interest to show a fair face before a man already possessing almost kingly power.

Then came two hundred boys of various ages, six in a row, singing English war-songs, the chorus of which was—

'Long, long may King Henry reign,
And make old England free again.'

They were robed in white, and each had a garland of flowers around his head, some of them accompanied the chorus with the pipe and tabor. After them came several couples of beautiful stag-hounds, each couple attended by a youth. The hounds were of the choicest breeds, deep-chested, and strong of limb ; each had the letters B.C. marked on their haunches, signifying that they belonged to Becket, Chancellor : they moved along as gravely and orderly as if they were familiar with such scenes. Then followed a variety of other hounds, large slough-hounds, grayhounds, beagles, and every kind which could hunt the buck, doe, hare, fox, badger, otter, boar, goat, or other vermin, or beasts of chase."

* * * * *

"Many an urchin whistled, and endeavoured to press forward to pat these beautiful animals, but they were repulsed by the attendants, who with their long whips drove them back.

"After these came the immense waggons, laden with every species of luxury ; wines and ale, cider and mead, venison, sheep, whole beasts ready for dressing, bacon without weight, game of every description, pastries, pies, and all kinds of confectionery known. Others conveyed rich tents, which could be put

up on the shortest notice ; and which, when erected, formed his chapel, his chamber, his banqueting hall, kitchen, &c., each having its corresponding furniture."

"One of the wains contained no less than twenty-four changes of apparel for the Chancellor alone. Another was laden with plate, gold and silver vessels of costly workmanship, outdoing by far those which Henry himself possessed : another was laden with drink to distribute to the people of the different towns through which he passed. Each waggon was drawn by five large black horses, and every driver had on a new frock, emblazoned in front with the large initials in gold of B. C.

The wains were all roofed in like the ponderous stage waggons of the present day ; beside each rode two armed knights with lance in rest ; four archers also, with bows ready bent, marched in the rear of every waggon ; and as if such a guard was not sufficient, a grim bull-dog, of the true savage old English breed, was chained under each of the waggons.

"Behind these appeared a long train of sumpter-horses, each one heavily laden with the necessaries for the servants. Then came the squires of the knights and barons, some leading horses bearing shields, lances, and armour ; followed again by armourers, farriers, physicians, pages, conjurers, morris-dancers,—and women, whose tongues kept pace with the wanton glances of their eyes, as they now and then made their ambling palfreys curvette ; or with an air of pretty coquetry, pulled down their long tunics, as if they either wished to conceal, or draw the spectator's attention to their showy scarlet hose:

"Behind this motley retinue came the falconers, with the hooded birds perched on richly ornamented frames, and walking in stately wise, that they might show to advantage their peaked boots, or the gaudy bandages with which their hose were decorated.

"A long train of solemn monks and friars, abbots, and every order of the clergy came next, as if they brought divinity enough to supply the wants of such a motley assembly, many of whom, from their looks, seemed to stand in need of spiritual comfort.

"Great was the contrast between these big, burly, and holy men, and the gay knights ; the latter losing no opportunity of displaying their fine persons and good horsemanship, while the former seemed to sit as immovable in their saddles, as a huge pasty on a pewter platter. Most of these holy men had full cheeks, rosy visages, and portly paunches, which showed that however much they might preach up abstinence, they themselves were no strangers to the honey and the wine, and the fat of the land. Many of these venerable men carried a huge leathern bottle, which, lest it should cause them to lean too much on one side while in the saddle, they had balanced by a ponderous venison pasty on the other : their missals, anthems, and holy books, were borne by the pack-horses. These were followed by Becket's cooks and cupbearers.

"Then came the great magician himself, sumptuously apparelled, seated on a beautiful cream-coloured charger, that was covered with trappings of cloth of gold, and seemed to spurn the very earth on which he trod under his mighty burden. Beside the Great Chancellor, rode Edward Gryme, and then came a few of Becket's choicest friends.

"The procession was closed by a solemn array of armed knights riding four abreast, some with their shields ready slung on the arm, others with their huge cross-handled swords resting on their shoulders, or their lances partly poised, as if ready at the first whisper of danger."

THE GIFT.*

THIS graceful and prettily got-up volume is the third of a series, of the *Annual* class, put forth by our transatlantic rivals, in imitation

* *The Gift.* Edited by Miss Leslie.

of our numerous productions of the like florid nature; and it does credit to them in both the points of view in which its pretensions lie: its literature is at least as various, and as worthy of commendation, as that of most of those with which it has had to compete from our side of the water; and its pictorial claims are of corresponding merit and attraction.

The Gift contains more than the usual variety in its literary department, both in prose and verse; the whole being the contributions of native pens. Those among them which will be best liked in this country, are the prose sketches which delineate the peculiarities of American life and manners. But those to which the most permanent value should be attached, in this country as well as in America, are the poetical effusions,—the general tone and character of which prove that our transatlantic friends are quite on a par with ourselves in the *general* diffusion of poetic feeling and taste,—however they may as yet be deficient in those *stars* of the poetical firmament of which we can at present boast so splendid a galaxy.

CASTLE MARTYR.*

THIS "Tale of Old Ireland" is ushered in by a lively but somewhat lengthy sketch of a meeting of "the Kilburn Club," who congregate (in imagination) at that most pleasant of suburban villages, and talk over every thing in the world, and something else besides;—the result being (by a somewhat roundabout process, which is rather difficult to make out) the tale of "Castle Martyr"—such being the name of the Irish village (a sort of "Auburn, loveliest village of the plain") where the scene of the early events of the story are chiefly laid. The time of the tale precedes by some years the rebellion of 98—a stirring period for Ireland, and marked by events in private life as stirring and romantic as those which led to the subsequent outbreak. Among modern and recent times and countries there have been few, if any, better adapted to the purposes of the novelist than those chosen by the writer of "Castle Martyr," and he has availed himself of them to produce an amusing story, which is of a "mingled yarn"—serious and humorous, and which presents a fair picture of the various grades of life and society with which it busies itself. The characters of the three sisters, who are the heroines, are carefully discriminated; the incidents are rapid and various; the scenes and conversations are pleasantly made out, and the whole (bating a little Irish egotism and extravagance—especially in the introduction and the notes) forms a readable work of its class.

* Castle Martyr: a Tale of Old Ireland. 2 vols.

TRAVELS IN CIRCASSIA.*

RECENT events have excited so strong an interest, both personal and political, towards the Asiatic countries on the Black Sea, and especially towards Circassia, that we need make no excuse for directing public attention to a new and improved edition of Captain Spencer's excellent work on the latter country—a work which ought, at the present moment, to be read in every civilized country in Europe, but which, in England, it has become almost a duty to read, if it be only for the light it throws upon the subtle designs of Russia in connexion with the interesting country and people to which it chiefly refers. The struggle which the united Circassian people are now making against the apparently overwhelming force of Russia, has only been paralleled in modern times by that of the Greeks against Turkey twenty years ago; and if properly understood and appreciated (as this work of Captain Spencer's enables the reader to do), it would excite an equal degree of interest and sympathy. It is, however, as a *book of travels*, that Captain Spencer's work will chiefly attract popular attention. This enterprising traveller is, we believe, the first European who penetrated into the interior of Circassia, and made himself acquainted with the simple habits, and the, in many respects, noble character of these brave mountaineers; and the details of such an enterprise prove, as they might be expected to do, more fully fraught with a moral interest, and more adapted to excite and gratify curiosity, than all the tales of the romancers. It appears that Captain Spencer's first visit to Circassia was made under singularly fortunate circumstances, especially as relates to the insight it afforded him into the designs of Russia on that country, and the probable result of those designs. He accompanied Count Woronzow, at that time the governor of Southern Russia, in an expedition which he made, by order of the emperor, round the borders of the Black Sea. As the greatest possible *éclat* was given to this viceroyal "progress," and as the party included several Russian officials of high distinction, the information the author obtained, and the details which he gives of them, are full of interest. But that part of his work which will be read with the greatest curiosity, and which will best repay the perusal, is that relating to his second visit to Circassia, when he penetrated to the interior (in the disguise and under the character of a Frank Hakkim, or doctor), and was on a footing of the most frank and friendly hospitality with all classes of the natives, from the highest princes to the poorest of the peasantry. About one half only of these agreeable volumes is devoted to Circassia. The remainder, however, is almost equally full of interest. It comprises a steam voyage down the Danube, from Vienna to Pest; from thence to Constantinople—of which city we have many interesting details; the steam voyage round the coast of the Black Sea, as before alluded to; and a lengthened journey and residence in Krim Tartary. This new edition has been carefully revised: it contains some new matter, and is published at a reduced price, to meet the increased interest that exists as to the leading features of the work.

* Travels in Circassia. By Captain Spencer. Second Edition.

NOTES ON NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Plays of Philip Massinger. Part I. The first part of an elegant and correct reprint of Massinger, from the text of Gifford, with his critical and explanatory notes, and the general critical remarks of Dr. Ireland, appended to each play. This new edition of one of the noblest of our old dramatists merits our highest commendation, and can scarcely fail to command an extensive share of public favour. One entire play of Massinger, and the greater part of a second, elegantly printed, and in all other respects fitted to adorn the first libraries in the land—yet the price, ONE SHILLING ! The cheapness of the plebeian penny press, combined with the elegance of the Aristocratic annuals.

Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, Parts I., II., III.—Uniform with the above, by the same spirited publisher (Templeman, Regent-street), and at the same incredibly low price ; for such it must be deemed, considering that this work (like those of our elder dramatists), has hitherto been deemed one which addresses itself less to the general reader than to persons of a cultivated and matured taste. But in fact, the chief merit of this mode of publication is, that it brings within the reach of all classes of readers, those works which perhaps nothing but their inaccessibility has hitherto confined to so few. We shall look with some curiosity to the success of these admirable reprints, for a solution of the problem whether the great body of the English people are not as capable of appreciating the wonders and the beauties of those bards who are among the best glories of their country, as the fortunate few to whom they have hitherto afforded delight.

The Illustrated Shakspeare, Part I.—"Another, and another, and another !" There stop we in our admiring quotation—(for we would fain look in "a glass that shows us many more" such cheering proofs of the happy turn which the growing taste for cheap literature has lately taken. There is no one among those proofs which deserves higher praise, or more extensive encouragement than this "Illustrated Shakspeare," judging at least by this first part—which contains an entire play (*The Tempest*), illustrated with twenty exquisite engravings, designed (by Mr. Kenny Meadows), with an original and deep feeling for their respective subjects, and capitally cut in wood, by Mr. Orrin Smith ;—the size, crown octavo, the typography, first-rate, and the price—NINEPENCE ! "The force of cheapness can no further go ;" and if the public taste does not meet the claim on its favour, by a corresponding patronage, let its caterers feed it for the future on no "food more convenient for it," than the two extremes of penny magazines, and guinea annuals.

Scenic Effects of Covent-garden Theatre, Nos. I. to IV.—Though not falling strictly within our province, we cannot refrain from bestowing a word of well-merited commendation on these spirited illustrations of our dramatic literature. As the mere "recollections" of an extremely young artist, and his first essay towards public favour, we must regard them as extremely promising productions. But they are something more than harbingers of future excellence ; they are in many instances excellent in themselves ; and they will form perhaps the most pleasing and characteristic record that will remain to us of the too brief managerial career of the greatest actor of our day in Europe. Each part contains three separate "Scenic Effects" from one of the novelties or revivals produced at Covent Garden during the present season. 1. *The Tempest*. 2. *William Tell*. 3. *Richelieu*. 4. *The Lady of Lyons*. The price of each part being One Shilling.

The Poetical Works of Shelley, Vol. IV.—This volume concludes the reprint of Shelley's poetical works. It is rich to overflowing in poetic beauty, and would command all acceptance and admiration in virtue of one poem alone—*The Adonais*. The brief notes connected with the death of Shelley are of intense interest. The publication being now completed, we commend it to the attention of our readers, as among the most valuable reprints of the day.

Alison's History of Europe. Vol. VII.—This seventh volume of Mr. Alison's elaborate and valuable work, comprises a period of unexampled interest and importance. After taking a view of the state of British India, previous to and after the administration of the Marquis Wellesley, and glancing at the early career of Wellington in that scene of his first glories, and cradle of his after fame, it enters into a comprehensive examination and estimate of the continental contest with Napoleon, from the commencement of the Austrian war in the spring of 1809, to the battles of Barrosa and Fuentes d'Onoro, and the fall of Almeida, in May, 1811. This work now verges towards a conclusion, without, in any degree, forfeiting that reputation which its early volumes have so justly obtained for it.

Adrian: a Tale of Italy. By Henry Cook.—This is one of the many contributions

at the shrine of the muse, which are to be attributed to an admiration of her charms, rather than received as an evidence of any marked portion of her favour having been bestowed on their writers. Nevertheless, it is not without promise of future excellence, especially when it is noted that the writer has not yet passed the limits which divide youth from manhood. The versification is smooth; the diction copious; and the story interesting.

The Coal Combination. By W. S. Northhouse, Esq. Although this pamphlet is a reprint of an article which had previously appeared in a periodical work, with the addition, however, of a large appendix of correspondence, &c., connected with the subject, that subject is of so much public interest and importance, that we cannot refuse to note the existence and value of the essay in its present form, and to recommend it to the earnest attention of our readers. Its statements speak for themselves, as to the unjust, injurious, and most impolitic tendency of the monopoly which it combats; and as the appendix contains the counter-statements of the chief coal-owners themselves, both sides of the question are fairly placed before the public.

Notes on the Relations of British India, &c.—A pamphlet having for its object to advocate the policy of "erecting and maintaining a united and vigorous government in Afghanistan," with the view of effectually defeating the alleged designs of Russia (through the medium of Persia) on our possessions in India.

Address, &c. on the unsatisfactory State of the Court of Chancery. By G. Spencer, Esq. —This pamphlet includes a sketch of the present state of the Chancery Court; a glance at the various plans which are and have been proposed for its reform; a comparison of the merits and defects of those plans; and finally, some suggestions of the writer as to the desirableness of at once carrying Lord Lyndhurst's plan into effect.

The Rights of Animals, &c. By S. Burdett.—Another well-meant little treatise, having the same humane and just object in view, which has so long been pursued with partial success by the praiseworthy "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

Idolatry.—An earnest appeal to the influential orders of English society, chiefly referring to the prevalence and the consequent mischiefs of Idolatry in our Indian possessions.

A Popular Treatise on the Kidney. By George Gore.—This is a comprehensive, and will, doubtless, prove a useful treatise on that important organ of the human body, to which it is exclusively devoted. It commences with an abstract of all that has been written on the kidneys; then proceeds to examine those organs in an anatomical and physiological point of view; and concludes with remarks on the diseases to which they are liable, their treatment, &c. Brief as our notice of works of this nature must necessarily be, we cannot dismiss the present one, without expressing our regret that the writer has thought it advisable and fitting to make such a work the medium of obtruding upon the world his peculiar religious opinions;—a step which cannot fail to detract from the utility of his work in one way, without adding to it in the other.

The Book of Bon-accord.—This quaint title suggests any thing but the nature of the work at the head of which it stands. But they say a good horse cannot be of a bad colour: and on the same principle, we suppose a good book cannot have a bad title. And that the good folks of the good city of Aberdeen, will consider this a good book—there can be little doubt—since it is wholly and exclusively devoted to setting forth the merits and attractions of the said city—which it does with all the laborious research of a confirmed antiquary, and all the partiality of a life-long resident. Moreover, though reaching to near four hundred pages, it does but half complete the design of its writer, who promises a 'second volume on the same fertile topic. The work is illustrated by several neat engravings of the chief localities.

Iniquities of the Opium Trade with China. By the Rev. A. S. Thelwall.—A most instructive digest of the disgraceful and disgusting facts connected with a trade that is only second in iniquity, both as regards its details and its results, to the odious slave-trade itself. Well may the Chinese authorities look upon and treat us as "barbarians," when they see us the sole agents in a strictly forbidden traffic, which has cost their nation millions of human lives, and an amount of suffering and degradation that no words can express, and no imagination reach. Great credit is due to the committee of gentlemen connected with the India trade who have caused this exposure, which cannot fail to be a salutary one, if merely on the grounds of general commercial policy: for there can be no doubt that a large share of the odium and the obstacles which stand in the way of our intercourse with China, arises out of this scandalous traffic. This volume will be read with interest by all who resort to books with any view above and beyond the mere passing of an idle hour; but from all who are connected with our China trade, its details deserve the most earnest consideration; and we recommend it to their attention accordingly.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE spirit and character of a nation are said to be tolerably well defined, distinguished, and illustrated, by the peculiar and indigenous amusements in which it delights. If this be true, most assuredly the spirit and character of our own country must have changed, marvellously and frequently, during the last century—nay, within the last half, we might almost say the last quarter of a century; for, by taking a hasty retrospective glance, we shall, in a moment, perceive as great (or even a greater) alteration in the pleasurable pursuits of English society during the shortest of those periods as has taken place in the “dresses and decorations” of the individuals of whom it is composed.

In this cursory review, it is not my intention to go farther back than the year 1739, involving just one hundred years. Nor does it appear that the changes to which I allude, were ever before so marked and decided as they have been during the last twenty-five years—a circumstance which may perhaps be satisfactorily accounted for by the constant intercourse of the English with the continent, secured to them by the Duke of Wellington, in the consummation of all his glories at Waterloo, now nearly a quarter of a century since.

One of our most popular coeval writers, and one of the most agreeable members of society, who has, for “love of his ease,” become a denizen (naturalized altogether we believe by this time) of Brighton, some years since published an extremely clever and interesting work upon “British Sports,” in which he carries us back to a much more remote period; but so interesting is one portion of his recapitulation, especially as bearing upon a change of public amusements during the period to which he refers, that we do not hesitate to extract from his valuable work the following passage:

“The Norman conquest effected two marked changes in the sports and pastimes prevalent at the close of the Saxon era, by restricting the privileges of the chase, and first establishing those barbarous game-laws, the imposition of which was one of the greatest insults of tyranny, while their maintenance, in scarcely mitigated severity at the present enlightened era, cannot be otherwise designated, than a monstrous oppression upon the lower orders, and a flagrant outrage offered to the spirit of the times. When these laws were first passed, it might

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have been felt as some mitigation of their enormity, that they were enacted by a foreign despot, in right of conquest, and by virtue of the sword, which was then paramount over all legislation; but it must aggravate the bitterness of their present tyranny, to know that these sanguinary statues are upheld, and even made more terrible by those who ought naturally to be protectors, and not the prisoners and persecutors unto death of their poorer fellow-countrymen. The second notable change in our pastimes, occasioned by the advent of the Normans, was the introduction of tournaments and jousts, together with all the pomps, gallantries, and observances of chivalry, which, although they all bore the visible impress of war, were decidedly civilizing, and even ennobling in their general tendency.

“ All good and faithful knights swore by the symbolical cross on the pommel of their swords, to be the stanch champions of Christianity, which now for the first time began to exercise a marked influence upon the usages of war; at once exalting that courage which had previously been a brutal impulse into a noble principle, tempering it with generosity, mercy, and forbearance: while the romantic deference for the weaker sex, which forms such a distinguishing characteristic of chivalry, polished and completed the manners of the cavalier, by adding suavity and gentleness to his other accomplishments. Nor were personal comeliness, strength, and agility, together with perfect horsemanship, and adroitness in all martial exercises, the sole qualifications he was expected to possess: to invincible courage, and a strict regard for veracity, it was requisite that he should add graceful dancing, and a competent knowledge of music. Hunting and hawking were also acquirements that he was obliged to possess, as soon as he had strength enough to practise them. Of Sir Tristram, who is held forth as the mirror of chivalry in the romance of ‘The Death of Arthur,’ we are told that he had not only acquired the language of France, but all the rules of courtly behaviour; ‘but in harping and instruments of music, he applied himself in his youthe for to learne; and after as he growed in might and strength, he laboured ever in hunting and hawking.’ Another ancient romance says of its hero, ‘He every day was provyd in dancing and in songs, that the ladies could think were convenable for a nobleman to conne. The king, for to assay him, made justs and turnies, and no man did so well as he in runnyng, playing at the paume,* shootyng, and castyng of the barre, nor found he his master.’ Reading might, perhaps, be implied, but it is not expressly mentioned as an essential accomplishment. It is evident, however, that under the ennobling influences of chivalry, and of female society, the mind began to be cultivated as well as the powers of the body; and that the manners of the Saxon times were improved by an infusion of incipient politeness and urbanity. Where these qualities distinguish the upper classes, fashion will soon make them penetrate, at least partially, into the lower: we find accordingly that the sons of citizens and yeomen, and more especially the young Londoners, affected in all their sports and pastimes an imitation of the martial exercises and usages of chivalry. They fought with clubs and bucklers, they practised running at the quintain; and when the

* Hand-tennis.

frost set in they would go upon the ice, and tilt at one another with poles, in imitation of lances in a just; rude pastimes it must be confessed, but as they were doubtless accompanied with the strict regard to honour and fairness, as well as with the generosity and forbearance that characterized the exercises of chivalry, from which they were copied, they could not fail to have a beneficial effect upon popular manners.

“ When chivalry lost its primitive spirit, and the romantic enthusiasm which had distinguished the middle ages began to decline, a marked change occurred in the education of the nobility, the mind receiving a more attentive cultivation, and gentler pastimes, or sedentary amusements coming into vogue; while body exercises, and the exertions of muscular strength, were abandoned to the vulgar. This alteration soon began to exercise its influence upon the inferior classes, who gradually discontinued the sports that had sprung up from an imitation of the jousts and tournaments, and who, though they had not the means, nor perhaps the inclination, to imitate their betters in mental culture, readily aped them in their vices, resorting to games and recreations that promoted idleness, dissipation, and gambling. Personal prowess and vigour being rendered in a great measure unnecessary by the invention of gunpowder, and the consequent revolution in all the modes of war, chivalry began to decay towards the latter part of the fifteenth century, especially in this country, where the wars of the Roses occupied the nobility and gentry, and real battles afforded little leisure for exercising the mockery of war. Tilts and tournaments, indeed, continued to be occasionally displayed, sometimes with prodigious splendour and magnificence, until the end of the following century, being usually exhibited at coronations, royal marriages, and other occasions where pomp and pageantry were required; but these shadows of extinct chivalry possessed none of the utility, and therefore none of the vital spirit with which it had been animated in former days. What had once been a valuable school of war, and of all knightly accomplishments, had now degenerated into a tawdry and unmeaning game.

“ Proud of his bodily strength and agility, and anxious to display them, Henry VIII. once more gave a temporary fashion to military pastimes and violent corporeal exercises. Even after his accession to the throne, according to his biographer, Hale, he continued daily to amuse himself in archery, casting of the bar, wrestling, or dancing, and frequently in tilting, tourneying, fighting at the barrier with swords and battle-axes, and such like martial recreations. These were not practised, however, to the exclusion of intellectual pursuits, for we learn from the same authority, that he spent his leisure time in playing at the recorders, flute, and virginals, in setting of songs, singing, and making of ballads. In the succeeding century we have the following description of the sports of Charles, Lord Mountjoy: * ‘ He delighted in study, in gardens, in riding on a pad to take the air, in playing at shovelboard, and cards, and in reading of play-books, for recreation, and especially in fishing and fishponds, seldom using any other exercises, and using these rightly as pastimes, only for a short and convenient time, and with great variety of change from one to the other.’

* From the “ Itinerary of Fynes Morison,” published, A. D. 1617.

“ James I., in a set of rules drawn up by himself, and addressed to his eldest son, Henry, Prince of Wales, gives the following instruction respecting his recreation : ‘ From this court I debar all rough and violent exercises ; as the foote ball, meeter for laming than making able the users thereof, as likewise such tumbling tricks as only serve for comedians and balladines to win their bread with ; but the exercises I would have you to use, although but moderately, not making a craft of them, are running, leaping, wrestling, fencing, dancing, and playing at the caitch, or tennise, archerie, palle-malle, and such like other fair and pleasant field games. And the honourablest and most commendable games that yee can use on horseback, and especially such as may teach you to handle your arms thereon ; such as the tilt, the ring, and low riding, for handling of your sword. I cannot omit here the hunting, namely, with running hounds, which is the most honourable and noblest sort thereof, for it is a theevish form of hunting to shoote with gunnes and bowes ; and greyhound hunting is not so martial a game. As for hawkinge, I condemn it not ; but I must praise it more sparingly, because it neither resembleth the wars so neere as hunting, and is more uncertain, and subject to mischances : and which is worst of all, is there through and extreme stirrer up of the passions.

“ ‘ As for sitting or house pastimes, since they at times supply the rooms which, being empty, would be patent to pernicious idleness, I will not therefore agree with the curiosity of some learned men of our age in forbidding cards, dice, and such like games of hazard : when it is foul or stormy weather, then I say, may ye lawfully play at the cardes and tables ; for, as to dicing I think it becometh best deboused souldiers to play at on the heads of their drums, being only ruled by hazard, and subject to knavish cogging ; and as for the chesse, I think it overfonde, because it is overwise and philosophicke folly.’

“ After the wars of the parliament, when the pleasure-hating Puritans gained the ascendancy, the pastimes of all classes, but more especially of the lower orders, suffered a miserable suspension and abridgment. Austerity and mortification were enforced by those morose ascetics, with a blind rigour that confounded the most innocent recreations with others of which the suppression, or at least the regulation, might perhaps have been desirable. Not only were the theatres and public gardens closed, but a war of bigotry was carried on against maypoles, wakes, fairs, organs, fiddles, dancing, Whitsun-ales, puppet-shows, and almost every thing else that wore the semblance of popular amusement and diversion. The recoil of the national mind, thus forcibly wrested from its natural bias, occasioned that burst of licentiousness and general demoralization which disgraced the return and reign of Charles II. ; a warning that ought not be forgotten by the modern puritans, who would restrict the harmless pastimes of our labouring classes.

“ It was not until the discontinuance of bodily exercises afforded leisure for mental improvement, that the cultivation of letters and learning began to be esteemed an indispensable part of a polite education. Some of the nobility, however, proud, as it should seem, of the ignorance which had been ‘ handed down to them by the wisdom of their ancestors,’ clung to the old prejudices against book-learning. ‘ It is enough,’ said a person of high rank to the secretary of Henry VIII., ‘ it is enough for the sons of the nobility to wind their horn, and carry their

hawk fair, and leave study and learning to the children of meaner people,' We have young patricians of the present day who act up to the spirit of this diction; while we have sapient graybeards in the same class who, having mastered their letters, seem to be afraid that letters might become their masters if they suffered them to be generally acquired by the lower classes.

"Burton in his '*Anatomy of Melancholy*,' gives us a general view of the sports most prevalent in the seventeenth century. '*Cards, dice, hawks, and hounds*,' he observes, '*are rocks upon which men lose themselves, when they are imprudently handled and beyond their fortunes. Hunting and hawking are honest recreations, and fit for some great men, but not for every base inferior person, who while they maintain their falconer, and dogs, and hunting nags, their wealth runs away with their hounds, and their fortunes fly away with their hawks.*' He recapitulates as the common pastimes both of town and country,* '*bull-baitings, and bear-baitings, in which our countrymen and citizens greatly delight, and frequently use; dancers on ropes, jugglers, comedies, tragedies, artillery-gardens, and cock-fighting. Ordinary recreations we have in winter, as cards, tables, dice, shovelboard, chess-play, the philosopher's game, small trunks, shuttlecocks, billiards, music, masks, singing, dancing, ule-games, &c.*' To this catalogue, he adds, '*Dancing, singing, masking, mumming, and stage-plays, are reasonable recreations if in season; as are May-games, wakes and Whitsun-ales. Let them,*" that is the common people, '*freely feast, sing, and dance, have puppet-plays, hobby-horses, tabors, crowds (i. e. fiddles), and bagpipes. Plays, masks, jesters, tumblers, and jugglers, are to be winked at, lest the people should do worse than attend them.*'

"Strype's edition of Stow's Survey, published in the year 1720, gives us the following general view of the pastimes of the Londoners, '*The modern sports of the citizens*,' says the editor, '*besides drinking, are cock-fighting, bowling upon greens, playing at tables or backgammon, cards, dice, and billiards; also musical entertainments, dancing, masks, balls, stage-plays, and club-meetings, in the evening; and they sometimes ride out on horseback, and hunt with the Lord Mayor's pack of dogs, when the common hunt goes out. The lower classes divert themselves at football, wrestling, cudgels, ninepins, shovelboard,* cricket, snowball, ringing of bells, quoits, pitching the bar, bull and bear baitings, throwing at cocks, and lying at alehouses.*'

"In addition to peculiar and extensive privileges of hunting, hawking, and fishing, the Londoners had large portions of ground allotted to them in the vicinity of the city, for such pastimes as were best calculated to render them strong and healthy. The city damsels had also their recreation on the celebration of these festivals; dancing to the accompaniment of music, and continuing their sports till moonlight. Stow tells us that in his time it was customary for the maidens, after evening prayers, to dance and sing in the presence of their masters and mistresses, the best performer being rewarded with a garland.

"Who can peruse the recapitulation of London sports and amusements, even so late as the beginning of the last century, without being struck by the contrast it presents in its present state? when, as a French traveller observes, '*It is no longer a city, but a province co-*

* The shovelboard, once an indispensable appendage to the hall of great houses, had now become vulgar, its place being probably supplied by a billiard-table.

vered with houses?" In the whole world, probably, there is no large town so utterly unprovided with means of healthful recreation for the mass of the citizens. Every vacant and green spot has been converted into a street; field after field has been absorbed by the builder, all the scenes of popular resort have been smothered by piles of brick; football and cricket-grounds, bowling-greens, and the enclosures, or open places set apart for archery and other pastimes, have been successively parcelled out in squares, lanes, or alleys; the increasing value of land, and extent of the city, render it impossible to find substitutes; and the humbler classes, who may wish to obtain the sight of a field, or inhale a mouthful of fresh air, can scarcely be gratified, unless, at some expense of time and money, they make a journey for the purpose. Even our parks, not unaptly termed the lungs of the metropolis, have been partially invaded by the omnivorous builder; nor are those portions of them which are still open available to the commonalty for the purposes of pastime and sport. Under such circumstances, who can wonder that they should lounge away their unemployed time in the skittle-grounds of alehouses and gin-shops? or that their immorality should have increased with the enlargement of the town, and the compulsory discontinuance of their former healthful and harmless pastimes? It would be wise to revive, rather than seek any further to suppress them; wiser still would it be, with reference both to the bodily and moral health of the people, if, in all new enclosures for building, provision were legally made for the unrestricted enjoyment of their games and diversions, by leaving large open spaces to be appropriated to that purpose.

"Upon a general review of our present prevailing amusements, it will be found that if many have been dropped, at least in the metropolis, which it might have been desirable to retain, several also have been abandoned, of which we cannot by any means regret the loss; while those that remain to us, participating in the advancement of civilization, have, in some instances, become much more intellectual in their character; and in others have assumed more elegant, humane, and unobjectionable forms. Bull and bear baiting, cock-throwing and fighting, and such like barbarous pastimes, have long been on the wane; and will, it is to be hoped, soon become totally extinct. That females of rank and education should now frequent such savage scenes, seems so little within the scope of possibility, that we can hardly credit their ever having done so, even in times that were comparatively barbarous.*

"We extract from a work, published in 1575, the following description of a bear-baiting, not so much in illustration of our subject, as because it presents to the reader a curious specimen of the true London dialect and orthography at that period:

"Well, syr, the beerez wear brought foorth into the court, the dogs wear set to them, to argu the pointz, cum face to face. They had learned counsel too a both parties. Very feerse both t'one and t'other, and eager in argument. If the dog in pleadying would pluk the bear by the thrate, the bear with havers would claw him again by the scalp.

* Among the entertainments provided for Queen Elizabeth, by the accomplished Earl of Leicester, on her visit to Kenilworth Castle, was "a grand bear-baiting, to which were added tumbling and fireworks." "Her Majesty," says Rowland White, in the Sydney papers, "bath commanded the bearez, the bull, and the ape, to be to morrow bayted in the tilt-yard, and on Wednesday she will have solemne dauncing."

Confess an he list, but *avoyed* a coold not that was bound to the bar. Thearfore thus each fending and proovyng, with plucking and lugging, skaalling and bytyng, by plain tooth and nayll a' t'one side and t'other, such expens of blood and leather was shear between them, as a month's licking, I wean, will not recover.

“ ‘ It was a sport very pleazaunt of thee beastz, to see the bear with his pinkneyes leering after his enemie's approach ; the nimbleness and wayt too of the dog too take hiz advantage ; and the forz and experiens of the bear agayn to avoyd the assault. If he wear bitten in one place, hoow he would pynch in another to get free ; that if he wear taken onez, than what shyft with bytyng, with clawyng, with roryng, tossyng and tumblyng, he could woorke too wynde hymself from them. And when he was lose, to shake his ears twyse or thryse with the blood and slaver about his fiznamy, waz a matter of a goodly reliefe, &c.’ ”

“ Paul Hentzner, after describing the baiting of bulls and bears, adds, ‘ To this entertainment there often follows that of whipping a blinded bear, which is performed by five or six men, standing circular with whips, which they exercise on him without mercy, as he cannot escape from them because of his chain. At this spectacle, and every where else, the English are constantly smoking tobacco.’ ”

“ Steevens, the commentator on Shakspeare observes, that in some counties of England, a cat was formerly closed up with a quantity of soot, in a cask suspended on a line. He who beat out the bottom as he ran under it, and was nimble enough to escape its contents, was regarded as the hero of that inhuman diversion, which was terminated by hunting to death the unfortunate cat.

“ The peculiar persecution to which these animals were formerly subjected, is thought to have originated in their supposed intimacy with the witches—a suspicion which was quite sufficient to render them unpopular with the ignorant vulgar.

“ It will not easily find belief, in these days of rigorous observance, that the time usually appropriated for the exhibition of these and other barbarous games, as well as for the performance of plays and interludes, and the amusement of cards, music, dancing, and other diversions, was the afterpart of the sabbath day.”

It will be seen that the changes to which we have here referred, bring us nearly to the commencement of the century, to the consideration of which I propose to confine myself. At that period, one of the most attractive “ public amusements,” was, “ *The Masquerade*,” to which a “ person of some taste and quality,” refers :

“ Masquerades,” says he, “ have for some years past made a vast noise in this kingdom, to the unspeakable delight of most fine gentlemen and ladies, and with equal dissatisfaction to many of Her Majesty's well-meaning subjects. They have divided us into two furious factions, as opposite as Whig and Tory : neither side admit of any medium to moderate their flaming resentments. One party, in general terms, altogether approving of this diversion, without limiting it to what is useful, or at least simply innocent ; the other is absolutely condemning the design and consequences of such an entertainment, and cursing by bell, book, and candle, all who frequent it, though with the most harmless intentions.

“The Egyptian priests characterized every thing by hieroglyphics. Their deities made their appearance, to the eyes of the profane, as dogs, apes, cucumbers, and onions, so as to familiarize them with notions of supreme power, disarmed of the terrors. The Persian Magi hid their worship from the people; and the Grecians so closely enveloped their sacred mysteries in darkness, that if an initiated person presumed to divulge what occurred he was doomed to death.

“So with the Romans—the mask was essential to their priests; and for the nocturnal adoration of Venus, Adonis, Bacchus, and less polished deities, masquerading was absolutely indispensable.”

A great deal more of this serio-comic defence of masquerades, might be advantageously quoted, but I merely write facts; and having touched upon masquerades as a popular amusement (recollecting by the way, that at the period just referred to, ladies ordinarily went masked to the playhouse and other public places), I will notice the change of fashion with regard to them.

Masquerades continued in vogue from the days here noticed, till those of Mrs. Cornelys. From the time of Mrs. Cornelys to the Pantheon, until they were given in private houses, and formed one of the most powerful attractions of society. Mrs. Cornelys's splendid rooms stood on the site of the Popish chapel in Sutton-street, the principal gateway, which remains, now forming the entrance to a wheelwright's shop. The Pantheon has ceased to exist, and a masquerade is a thing of which nobody hears, except of a class and character which totally exclude the society of which, even within five-and-twenty years, they were the delight and amusement.

Masquerades have, in these days, been superseded by fancy balls, which seem to be a bad substitute, inasmuch as the natural *mauvaise honte* of the English, renders the assumption of a character exceedingly embarrassing; and nothing in the world looks more absurd than a respectable gentleman and his wife, dressed up as Swiss peasants, with their eyebrows corked, and their faces painted, talking gravely about their domestic affairs, just as if they were in their natural costume; or a Greek chieftain, and a pasha of three tails, lounging with a lovely Whang-fong from China, discussing the merits, or more probably the demerits, of the last night's party somewhere else. The mask, besides the consciousness of concealment, and the consequent confidence, gives the desired character to the countenance; and in the olden time, the fun of “hunting down,” and “finding out” friends in disguise, was really good.

As to balls themselves, thirty years ago, country-dances (now expelled, except by way of joke) were the fashion; and fifty years ago, preceded by the minuet, were the dances of the court. A lady and gentleman “walking” a minuet (as it is called) nowadays would be considered typical of Adam and Eve before the fall.

Here, however, is a double mutation; for the quadrille, which has superseded the country or *contre-danse*, is but the revival of the cotillion; while the *game* of quadrille, once all the rage, has been driven from society by that refined edition of “all-fours”—“*Ecarté*.” The Valtz, which invaded our shores, in war time, and frightened the sober and sedate from their propriety, seems to have been also a mere revivification of a dance described, with singular point and animation,

by the old gentleman in the "Spectator," who says, "I suppose this diversion was first invented to keep up a good understanding between young men and women; but I am sure had you been here, you would have seen great matter for speculation."

Lady Blessington, in her interesting and entertaining work, "The Idler in Italy," recently published, informs us that the French mode of dancing the valtz, is entirely free from the imputations which the fastidious still cast upon the method of performing it in England. As to dancing, generally speaking, it appears to be reduced to a fashion rather than an amusement, for two reasons: One, because if there is room left in a ball-room for dancing, the party is considered dull; and the other, because if there be adequate space, the figures are walked, or rather slept through by the performers, as if the whole affair was a "bore," and that the appearance of being either entertained or excited, was something too shocking to be thought of.

Sacred and profane history speak much in favour of dancing—to the dance and song in honour of Bacchus, we owe the rise of all dramatic entertainments. He introduced the grape into Greece, and Icarius finding a goat making rather too free with the fruit, sacrificed him to the deity, and gave an entertainment of music and dancing, which subsequently grew into an annual festival; every year adding some new improvement to the original plan. Then the poets intermeddling, first added one actor, then two, and then three, till by degrees it grew into a regular finished stage-play.

The reader will, however, scarcely believe that at the present moment, the dance constitutes a very striking feature to the solemnities of the Roman Catholic church. In the "*Correo Nacional*," of the 8th of June, 1839, is the following paragraph:

"The Corpus Christi procession has been very splendid at Seville this year; the streets through which it passed were hung with rich tapestry. On reaching the Plaza of St. Francisco, where the Palace of Justice stands, the ushers, according to custom, cried out, 'Gentlemen, Seville is passing.' The members of the tribunal immediately rose, and dancers of both sexes executed before the sacrament the two national dances, the *Fandango* and *Cachucha*. This is a privilege conferred upon this cathedral by the sovereign Pontiff."

While touching upon this subject, although not quite "germane to the matter," it seemed impossible not to notice this to us curious exhibition. As regards our own "Public Amusements," it will be seen that though "dancing" continues, the style and character of the performances have been totally changed during the period of which I propose to treat.

Sixty years since, the Mall, in St. James's Park, continued the fashionable promenade in the evening. The Mall is now only useful as a thoroughfare from Whitehall to Pimlico, and evening promenade there is none; for the strongest possible reason, that the class of persons who give the tone to society, dine at the hour at which their grandfathers supped, and dress for dinner at the period when their ancestors, two centuries since, were undressing for bed.

But the beautiful garden which has superseded the swampy meadow, and the Dutch canal, within the enclosure, is thronged in the summer evenings with those who *have* dined, and enjoy themselves quite as

much as those who have not, and affords a new source of amusement to the public, and keeps a multitude of pleasure-hunters away from the suburban tea-gardens and bowling-greens, which, within the last quarter of a century, were so popular with the subjects of Cockaigne. The promenades of the fashionable world have taken altogether a new character. Science and art are essential to its commonest recreations. Gardens, to be attractive, must be filled with

“Bears, Lions, and all *that*.”

The characters and dispositions of otters and ostriches, the habits of the hippopotamus, the manners and customs of monkeys and baboons, and the domestic history of the giraffe, the family of which has been recently so fortunately favoured with an addition, form the subject of conversation for our young ladies, as a refined medium, through which they may hear the soft nonsense of their attendant swains; and in order to give the whole affair a more striking effect with the multitude, they select the sabbath for the day of exhibition, at the same time excluding the “people” from a participation in their amusements—all days in the week being alike to the rich and great, and Sunday being the only day in which the mechanic and artisan has leisure to see any thing beyond the ken of his workshop, or breathe a purer air than its heated atmosphere.

Then it is right to make periodical visits to Chiswick, in pursuit of the science of horticulture; and medals, and vases, and a variety of desirable objects, are presented to such ladies and gentlemen as are able to produce the largest larkspur, the prettiest pink, or the loveliest lily of the season. For seeing this, ten shillings are most properly paid at the door, in order to keep up the funds, out of which, perhaps, it may be right to say, as it seems almost the wisest part of the affair, the governors and “council” are supplied with the finest vegetables at the lowest rate. Another fashion has recently obtained; that of taking walks of pleasure in the burying-grounds in the vicinity of the metropolis which occupy the most agreeable situations, and command the finest views. This fashion is considered most advantageous to the gaiety, health, and morality of the people, and is held by those who participate in its pleasures to be what the dramatist calls “deadly lively.”

All these things are new within the last quarter of a century. Formerly Kensington Gardens were quite good enough for the Sunday promenade, which was open for all respectable persons who delighted in mingling with those with whom they could not elsewhere be associated—now nobody goes to Kensington Gardens, except to hear one of the splendid bands of the Household Cavalry regiments play—and this is always on what is called a “week-day,” and lest any body beyond the “chosen few” should benefit by the amusement, the day, and even hour of the performance is kept a secret from all but what Mrs. Trollope calls “*La Crème*,” as closely and securely as was in the days of pugilism the place at which the fight was to come off.

A quarter of a century ago the fashionable drive was up and down what is called Rotten-row; now the drive is across the Park from Piccadilly to Cumberland-gate, a change infinitely for the better, as it affords a junction of drivers, riders, and walkers, which never was effected on the old and exploded system.

Seventy years ago a fashionable public place, called "Marybone Gardens," existed, where now stand Weymouth-street, Upper Harley-street, and that of the surrounding buildings; nothing remains to mark this once favourite spot but a small public-house, still extant in High-street. The entrance to the gardens having been the site of a large dwelling, once a ladies' seminary, and now in the occupation of Mr. Tilbury.

Ranelagh, sixty years since was the very *acme* of fashion—it was the indispensable comfort and support of society—its amusements consisted of walking round the rotunda, like a horse in a mill, amidst the fumes of tea and coffee, which were made from kettles of water, boiling on fires in the centre of the room, and drank by the gallon, in little pigeon-hole boxes by the most exalted and distinguished persons in the realm, whose conversation was just sufficiently mystified by the music of a particularly bad orchestra to make it safe—but Ranelagh was for years, all in all; the carriages have been known to reach from the top of St. James's-street in one continuous line to its doors; and within these very few years, the road now called Ranelagh-street, I believe, was divided down the centre with posts and rails, to keep the "trains" going and returning, on their respective lines.

Ranelagh has vanished from the face of the earth; another ladies' seminary occupies part of its site, a steam-engine puffs forth its noisome smoke, where in other days the sighs of lovers filled the air, and a thing called a dolphin, constructed for the purpose of pumping up pure water from the embouchure of the common sewer of Westminster, rears its head, where formerly a splendid flight of stairs invited the anxious guests who preferred visiting the terrestrial paradise by water, to the perils of the crowd of carriages by land.

To Ranelagh succeeded Vauxhall; and odd enough to say, the report which was recently circulated, that Vauxhall was also gone the way of all "public amusements," induced the writing of this paper. The report, the newspapers tell us, is not true; but whether it be or not, Vauxhall has ceased to be what it was, its amusements and the hours at which they are given are varied. The custom of supping at Vauxhall is abandoned, and the class of its visitors altered. Thirty years since it was the resort of the greatest and gayest. The Duchess of Devonshire, the Duchess of Gordon, the Duchess of Bedford, Lady Castlereagh, and all the leaders of fashion collected around them within its glittering ring crowds, not only of those who belonged to their own immediate set, but of those, who, emulating the gaiety of their dresses, and their grace of manner, thronged the gardens to excess.

For this change of things the reason seems to be, the system of producing, even upon a better, and more costly scale, entertainments of a somewhat similar nature in private houses. The *fêtes* which are given now by the nobility "at home," eclipse and supersede altogether the attempts at gaiety and splendour, made in public places, which are regulated by an expectation of profit. The private *fête* is an affair of one night—the public garden, the continuous business of a season. The moment, therefore, that it becomes the fashion for the aristocracy by turns to give *fêtes*, their meeting at any common place of assembly is rendered needless. The people of fashion, therefore, do not go to Vauxhall. With all the vaunted independence of our countrymen and

countrywomen, the love of rank, and the desire to be in any way associated with it, is an universal passion. If the people of fashion choose to stay away, so will the people of no fashion ; and down goes the whole affair.

Another change has occurred in "Public Amusements," within a much shorter period. The refinement of the pleasures of the lower orders, and an exaltation of taste which is very remarkable, is rendered particularly striking by the sudden popularity of concerts, and the sudden springing up as adjuncts of what a few years since were very secondary public-houses and tea-gardens, most splendid rooms for their performance, rooms that may vie, from all I hear, with those of Almacks, or Hanover Square ; while the theatres were deserted when giving dramatic entertainments this season, they were thronged to excess when concerts were performed ; and although the price of admission was but one shilling, fewer disturbances arose than might have been anticipated from such a multitudinous mixture.

Another class of diversion seems to be abandoned : and one which, if Swift's judgment is to be trusted, was at least in his day a very important one, as to its popular influence—Street Ballad-singing ;—a few bawlers and brawlers are occasionally heard, but they are attended to by none, and the ballads now sold in the streets are chiefly, if not entirely of the serious, sentimental, or delicately mirthful character, which have already become popular at the "Concerts," or in such dramatic entertainments as have met with the patronage of a judicious public.

But perhaps as great an alteration as any which has occurred during the last thirty or forty years, is to be found in the theatrical taste of the people—not to go back to the theatrical reign of Garrick, which terminated now sixty-three years since, during which the acceptance or rejection of a comedy formed the subject of general conversation, and most frequently of a voluminous correspondence ; and when its appearance was as potent in attracting the "Town" to the theatre, as "a call" is, in securing a full House of Commons. Then there were but two theatres, the seasons of which were limited from the fifteenth of September, to the fifteenth of May. Then each theatre had its destined company of actors, a change in which, even in an individual instance, created a sensation in society. Theatrical representations had a strong hold upon the public up to a much later period ; in fact, until that which modern liberality denounced as a gross monopoly was abolished, and playhouses sprung up in almost every street in the metropolis.

The argument in favour of this extension, to the manifest injury of the vested rights of the patentees—vested rights never in these days standing in the way of any new-fangled scheme—was that the population of London and the suburbs had so much increased, that the demand for playhouses was greater than the supply, and that "more theatres" were wanted.

The same might be said, upon similar grounds, of pictures, or prints, or books, or statues ; but the answer would naturally be—"Very likely ; but where are you to find the painters, the engravers, the sculptors ?" The rejoinder to which would be the cry of five hundred voices shouting "Here, here we are," every dabbler of the worst class feeling himself to be adequate to any thing, or every thing, in any or all of the branches of his art. But the public see and feel and think differently.

We have the theatres, but where are the authors and the actors to make them attractive. Monkeys, dogs, goats, horses, giants, lions, tigers, and gentlemen who walk upon the ceiling with their heads downwards, are all very attractive in their way, and they will sometimes, not always, fill the playhouses. But as to the genuine drama, the public taste has been weaned from it, first by the multitude of trashy diversions scattered all over the town; and secondly by the consequent scattering of the theatrical talent which really does exist. At each of these minor theatres you find some three or four excellent actors, worked off their legs, night after night, who if collected into two good companies, as of old, would give us the legitimate drama, well and satisfactorily. The people would be glad to see their favourites thus concentrated, and dramatic authors, encouraged by the hope of seeing their plays properly performed, would spring up to furnish us with new food for entertainment.

What is liberally called competition in art is perfect nonsense. To satisfy the country, let the art be what it may, eminence and power must be secured. In a competition for any great public work (in which competition no eminent artist will engage), it must infallibly turn out that its execution will fall to the lot of some one of an inferior class even let him be justly deemed the head of it. Why should this be? Why should the academical exercise of a Tyro be selected as the design from which a great national monument is to be erected for all posterity?—Would any man in his senses submit himself to be shaved, every day for a month, by a party of eight and twenty practising barber's apprentices, in order to select from amongst them one easy shaver, when he might send for the master barber at once to shave him easily? Why are the theatres to become schools for actors, at a time when, scattered about the town and its vicinity there is to be found sufficient talent to furnish good companies for two regular playhouses, whence so much "public amusement" has been derived.

That the change of hours has very greatly conduced to the failure of theatres is unquestionable; for when any thing does occur to make a performance attractive, the whole *régime* of a family is disordered and confounded. For instance, just now, when the revival of Henry V., by that most zealous disciple of Shakspeare, Mr. Macready, has caused an excitement, the inconvenience to which those persons who wish to go to see it, and who at this season of universal "commixturation" happen to be disengaged, are put, is incalculable. And why do they want to go? To enjoy a play? To admire the immortal bard? Not a bit of it. They are anxious to see the beautiful scenery, painted by one of our first-rate artists, and the charming way in which it sets off the chorus, revived by the classical manager.

That tragedy—except ranting tragedy, attractive still to private-school boys and apprentices—is out of fashion, may be attributable to the change of popular feeling as to sentimentality. There is now no such thing to be found as sentiment. Enlightenment and education have driven it out of society. The griefs of lovers, and the sorrows of their mistresses, have now become matters of jest. The love which in other days made youth sentimental, has become a matter either of mere passion or sheer profit. Folks marry, either because they think it will be snug and comfortable, or serviceable and convenient; but the whine

of a stage heroine, or the sobbings of a half-crazed hero, have no more effect, except to produce laughter, than the "delicate distresses" of the interesting Delias, and Celias, and Julias, and Amelias, of the respectable and venerated firm of Messrs. Lane and Newman of other days.

Another cause for this defection will be found in the vast increase of social and domestic accomplishment in this country. There is scarcely a girl in ordinarily good society who does not play and sing better than the professors of either art did half a century since. In these combinations they are assisted by the young men of the day, and together make to themselves, in their own houses, amusements, not the less agreeable for being of their own formation. And *that*, too, is another very striking change which has been worked in higher society in a very short period—I mean the almost universal adoption of the study of music, vocal and instrumental, by the young men of the first rank in the country. The Thyrsis of Bacchus has yielded to the lyre of Apollo; and the fashionable abstemiousness from wine after dinner, amounting almost to a system of rigid teetotalism, affords to the fair amateurs of the evening, ample opportunities of availing themselves of the talents of their "brethren" in accomplishments which, forty or fifty years ago, would have been held unworthy of their rank and station.

The abstemiousness of which I speak—but which even yet has not obtained entire influence over some circles—is unquestionably attributable to our intercourse with the continent, which continued peace, steam-boats, and railroads, render constant and almost continuous. But if the stock of national enjoyment has received an important addition by the association, it must be confessed that the introduction of smoking, as a "public amusement" (a custom also of continental origin), operates as something more than a set-off, *per contra*. A hundred years since—smoking having continued from the first introduction of the "weed"—the custom was the "fashion," pipes were the order of the day, and the House of Commons itself would not have been considered a fit receptacle for the "collective wisdom" of the nation without a smoking-room. But all this had worn out; the custom had fallen into desuetude, and the habit was confined exclusively to the lower classes. Continental intercourse has renewed the nuisance in another form, and it has become universal—not confined, as in the days of legitimate pipe-smoking, to taverns, or alehouses, but generalized in public places, and public conveyances, and even in the public streets and roads.

Another remarkable alteration in the "amusements" of the metropolis, is the almost entire annihilation of taverns and coffee-houses. As an adjunct to an hotel, a coffee-room for the accommodation of its inmates may yet be generally found; but a tavern coffee-room, for the reception of promiscuous "diners," is indeed a rarity, except in the city, where the appetites of men of business must be satisfied, and where the club-system does not prevail to any great extent; but even there, the refreshment taken is, in these refined times, administered in the way of luncheon, the recipients retiring to dinner at their "villas," "lodges," "cottages," and "pavilions," at Ilford, or Snarebrook, or Stratford-le-Bow, or some other of the romantic villages so popular with the mercantile orientals of the metropolis.

The spread and increase of clubs are remarkable signs of the times; their uses and advantages are such as to make one wonder not only why such things were not established years ago, but how men about town, existed without them. White's, Brookes's, and Boodle's, were the clubs of London for very many years. White's being the oldest, and famous as a "chocolate-house" in the time of Hogarth.

The origin of Brookes's, was the blackballing of Messrs. Boothby and James at White's—they established it as a rival, and it was at first held at Almack's. Sir Willoughby Aston subsequently originated Boodle's; but these clubs were clubs of amusement, politics, and play, not the matter-of-fact meeting-places of general society, nor offering the extensive and economical advantages of breakfast, dinner, and supper, now afforded by the present race of establishments. And, connected with this subject in some degree, what a wonderful change in the state of affairs has taken place since it was the custom for the king to play hazard publicly at St. James's palace on Twelfth Night?

In the Gentleman's Magazine for 1753 (p. 49), is the following account of the result of this annual performance in that year:

"Saturday, Jan. 6.—In the evening his majesty played at hazard for the benefit of the groom-porter; all the royal family who played were winners—particularly the duke, 3000*l*. The most considerable losers were the Duke of Grafton, the Marquess of Huntingdon, the Earls of Holderness, Ashburnham, and Hertford. Their royal highnesses the Prince of Wales and Prince Edward, and a select company, danced in the little drawing-room till eleven o'clock, when the royal family withdrew."

The custom of hazard-playing was discontinued after the accession of George III.; but it is odd enough upon looking back only eighty years, to find the sovereign, after attending divine service with the most solemn ceremony in the morning, doing that in the evening, which in these days, subjects men to all sorts of pains and penalties; and for the prohibition and detection of which, a bill, now before parliament, is to arm the police with the power of breaking into the houses of her Majesty's lieges at all hours of the day and night.*

Another change in amusements is observable from the disappearance of cards in general society. Young people seldom or ever play cards; and as, in the present state of the world, old ones are rarely to be seen, the diversion has become scarce. Cards *are* played, but then they are played by particular persons for particular purposes; but taking the whole round of society, they cease to form, as they did when accomplishments were more rare, an essential portion of all evening entertainments.

Racing seems to maintain its ground, and so it ought, as being essential to the preservation of our national breed of horses; although what with the increase of railroads, and the heavy purchases made by foreigners, the "stock" is likely to be diminished to a degree which cannot fail to alarm those who know how considerable were the advantages

* The room in St. James's appropriated to the play was remarkably dark, and conventionally called by the inmates of the palace, Hell. Whence, and not, as generally supposed, from their own demerits, all the gaming-houses in London are designated by the same fearful name. Those who play, or have played English hazard, well recollect that for a similar inconsequent reason, the man who raked up the dice, and called the odds, was called "the groom-porter."

derived by our cavalry during the last war, from the superior manner in which they were mounted.

Prize-fighting, or pugilism as it is "genteelly" called, has fallen into decay, owing, in a great degree, to the want of confidence in its patrons as regarded their *protégés*. Brutal as this "amusement" seemed, it was always justified by its advocates, on the ground that it kept up the British spirit, which, in case of quarrel, brought the contending parties to a manly conflict, in contradistinction to the insidious and assassin-like conduct of nations in which the "fistic art" was neither encouraged nor even known. How far those who maintained this doctrine were correct, in their support of it, it is impossible to say; but certain it is, that since the disappearance of the "ring," scarcely a week elapses which does not bring before our magistrates one or two cases of stabbing; a crime hitherto most rare in England.

Cock-fighting, associated ever in the minds of the humane with the memory of the amiable Mr. Ardesoif, is punishable by law; and not only punishable, but has recently been punished by the magistrates of our native country. Bull and bear baiting have also disappeared; but archery and hawking have of late years shown themselves in a state of revivification, equal in wisdom and utility to the active endeavours in progress to restore the ancient Welsh language in the Principality.

Rowing, or as it is classically called, "boating," occupies a very distinguished position amongst the "amusements" of the day. At the beginning of the last century, and up to the middle of it, this "aquatic exercise" was by no means in repute. The stiff skirts and gold-laced waistcoats of the dandies of those days, were as ill-suited to its enjoyment, as their manners and habits were to the associations which it naturally induces. It is one of those recreations, however, which, by uniting exercise with recreation, produces both health and pleasure,—not, however, as we too frequently see, altogether unattended by danger.

The tournament is in progress of revival, and the autumnal display at Lord Eglintoun's, promises most striking results. It is to be hoped that really serious casualties may not result from it, although the effects produced upon one or two of the knights in the rehearsal, have not been altogether trivial.

A very casual glance over the list of exhibitions, which are now thronged with visiters, will satisfy any one of the total change which the national genius and character have undergone during the period to which we are referring.

In the place of trivial and useless shows with which the public mind was wont to be amused and satisfied, we now find those galleries thronged, in which are displayed upon the most extensive scale, the wonders of nature, and the latest and most important discoveries in art and science; and behold ladies of the most timid nature, plunging into the depths of an artificial sea, in all the equivocal security of a diving-bell, without doubt or hesitation.

One "public amusement," exceedingly popular in other days, has quite subsided—"the fair." A century back, Bartholomew-fair, Southwark-fair, and May-fair—the site of the last how changed! held a very distinguished place amongst popular diversions.

"The person of some taste and some quality," to whose book I have before referred, says (1729), "I have, in my days, seen May-fair, that

favourite of nobility and mobility, quite demolished, to the general regret of all, but those powers to whom we must with patience submit. Nay, my old friend Bartholomew's wings are close clipped, his liberties retrenched, his privileges invaded. How altered—how sunk from his golden state—those merry drunken days, when immortal Ben thought it no mean subject for his comic muse!—We live in hopes the losses there will be made up to us on the other side of the Thames, and that Southwark may be what May and Bartholomew fairs have been." And a little further on (which marks the class of company who frequented them), he says, "There the beaux and belles (who have only breathed the dusty air of Hyde Park all summer) may find themselves lost, and not discover where they are, or what they have been about, till the mist is cleared from their eyes, and the agreeable vision has vanished."

To these fairs, as fashionable, succeeded auctions, which continued the "rage" for many years, to which, says a writer of the time, "Fine ladies go to get the better of some idle hours, and fine gentlemen follow them—both are obliged in honour to bid for something, though ever so unnecessary; and, when they are so happy as to meet with a delicious bargain, they do not know what to do with their purchase, and would give fifty per cent. to have this piece of good fortune taken off their hands."

All these frivolities have vanished—ladies of the present day contrive to have few, if any idle hours—it appears to be the boast and pride of the present race to be fully occupied. Thirty years ago every lady was her own shoemaker, every boudoir was turned into a workshop, and the whole fashionable world converted into a race of clickers and closers. Now, every body writes books—formerly a man, and especially a woman who had written a book, was a remarkable person; now, in good society, the remarkable person is he or she who has *not* written a book.

This fashion necessarily occupies a certain portion of the time that in other days was devoted to matters of less importance; and the whole progressive race of Bandalores, Devils on Sticks, Fizzigs, and other inventions of harmless playfulness have given way to pen, ink, and paper, the increased consumption of which in this way, is as advantageous to the morals and information of the reading world as it is advantageous to the national revenue.

One "Public Amusement" seems to have held its place ever since its first establishment in this country—the Opera—it rose in splendour, and though time rolls on, it remains bright and fixed, the sun of the world of fashion which it cheers and charms, in a degree not quite intelligible to those who bask in its rays, neither constantly nor systematically, and who are strangers to the various associations which form its principal charm for its habitual frequenters. But, with this exception, we cannot but be forcibly stricken by the mutations, some of which I have here noticed, intending to return to the subject with reference to other great changes, different from, but still having connexion with, those already remarked upon.

"A DAY TO ONESELF."

BY GEORGE RAYMOND, ESQ.

It was towards the close of a recent summer, I quitted Cheltenham, after a visit only of a few days. A week here completely satisfied me—my mind sought for simpler food than the mixed and artificial delicacies of this place. I longed for repose—it was, indeed, living "too much i' the sun," a term I might use both meteorologically and metaphorically, the natural temperament continuing extremely hot, and pleasure, the great centre of the system here, yet at its solstice. Be not alarmed—I am not, at this time of day, about to administer a description of this *belle alliance* of all dynasties of fashion, for I believe it is scarcely more known than extolled. I speak thereof but slightly, and as incidental to other matter of a far graver character; so slightly, that I would have it rather understood the expressions I am about to use, have reference to my first introduction, some sixteen years earlier—things may be greatly altered now.

Idlers, and the amusements of idlers, it is, perhaps, not easy to describe; and as I question whether it might altogether be worth the effort, I shall not regret the partial notice I may make of them; but it appeared to me, the chief occupation here consisted in persons of robust or tolerable health, using every diligence for a most unprofitable cacohylia, and converting their stomachs into so many tanks, as the receptacle for unholy water. Each man's face was an index to the time he had been stationary: he looked white after a week—blue in a fortnight—green in less than one-and-twenty days—and before a month was well out, his countenance became likened to some ladies' petticoats, composed of thunder and lightning, or a kind of shot spun skin, whose hues varied with the different points of observation.

I remember, too, visiting one of the balls; and as it has been observed by certain philosophers, that every thing in life should be seen once, I doubtless classed this visit under such denomination of duty, otherwise I know not how to plead in self-justification for the act in question.

I fancied I could distinguish the *belle* of some contiguous market-town, inoculated for the first time with the matter of the *comme il faut*, and throwing out the early pustules of artifice. Miss Mary Ann, too, from vicinal Witney, of blanket notoriety, who, with face white and rough as a counterpane, strove yet to look soft and complying as a feather-bed. Kidderminster had also transmitted a specimen of its own anthology—Kidderminster, by the strongest possible evidence, as the lady in question observed how much she preferred a *carpet* dance to larger assemblies, and that a marriage was on the *tapis* between her eldest sister and a young gentleman who had been brought up at *Rugby*. At eleven o'clock, an irruption was made upon the quadrille by the announcement of tea, and a second room appointed for this ceremony. The wedges of bread-and-butter rising in rectangular piles, like rough-hewn fir in a timber-yard—the crockery too, lying in an extended curve, and forming an outer fortification to the caraway biscuits and "ladies' fingers," gave awful note

of preparation, and proved the teetotallers even of that time, to have been elevated considerably above contempt.

But mere amusement, in its very nature, soon satisfies. 'Tis honey without the meal, and cloy's the appetite rather than satisfies hunger. I was desirous that the residue of my absence from the great metropolis should offer me more substantial gratification, and though by no means eschewing amusement, I might pass the next ten days rather more in repose. I had lately visited Manchester, Derby, and Birmingham. Some practical lesson or other, on the golden science of trade and commerce, had been my daily portion for the last five weeks. In company with two very intelligent friends, who had now quitted me (one of whom having appointed to rejoin me at D. within two days), I had seen all that in this era of mazy utility was either curious or novel. My thoughts and recollections still wandered through the labyrinths of machinery, and my brain was yet disturbed by the hum of manufacturing colonies. Had I been a poet, I could have spun the raw material of fancy, from the very jenny still whizzing in my brain, into some sonnet. Had I been in love, there was a fly-wheel still haunting me, which, with its perfect die, would have stamped on my heart an imperishable medallion of my mistress's features. Desirous, therefore, of repose without solitude, on the 21st of September, I entered a certain public vehicle, and pursued my journey towards D. This town is a small place, romantically and beautifully situate N.W. of the city of W., and frequented, for the most part, by persons more "essetiel" than your habitual watering-place visitors—offering amusement without frivolity, and enough of gaiety to satisfy those who do not consider it the chief end of existence.

Tom Brown has said, and too many I believe have confessed, that the most melancholy time of a man's life is, when the reckoning is called. Melancholy, I know not, in its unmetaphorical sense, but sometimes it is a very angry one. Extortion is made doubly offensive by the revolting civility with which it is administered, as though your victualler cannot be content with an assault on your pocket, without a battery on your understanding. You swallow the decimal of a pound sterling at every mouthful, occupy an arm-chair at the price of an opera-box, while your month's tenure of a suite of rooms, would meet the "consideration" of a Cornish borough in the respectable old times.

I found, much to my satisfaction, I had the whole interior of the coach to myself. One only passenger was without, and her we discharged about five miles on our road—a florid, likely young woman, who I perceived, by some unaccountable generosity of the coachman, was suffered still to remain debtor to the "concern" for the fare in question!

I am particularly fond of meditative indulgence when thus travelling alone—to me, there is no moment, nor are there any circumstances which favour this disposition of mind so well—not even your solitary walk, nor your closely-shut study. The rumble of rotary motion, when quite alone, and the indistinct flitting of hedges, cottages and corn-fields, cherish wonderfully any propensity to reverie—one's thoughts become an epic, and oneself, of course, a hero.

There are some miseries which appear to laugh all sympathy to scorn,

our friends become only a troop of merry mourners, and that which is death to us, verily is sport to them. “*Les malheurs de nos amis, ne nous déplaisent jamais.*” How this observation may apply to what I am about to relate, you, my readers, if I have any, will be able to determine. But I do not pretend, like Horace, to describe a journey to Brundisium with singular pleasantries, nor disclose a new “*Iter extaticum,*” like the learned, but confused Kircher: my experiment was a simple undertaking, and my narrative will be very commonplace, with this exception only, that for one day I was the most miserable man in existence.

The day was unusually fine. The glorious sun! so glorious, I could not think on the idolatrous Persian with becoming disdain. It was a hot, broiling day, one of those three, which with a thunder-storm, are said to constitute an English summer. At twelve o'clock the coach arrived in the town of D. My friends had indeed not deceived me—this was verily a most beautiful spot—one of the most picturesque and romantic positions I had lately witnessed. I was set down at the gateway of the Lamb inn, a sign swinging at the door, so proclaimed it; the vehicle had driven off, and I had placed my *sac de nuit* within the entry, before I discovered I was quite alone. The place to which I had been conveyed was a town, and the spot on which I stood, the threshold of an inn, but I looked in vain for a single human being! There was neither stir in the domicile, occupation in the yard, nor movement in the streets! What was the meaning of this? It appeared as though nature had received some solemn proclamation for closing her shutters, and I was the only peeping delinquent of the universe. Entering the house, I perceived on a small circular glass, inserted into one of the panels of a brace of green doors, the words, “Coffee Room;” in I went, but equally found myself alone. Penetrating still further, I reached the bar,—but no one intercepted me in my expedition! I now began to ascend, and exploring my way upwards, traversed various apartments, eating-rooms, bedrooms, yet not an occupier to be found. I felt a certain sensation of awe creep over me. Fancy represented me the magician’s minion of some Eastern tale—the wanderer of a city bound by a wicked spell. “House!” indeed, was the only word, which appeared applicable. “House!” I called, “house! house!” hallooed, but no reply.—I had become nervous—and, spite of the day, was cold. Mounting still higher, with a kind of crouching caution, my eyes suddenly fell on the phase of a fleshy female cheek, and I perceived a young person in one of the loftiest apartments, gazing at that moment from the window, with unwinking earnestness towards the heavens. I drew near, and the girl started, as though conscious of neglect of duty. Poor thing! her appearance at once disclosed her position and her calling. Hard labour was marked upon her most sad countenance—the dependant of those who are themselves servile—slave of the worst of masters, because slave of those, whose idleness had taught them tyranny—the drudge even of domestics. All communities have their grades, and each grade has some position to defend, except the lowest—and of the lowest, was evidently this poor girl before me. For servitude she was apparelled—for servitude she seemed born, not indeed for one office, but for “all work.” Diminutive, swarth, and ill-favoured, to scandal at least might her days have held calm defiance, which in its most malignant effort could but

say, she had lived under the protection of her own deformity. She was here the priestess of Vesta, on whom the sacred fire of this deserted roof depended. Drafted at the "Statute," and hired with cold and wary regard to parochial irresponsibility in the hour of sickness and disease, she laboured for a weekly pittance, less than dust in the balance of her hardships, and for protection too closely allied to scorn. "Cheated of feature by dissembling nature;" her ill-favour might so far have stood a safeguard against the cheats of man—and as he who is without a penny may whistle in the company of robbers, so I apprehend would this girl have found her security even at a fair at midnight.

"What's your pleasure, sir?" demanded she.

"I shall sleep here to-night, my good girl—I wish a bed."

"A bed, sir!" she responded.

"Yes—yes—a bed," repeated I, looking round with the desire of choosing my apartment.

"Sorry I be, sir," to my amazement, was the young woman's information; "I believes you can't have none—we're so *full* just now, and missus ain't a bed for love or money."

"Indeed! not for one nor the other! Not a bed," continued I, to myself; "and the town appears one entire cenotaph!" I began to suspect some lurking slyness in the little body I had been so sentimentally contemplating—a rustic taste for humour, or that I carried in my own appearance no very strong letter of recommendation. Being desirous, therefore, of running no further risks which might arise from either of these facts, I took my answer and my leave together, and descending the way I came, once more found myself in the inn-yard.

All was quiet—every spot free—not a corner occupied. Coach-houses untenanted—stables deserted. "What could this mean?" again I questioned, when turning in the direction of "the tap,"—that house of call for all village idlers, I beheld leaning listlessly against a post, the clumsy figure of a man, partaking more of the plough than the stable, and indicating the poacher rather than either. To my renewed perplexity, he also was directing his "wondering upturned eyes" to the starry canopy, or, peradventure, in the direction only of "the sweet little cherub who sat smiling aloft."

"Hollo!" I exclaimed; "hollo! my man,—ostler, are you not?"

"Helper, zur," answered he, with a long blow at a short pipe.

"Helper!" I repeated; what need have they for a helper here?"

"Why, zur, we're so *vull* o' work just now—not a stall vor paying vor't: zo, I'm just here, vor a week or zo, to lend a hand;" saying which, he dropped upon a bench, at the same time throwing up his legs and folding his arms, drowsily resumed his tobacco and beer.

"Ho, ho! the good people are all humorists here, I perceive; nor even hesitate to coin their very calamities into a current joke, which they pass off to any misadvised stranger who may enter this territory of loneliness." And yet, to refuse my custom—my patronage—for the sake of this absurdity, was to me an additional enigma. "But I have just entered the town," said I, in continuation, "and want a place of retreat. Can you recommend me to any other house, where the business is less pressing, nor quite such an embarrassment of company?"

"There's th'ould Abbey-house at lower end o' the town, what takes in visiters; but they are very *vull*, too, I've notion—though we be doing the great business."

Thinking it best tō take matters as I found them, nor pursue a joke in which it was clear I was to have the worst, I pocketed my affront a second time, and turned into the highway in pursuance of my object. So still, so awfully still was the scene about me, that I felt as though committing some unhallowed act. I heard myself sigh, and my thinnest boots produced an echo along the pavement. I looked at my shadow—it moved to and fro, and I was pleased, for it was the shadow of animation. I walked slowly and briskly, and backwards and forwards, for the mere sake of making my shadow dance. A dog barked,—at a sad distance, indeed—a canine monologue to the hills. I whistled, and called "Tiger!" but my voice only "woke the cave where echo lies," and "Tiger" for "Tiger" was returned. I felt no less alarm at repeating my call, than a charity-boy at rattling his marbles in the presence of the parish beadle. Folding my arms, and leaning against the side of a wall, I became strangely possessed. The sun still continued shooting his fierce rays on the earth. Insensibly did I close my eyes,—a momentary stupor came over me—and I slept like a jaded animal on his stand. Suddenly, the great church-bell tolled out the hour, and I started as from the grave—the swell floated on the still air for some seconds, and anon all was lost,—lifeless again. To me, every thing was dead!—the very bell had died away—it was a dead calm!

The words "Post Office," on the lintel of a small mahogany trap, in the window-frame of a certain low building, opposite to the spot on which I was now standing, admonished me of inquiries to be made respecting my friend Townly. Approaching the place, in the usual way I tapped at the pigeon-hole. It was instantaneously opened: That I *saw* no one, did not any further surprise me; but delivering my card within, demanded my letter—'twas before me, by magic; and as there appeared nothing to pay, the trap again closed, with a smartness and precision worthy the pantomimic operations of Mr. Farley's day. It was a communication from Townly—breaking the seal, I read as follows:

"I reached D. four days since, as you know I intended: but, finding both the inns and the village so uncomfortably *full*, I determined on making an excursion in the direction of other objects of interest, until your arrival. I shall return on the 22d, when I hope to find you well and in good spirits."

My friend, too, leagued against me, and joining in this silly conspiracy!—But how, in the name of patience, was I to get through this tedious day? Taking the direction of the lower part of the shelving town, I reached the church; St. Sepulchre's, as I learnt from a notice respecting the registration of votes fixed at the great entrance,—any register, save that of burials, must have been a short schedule in the parish of St. Sepulchre. Immediately contiguous, stood an extremely romantic and antiquated house: a modern scroll, flaunting over the wooden gate, indicated in letters of gold—"Hotel—accommodation for families—and a *table-d'hôte*!" With gladness did I look upon

this land of promise. The mansion was spacious, and the apartments evidently numerous: still I perceived neither man, woman, nor child, within the whole extensive range. The building had evidently formed part of a religious foundation, and recalled to me those days in which, public inns being of rare occurrence, travellers were entertained at holy places. A portion of the churchyard formed also part of its consecrated garden—gravestones intermingling with flowerpots, and monumental urns fantastically fenced by stately sunflowers. Once more did I turn my head, as I reached the old wooden gate, to catch, if possible, some fresh evidence of life. Like Robinson Crusoe, I did, indeed, mark the print of human feet on the loosened sand; but the wanderers, having been, doubtless, scared at my approach, had taken up their tents, and fled. In bitterness of spirit, I now grasped the hanging bell-rope, and, gnashing my teeth, rang with violence. Again was the air startled—again was the town disturbed. In an instant, a flight of sable crows passed to the left, over the mansion turrets, and one, methought, bent his eye earthwards upon me—'twas an augury from which I drew favour. Within a short time I heard a step, and an aged serving-man made his appearance, but to my fresh bewilderment, he likewise raised his eyes into the infinity of space, before hazarding a further advance. "There is some legendary custom," thought I, "attaching to these parts, and whenever a stranger presents himself, the stars are to be apostrophized." He wore a livery of a very recondite fashion—the waist outrageously long, the cuffs inordinately deep, and the whole garment *zebraed* with tarnished lace. Long twisted tags were pendant from his shoulder, and a venerable tail oscillated from his frosted head. I asked if I could have an audience with the lady or gentleman of the establishment. He replied—and with rapture I hung on the notes and stops of this *vox humana*! What he said, I knew not—I was charmed he had said something—mellifluous old man! Conducting me through a large wainscotted hall, I observed corridors and galleries, heavy oaken partitions, deep mouldings, and doors with clumsy wooden fastenings; but the man had disappeared. In a few minutes I was again ushered into a second apartment, and there received by a most antiquated person of the other sex—I really felt "getting into society." Polite she was—painfully so—and I, Heaven knows, had but little inclination to be rude. She explained to me the terms of her establishment—spoke rather energetically on the beauty of the place, with much pride on its chronology, and of course, in continuation, declared that at this time the house was extraordinarily *full*! But having pretty well outlived my astonishment, I heard, with some degree of faith that she had a party of ten persons, inmates of the mansion—ten persons! this was the *El Dorado* of my hopes! I immediately gave the superior to understand I should remain her guest, at least until the following day. Presently I was conducted to my own apartments by the chambermaid—chambermaid! She was no other than *Evelina*, in the "Castle Spectre;" but it was yet daylight, and I would not be terrified. The rooms into which I was introduced were of the same character with the rest of the building, and as thorough an Ann Radcliffe bed, as any hero of romance might desire to occupy. I thence strolled into the garden—every thing had a monastic

appearance. The stateliness of the trees, and the luxuriance of the flowers, reconciled me to the spot, and my mind grew calm, at least patient. Here I remained nearly an hour—yet my wayward spirit of unrest, jealous of my longer repose, again tempted my devious footsteps into the town—the town where houses suggested inhabitants I could not see, and shops traffickers nowhere to be found. Suddenly, however, my attention was drawn off in the direction of the inn, whose lifeless but undismantled larder had, but a few hours before, suggested some exhumed “ménage” in the wonders of Pompeii. There was even a bustle—a stir of people! A coach—the branch “London Invincible,” had arrived in the village! So overwrought had my senses become, that the traveller of Paraguay would scarcely have been more startled at such an apparition than I, a homely wanderer of the parish of D. Onward I hurried, and still accelerating my pace, bounded through the hot and stagnant air. The “London Invincible!”—it became more distinct—its lettered doors were quickly changing their hieroglyphical confusion into legible characters, and I now clearly distinguished an expansive eagle, black and dreadnought as the crest of Austria, on the fulvous panel of the hinder boot. Suddenly my toe struck upon a stone. The pores of my flesh were opened—the blood mounted into my face, and I closed my eyes in the momentary throb of acute pain. It could have been *but* for a moment, and my gaze again took pursuit of the “Invincible.” By the demon Despair! I looked, like Gertrude of Denmark, alone on vacancy!—I saw nothing, “yet all that was I saw.” The “Invincible” had been replaced by the Invisible—“Will of the” Whip had evaporated—the “Phantom” coach had vanished into thin dust, like the smoke which lingers on the fading of a ghost at Sadler’s Wells, and again was I the Adam of an unpeopled world! “Some put their trust in chariots and some in horses!” mournfully said I, and retracing my steps again entered the hall of the antique mansion. Stillness yet reigned, universal quiet held its maddening domination. A desperate patience, a Ugolino resignation, came to my succour, though Dr. Darwin might only have classed me with that certain species of vegetable to which he inclines to assign organic powers of vitality.

The hour for assembling at dinner was fast approaching—for time will ever move and have its being.

“Some bell will sound,” thought I, “to warn the inmates to their toilet. Who can tell—ah! *who* indeed, but the scene may suddenly change to some temple of fancy, the curtain of silence be raised, and the cheerful comedy of the world proceed. There lies the kitchen, here the refectory. Servants must soon pass and repass in their domestic avocations. Who can tell, but some lovely, tender, blue-eyed maid may airily trip up yon staircase, vanish within her jessamined apartment, and weave the tight Grecian knot out of the wantonness of her loosened tresses, for the coming repast? Enchanting thought! I’ll mark the number of the door, and so mistake it, at conniving night time, for mine own—invigorating blunder! To-morrow’s sun shall repay me for the past,

“To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra’s hair.”

In the midst of all this fancy, I noticed, pendant each on a brazen

peg, two quaint and weather-beaten hats. Looking cautiously around me, as though fearful of being observed—unnecessary precaution—I gently removed one of the named articles from its point of suspension, and commenced a kind of phrenological speculation on the stamp and character of its owner. The beaver was somewhat of the fashion of the society of friends; “but what of that,” considered I, “the possessor may possibly be some boon devotee to holy port—some wassailer of the ripe old school—some “Father Paul,” who will take compassion on a lay brother, and again the night make some atonement for the day.” Thus, from the ashes of my despair did I conjure up an Elysium of love and wine! A small lock of silvery hair had adhered to the ragged lining of the article in question. “Behold! age is honourable—thus is he, at least, of the aristocracy of nature, however humble his walk, by the conventions of society.” But on further noticing a tarnished rosette in the centre of a broad silken band, “Ah! what if it be the appurtenance of some Welsh parson,” petulantly I continued, “who will overwhelm me with a jargon I cannot understand, and then fulminate his fury at my helpless stupidity.” The second hat, I also quietly raised—it was far weightier than its companion with the rosette, and unfortunately falling at my feet, discharged from its capacious interior a pair of thick tanned leathern gloves—a pocket-handkerchief—thence out tumbling three good-sized roach, some remnants of bread and cheese, a slimy amplexation of lobworms, with a few specimens of the stone and fossil of the country. “Soh! this is your mock sentimentalist of a fisherman—an *effigies* Isaac Walton formed of the stiff clay of some manufacturing community. He will fish with his soup—fish with his fish—fish with his flesh, and fish with his drink; at a quarter to ten he will fish himself to bed, whereon he will dream of fishing until the next morning at break of day, when he will rise to fish again!”

Having replaced the scattered matters, I was beginning, by way of further occupation, to sketch, from memory, Bunbury’s “Patience in a Punt,” on the old hall wainscot, when looking towards one of those tall black-breasted clocks, which, with an awful diameter of dial, stares the Mephistopheles of “recorded time,” I perceived that within twenty minutes the council of ten would be met at the diet. I sought the drawing-room—the door was half open, and I listened before venturing further, so that I might ascertain if any one were within. I entered, but “the blind mole could not hear a foot fall.” Not a being—not a form was there, save, indeed, a pigmy Voltaire, who appeared to eye me with more than brazen slyness, from a limestone mantelpiece on which he presided.

A book was lying on the table—I ventured to take it up—it was a copy of “Zimmermann on Solitude.”

“This, then, is the character of her study,” said I; “Amaryllis must be won from solitude—I’ll teach her a philosophy of my own!”

A small slip of paper placed between some of the leaves, had marked the last passage of her meditation—it was part of the envelope of a note, and torn through the name of her to whom it had been addressed. The word “Miss” was alone discernible, the only patronymic remains being two tails, which, like those of the Kilkenny cats, had escaped annihilation. Turning the said slip to the other side, I perceived written

in most undeniable clearness, "Paste for chapped hands.—Mix a quarter of a pound of unsalted hogslard with rose-water, and a large spoonful of honey; add oatmeal, and work it into a paste." "To cement broken China.—Beat lime into an impalpable powder, sift it through fine muslin —" when at this precise moment the door slowly yawning on its hinges—how shall I describe the being who stood before me! Dressed, indeed, in the garb of the female sex, but of what age or fashion, I challenge the most elaborate chroniclers to ascertain. She raised her eyes upon me evidently with some surprise, yet it had but a slight effect on her most awful demeanour. She moved slowly, mechanically—almost supernaturally, on. Her altitude was beyond that which the gentler sex usually attain, and a white cap which grenadiered from her head, still added somewhat ungracefully, perhaps, to her stature. She hung with lappets, laces, and festoons; and her brocade was patterned with trees, temples, groves, and rivulets.

"So stiff, so mute, some statue you would swear,
Stepp'd from its pedestal to take the air!"

Having by this time reached her *fauteuil*, I had the unenviable apprehension she would address me; yet, no—she spoke not; but, crumpling her limbs beneath her garment, the brocade crushing about her, like ice upon a sudden thaw, she lessened in a perpendicular precision, as a telescope, one joint sinking into another, and attained her seat. Mine was the sensation of a schoolboy, who, not having the good luck to be in favour with the pedagogue, at the moment of some inquisition of outrage, is pretty sure of smarting in the place of the undiscovered offender. My only friend, the faded footman, here entered the room. A second time I could have hugged him, and even now revere his memory; but judge, if possible, my consternation, when he announced, "Missis is quite sure the rest of the company will remain to-day on the hills, and therefore hopes you will come to the dinner-parlour!"

To whom was this addressed?—to me and this priestess of austerity! For what, summoned?—to eat and to be merry! and ah! how truly would it have been "for to-morrow, I die!" This was, indeed, too much! I started like a buck smitten with the lead—rushing into the hall, I bounded up the staircase, and took refuge in the sacristy of my own apartment.

The antics which I here played for some time, were, I apprehend, of a most interesting variety. In three minutes I had taken possession of twice that number of chairs, ringing the changes of my position, till I at length found myself sitting on the table, and assailing most detrimentally the mahogany with my heels. Having a certain suspicion, however, that there might be somewhat too much of the ridiculous in all this, not forgetting the strange appearance my behaviour must have made to that nice sense of propriety, on which elderly ladies often pride themselves, I rang the bell.

"Adam Winterton" and "Evelina," having at this *froissement* taken their stand only on the other side of the door, were instantaneously at my elbow. Feigning, therefore, some common attack of indisposition, lest they might apprehend worse of my case, and believe me downright

mad, I requested to dine on this occasion in my retirement. I was now convinced that the only sage expedient for closing this day was, by eating and drinking; but fearing lest my supply might be served with too prudent a regard for the condition of a sick man, I not only declared myself perfectly recovered, but extremely hungry.

Taking an horizontal position on the sofa, and pondering on the whigs and their wicked "solitary system," I listened to the preparations going on for my welcome repast. To do my attendants justice, matters were not long in a state of incompleteness; so ordering a bottle of claret in that unsteady tone, with which a man, for the first time, begs a loan of fifty pounds, I wheeled about for my presentation to as fine a capon, and sundry esculents, as ever graced the board of monastic brotherhood. To the last refuge of this day, I was now hastening—I mean bed. Early will I seek my pillow—as early will I to-morrow repay my insidious friend for the mockery he has put upon me, and passing the boundary of this "valley of the shadow of death," leave him to the mortifying uncertainty of all his plans.

The frowning canopy of my couch no longer appalled me—to bed I went, and long before midnight my imagination was transported to the looms of Arkwright and the anvils of Thomason.

Like a top, I slept, for I dreamt of spinning—and far into a fairy dream of a hundred years I might probably have wandered, had my slumbers not been early disturbed by a bustle without and activity within, awaking me to new astonishments and crowding anomalies. I looked from my window—amazement and delight divided me between them—the business of life was at its flood—there were, indeed, men, women, and children in the village of D! The gardens were peopled—the high road animated—and the stable-yard of the old house one scene of cheerful commotion!

The past puzzled, and the present perplexed! Again was my auto-catechetical inquiry, "What can this mean?" Scarcely had I so ejaculated, when a loud "hallo!" summoned me to my chamber-door, and on withdrawing the bolt, my friend Townly presented himself.


"Townly!" I exclaimed, in a manner which appeared to give him some alarm.

"To be sure! here I am, steadfast to my purpose; but 'mort de ma vie!' you must have arrived yesterday; pray are you quite alone!"

"Why, I *have* been so," was my reply; "but for mercy's sake rescue me from this chaotic whirl of countless contradictions;" and in disordered sentences I represented to him the misery through which I had passed.

With a provoking air of humour he listened to my story, and at the conclusion exhibited still stronger indications of merriment.

"My dear friend," said he, "you have unwittingly been acting the part of much practical philosophy, and notwithstanding your misfortune of yesterday, I give you joy at your escape from the folly and mortification of thousands to-day. Why, there was not a town or hamlet, within twenty miles, which had not poured out its inhabitants to one spot—all homes deserted—all ages and conditions crowding to one centre—and such an event!—but first look at that!" saying which he threw down a printed bill, and I read as follows:

 *The greatest effort in the annals of mankind!*

THE BOHEMIAN ICARUS!!!

From the courts of Frederick King of Saxony ———

The Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt!!!

and other princes of the vast Germanic Confederation, &c.
&c., will for the first time, in this country, previous to his
presentation at the

COURT OF ST. JAMES'S,

At three o'clock, the 21st of September,
at the village of X.

Exhibit his miraculous powers of Flying, by means of artificial wings,
And ascending higher into the air than any known bird,

EXCEPT THE EAGLE!!

“Præpetibus pennis ausus se ferre per auras!”

“And now, having read the paper,” continued Townly, in two words let me tell you the result. “At three o'clock, as many thousand persons were assembled at X., the lady of one of our county members holding a kind of levee at the Blue Lion booth. At half-past three, every eye and ear attentive—at four, evident marks of impatience—at half-past, strong indications of dissatisfaction, and at five o'clock, a cry ‘He’s off! he’s off!’ rendered the whole district one scene of disorder. The rapid departure of a postchaise, just at this time, brought the world of star-gazers most suddenly to their senses.”

“What! a hoax?” I eagerly inquired.

“Thorough and complete as ever schemed or dreamt of! The drama has admirably been acted, and the author strongly suspected to have been Hush!”

* * * * *

But the result of my own adventure was precisely as my friends had foretold—I passed a fortnight in the village of D., very much to my satisfaction. The owner of “Zimmermann,” as it transpired, was no other than Miss Twigg; and Miss Twigg, no other than the awful personage, who had crossed me on my first arrival at the mansion; and though I have since approached her under considerable abatement of terror, I must yet confess she is by far the most formidable being I have ever encountered. I should not omit noticing that, having in the year 1779 danced with Lord Rockingham at a race ball, in the city of York, the circumstance has afforded her a subject for conversation from that period to the present; in fact, she divides her whole time between relating this anecdote, and copying recipes.

The parson was quite a favourite in the *ménage*, for he gave no trouble, conceding “every thing for a quiet life.” He daily drank his bottle at the principal repast, and invariably, on filling his last glass, rang for his chamber light,—a dull, stupid man, who in early life at college had passed under some slight suspicion of having written a heavy lampoon; he had, however, even now, enough of the *divinus afflatus* about him for red letter days and extraordinary occasions. By some piece of good fortune, he had been appointed tutor in vacation to a scion

of a noble house, and with his pupil had lately arrived in this very place. They had first taken up their residence at a delightful house about a mile from the village, but the young gentleman having conceived an inordinate liking for the daughter of their landlady, had recommended the society of the old mansion to his pliant preceptor, for a few days. He arrived here, accordingly, about three weeks ago, where he had thought proper to remain ever since.

The fisherman had been bred an attorney. Having been despatched to D., under a commission from certain parties, affecting the litigation of considerable property in the neighbourhood, he had left London on his laborious duties, thirteen days before, twelve of which he had dedicated to fishing; but as the estate in question was still rich, and the parties had been some years already in court, there appeared no sufficient reason for extraordinary expedition in the present instance.

As to "Evelina," she had, after all, within her veins more blood than twenty ghosts; and, as I understood, the gipsies had predicted for her no less than the angels had promised Sarah, I could only wish her all the honesty which suspended rites would no doubt timely accomplish.

In cheerful society I here passed a fortnight pleasantly enough, but never shall I cease to remember "A Day to Oneself."

A DISH OF WHITE-BAIT.

A BILL OF FARE FOR THE SEASON.

BY EDMUND CARRINGTON, ESQ.

THE world has heard of the attractions of a "*golden bait*," ever since that venal article, man's conscience, has been in the market of human ambition and human gain! Jove, too, that Juan of the heathen mythology, knew what he was about when he transformed the silvery shower of a cloud into the golden shower of talents, with which he overwhelmed the scruples of the sage duenna and trusty seneschal, who took such admirable care of the fair-haired Danæe.

Indisputable, however, as the attractions of this glittering lure may be—"in season" as it is at *all* times—yet we must for a while turn from it, as Portia's suitors from the golden to the silver casket; to acknowledge the attractions of a "*bait*," which the present "*season*" holds glittering before us, and which, if not precisely golden itself, is yet well worth its weight in gold! Certainly, the appeal to the *conscience* is a powerful one, but, as Dr. Johnson, were he here, would be willing to admit, the appeal to the *appetite* is no weak one, nay, scarcely less an "*argumentum ad hominem*" than the other; and had cockney

bards chimed forth in his hearing "how the suns of summer sparkle over the crystal urn of Father Thames," the gastronomic sage would have laconically requested in the place of the "crystal urn," a "china dish;" nor would he have invoked "the hoary Father" for any rarer boon, than to fill it copiously with the savoury cate, whose "good odour" now attracts us.

Brothers of the angle! disciples of old Izaak! "whither would ye wander" in search of it? Along the haunts, sweet to contemplation, of purling brooks; through the rich verdant lea, or beneath the alder boughs that hush you in their silent bowers from the world's din, no less than screen you from the solstitial heat? I trow not! but rather along dusty roads, not on your legs, but in britschka, curricule, or phaeton! not to the haunts of Dryads or Naiads, but to the suburban sordidness of Greenwich, Blackwall, and all the Wapping family of "vills" that turns their backs on the Thames flood, but are now rendered attractive, and become a "wonder unto themselves," as being the emporia of that precious finny prey, ye might elsewhere "angle for" in vain!"

Of all the anomalies, indeed, that crowd the wide world of contradiction, there are few that surprise us more than the nature of the peculiar "whereabout" of this delicate little "imp" of the flood. A sign in the gastronome's heaven, beauteous glitters it as its kindred sign of the "Fishes" in the heavenly belt! Its diminutive elegance, all "silvery-dight," sparkles through the flood, not less fair or graceful than the spotted trout, or grayling. Yet, *not* like these, does it boast of an abode in the waters worthy its fairness! Not like these, does it disport through the liquid mazes of streams, whose crystalline translucence shows the silvery sands, and sparkling weed-crested pebbles over which they glide. No! its "dim disport" is pursued through the muddy tide of our great river, in a district of it, that steams with poisonous gases, with noxious outpourings of sundry manufacturing processes, and all the loathsome drainings of a city! In a district of it, not peacefully gliding along on its smooth course, but in an endless moil and hubbub of waters, sable in hue, like the "hell-brew," all ferment and fume of a witch's chaudron, agitated as they are by the ceaseless upstir of mud, occasioned by the countless steam-craft that ply their turbid way over them. How would a stray denizen of the trout family—could it possibly find its way from its native purling streams to the noxious bed of sable bilge and muddy ooze, where its tiny cousin the White-bait dwells—how would it hurry off and set tail and fins in anxious motion to fight its way back again from such dangerous neighbourhood! It would *die* before it could have time to arrive even at the laudable conclusion of thus making its escape! As the stifling effluvia of the mire insensibly sap away the senses of the luckless plodder in it, so would our truant trout be overpowered by the foetid gases of the uncongenial flood to which it had wandered; and the Lilliputian "White-bait" progeny would be left to celebrate its orgies, as it floated down on the black tide, a "sorry spectacle," with the fair speckles on its side (now upturned!) all faded and dim; and the yellow hue of decay fast spreading over the pure silvery breast it showed in its own clear native waters!

And, here is the *miracle*! This little "fry," more delicate and beautiful even than the trout or char in its outward guise, more delicate, too, in its

texture, no less than in the flavour we shall by and by celebrate—this denizen of the Thames flood, so far from languishing and dying, as its stouter cousins, salmon, salmon-trout, barbel, chub, roach, even dace, have been proved to do, in so infected a stream—flourishes and multiplies! Again, instead of identifying its nature (as is generally the case in natural history) with the poison-flood on which it feeds, it forms not only wholesome food, but yet more, the annual luxury of the expectant and white-bait-devouring epicure! The contradiction is astounding! As much so, as if we were to have gold fish in the black tide of Malebolge or Styx. They sparkle—the Lilliputian shoals!—through the sable torrent of the “Pool,” like pearls in the dark ocean ooze! And verily we feel almost inclined to believe that *theirs* is a “charmed being,” and akin to the beautiful fry which woke the amazement of the fisherman in the Arabian Nights, as he drew them from the black, enchanted pool, amidst the solitary mountains of the story.

Fair, however, as the white-bait brood is in the radiant livery in which nature has arrayed it, we little doubt that admiration will be no less extended to it, when dressed in its artificial guise by the cunning hand of some *artiste* of the kitchen; some *artiste* presiding over the temples of luxury, either at Greenwich or Blackwall, bordering the flood of its native Thames.

Lovegrove, the renowned Lovegrove at the latter place, being reputed the prince of *artistes*, as far as white-bait arrangement is concerned—we will snatch our impatient epicure to the Blackwall-shrine of that presiding genius of the kitchen. Where are the delicate “*tartines*,” the brown-bread *tartines*?—where the lemon, the cayenne, all the accompaniments that shall give zest to those “*argentææ deliciæ*?” They are all ready, and pre-eminent glitter amidst them the overflowing dishes replete with the delicacy which they are to enhance! Now are we on the brink of enjoyment. Tempting to the eye as to the palate, the white-bait now greet us once again after the long lapse of twelve months! our appetites informing us of the “white-bait season,” without any *memento* from the almanac-mongers, Messrs. Partridge, Poor Richard, Moore, & Co.! Like the *gastronome* in the play are we, who required no warning from clock or dial as to the hour of festivity!—were the dinner-bell muffled, yet *his* appetite was not stifled! But turn to the piles of tiny fish that Lovegrove’s bounteous hand has heaped up! Their dress is now scarcely less bright and silvery than when they floated beneath the hotel windows in the river; for that delicate paste, in which his masterhand so well understands to wrap them, is of the purest whiteness and radiance, nothing yielding to the gleam of their silvery scales ere they glided from the flood to the fryingpan!

But a “white-bait” dinner, as our epicurean reader well knows, is not confined to the peculiar delicacy alone to which we have now seated him down. No! the genius of Lovegrove is not to be so circumscribed. Admire the taste with which he has catered for the appetites and admiration of those numerous *distingués*, who at the present season crowd thickly on him, to do honour to his “fish banquets.” As varied are these sauces as the hues of a parterre of flowers: the pink, the red, the white—they enhance the luxury of various specimens of fish that enrich a banquet, which cardinals, during lent, might covet!

But, grateful tribute though they present, never shall they dazzle us so far as to lose sight of the prime delicacy of these piscine blossoms of cookery ! To the white-bait, our heart, and eye, and appetite still return “untravelled !” and not once, nor twice, is the devotion of the exulting *gastronome* fully paid to the arch-luxury of the table. Whether, like some departed worthy whose heroic appetite is recorded as having conquered “*seven* dishes of turtle-soup,” he extends his zeal to a repetition thus liberal, we cannot declare ; but this much we can say, that we should marvel not at his spirit of devotion, if even it were carried so far ; since out of all the cates, that either the ocean deeps afford in turbot or sturgeon—out of all the “seventy-two specimens” enumerated by Rousseau, as tenanted Lake Lemman—out of all the “freshets” of the brook, not excepting the char, the lamprey or grayling—the *lotte* of Arve or *chevalier ombre*—none excel in delicacy and flavour the annual rarity now before us. We have been one of those “*ichthyophagi*,” that have won savoury experience, enabling us to form an estimate on the subject, and with due deference submit, it is difficult to be mistaken ; for however much tastes may differ, yet all agree in extolling the cate now under discussion : verily it is a *morceau* that might serve as a banquet for any fair spirit of the flood, any Naiad of the fountains of Arcady !

And now our *gastronome* having duly paid his devotions to the entertainment, and recruited himself with sundry judicious libations of hock—congenial beverage to the repast—he bethinks him with becoming solemnity, of inquiring into that “moot point”—the history and species of the rarity to which he has just been indebted for his annual revel. Not the typical fish with which Tobias wrestled in the stream, was ever more enveloped in apocryphal mist than this ! And worse off are we than the good Tobias, seeing we have no angel at hand to aid or enlighten us. A riddle now presents itself for the *Œdipuses*, no less than the Buffons of the party, scarcely less puzzling than that of the habitancy of this Thames’ phenomenon in an infected flood, as already above discussed. Some declare it is a species of smelt, others offer “unequivocal testimony,” that it is a kind of its own. We, however, having expressed ourselves with a certain degree of awe as to its being and history, when we invested it a little while ago with the pomp of magic, will not undertake to solve the difficulty, but feel more satisfied in consulting the *dignity* of the subject, and leaving the dwarf-fish, the very Mab of the finny tribe—*unique* alike in its dwelling, its flavour, and natural history—enveloped in the sacred veil of mystery.

[With regard to white-bait, although we admire the playfulness and research of our correspondent, we beg to enter our protest against all that he advances in its favour *gastronomically*. Having elsewhere likened these very little fishes, when served up, unto silkworms in batter, we could do no less than enter this protest.—ED.]



And the woman is taken to the custom of the Eastern house.

THE WIDOW MARRIED.*

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

CHAP. VIII.

"OUR NATIVE LAND!"—THE HAPPINESS OF RETURNING TO IT—A VISIT TO THE CUSTOM-HOUSE, WITH A SKETCH OF FEMALE SUFFERINGS NOT UNUSUAL THERE—MISS O'DONAGOUGH'S FILIAL FEELINGS EXPLAINED.

At length the boat was alongside, which was to convey my heroine, her husband, and daughter, to those dear dirty steps, beside the custom-house of London, the stumbling up which has occasioned joy and gladness to so many hearts. Our party had of course a considerable quantity of luggage to remove, and to this Mr. O'Donagough gave pretty nearly his whole attention; but somehow or other, his wife and daughter got very safely into the boat in the midst of it, and the whole freight, after the usual quantity of noise and bustle, was securely rowed to the landing-place and disembarked.

"At last, Patty!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Donagough, on reaching the highest step, "here we are!—Oh! how glad I am that we have done with that beastly ship! If the sight of every rope in her did not make me as sick as a cat, I'll be hanged! Come, dear, get on; you must not begin staring yet. Bless you, child, this is nothing but the very nastiest outskirts of London. There is nothing here worth opening your handsome eyes upon, Patty. Come along, come along! There goes your father into the custom-house, as I take it, and we had best stop outside and watch the men bring up the rest of the goods. Lord! what a quantity they do carry to be sure! There goes my bandbox. If your father had not been a fool he might have contrived to smuggle that. But I never *will* forgive him if he does not bring it out again this minute. Passed or not passed as he calls it, have it I must and will."

To all this Patty made no answer whatever. She was too much occupied and pre-occupied to care for any thing her mamma could say. In fact, her thoughts were revolving with the regularity of a shuttlecock between two battledoors, from the kiss Jack had given her off Sheerness, to the busy throng moving in all directions round her.

After an interval, so short as to prove that Mr. O'Donagough was a practised and a skilful traveller, he was seen to emerge again from the portal of the custom-house; when his wife, who was stationed close to it, pounced upon his arm with genuine conjugal appropriation—a manœuvre, by the by, well described by Shakspeare, when he says,

"She arms her with the boldness of a wife"—

and exclaimed, "What a time you have been, O'Donagough! where is the bandbox?—Why surely you have not come away without it? You know as well as I do, that I must have it, and I'll bet a thousand pounds that is exactly the reason you have left it!"

* Continued from No. ccxxii., page 204.

"No, my dear, it was not, I assure you," he replied, with very business-like composure; "it was because the custom-house officers would not let me bring it on account of the sweetmeats."

"Sweetmeats, Mr. O'Donagough!—Then, why did you not let them take out the sweetmeats? You know perfectly well, though now you pretend to look exactly as if you had never heard of it—you know that it is not the sweetmeats that I want, but my dressing-box. I declare to Heaven I would as soon have an owl look after my things!"

"Nonsense!" said Mr. O'Donagough, composedly, "I am going to call a coach for you. I shall tell the man to drive to the Saracen's Head, and there you must order dinner, and beds.—No; upon second thoughts, my dear, you had better order tea. It makes, as I well remember, a monstrous difference in the bill, and we may eat, you know, exactly as much cold meat as we like."

Here Mr. O'Donagough held up his finger to a hackney-coachman, as readily as if he had not been beyond reach of any such luxury for nearly fifteen years. But when, with a hand applied to his young daughter's elbow, he was in the very act of assisting her to mount the uncertain steps, he was startled by the voice of his lady, exclaiming, within an inch of his ear,

"How can you, O'Donagough, be such a fool as to make believe that you think I shall go off without my baudbox? I shall not stir a step without it, and that you know. What a thing it is to have a man belonging to one that can't look after such a trifle as that! But it is no matter. I can do it myself!" And with these words, Mrs. O'Donagough rushed into the custom-house with the aspect of a tigress seeking her young. There was the same thrusting forward of the lengthened neck—the same eager starting of the protruding eye. And who shall say that there was not the same throbbing emotion at her heart?

Mr. O'Donagough very improperly gave his daughter a look that seemed to say, "Did you ever!" and having desired her to sit quietly in the hackney-coach till they returned, he followed the wife of his bosom with long but deliberate strides, as she won her way to what appeared the most busy part of the vast edifice. He overtook her just in time to hear her say, with astonishing dignity, though panting for breath,

"Pray, sir, will you be pleased to inform me if it is here, that the passengers' luggage from the Atalanta has been deposited?"

"The man who is now passing down the room, ma'am, can tell you," was the reply. Away flew Mrs. O'Donagough after the individual thus indicated; but the man moved quickly, and it became speedily evident that she must raise her voice to overtake him.

"Will you tell me where the luggage from the Atalanta is stowed?" screamed the flying lady, at the very highest pitch of her voice. But this effort also was in vain, for a multitude of other sounds blended themselves with the voice of Mrs. O'Donagough, and the official hurried on. Vexed, heated, weary, but more determined than ever to perform what she had undertaken, if only to prove how wretchedly inefficient in all such matters her husband must be, she continued to run on with all the velocity that a heavy cloak, and the ample volume of her own person would permit, till at length the man she was pursuing stopped, and at

the same instant her eye caught sight of the bandbox, the abduction of which from the boatman who brought them on shore, had caused her so much inquietude.

"This is it, this is the box I want, sir!" she exclaimed, extending her arm to seize her recovered treasure.

"By your leave, ma'am," said another official, taking hold of it with professional firmness, but perfect civility; "it is going this way."

"It *can't* go that way, sir—I must have it. I do assure you it is perfectly impossible for me to get into the coach without it, and I am quite confident, that as a gentleman, you can't refuse to let me take away such a trifle as this one bandbox."

"It has been looked into," said another "officer, and is crammed full of sweetmeats. It must pay duty."

"Dear me!—pay duty, sir, for a dressing-box? I don't care a straw for the sweetmeats, comparatively speaking, and Mr. O'Donagough must of course pay the duty, if he chooses to have them—all I ask is for my dressing-box, and I shall think it a most disgraceful thing to the English nation, if a lady is to have her very dressing-box taken from her the moment she puts her feet on English ground. I am sure the very savages themselves would know better! And what's more, I don't believe it is legal to seize it, for I have used the same and no other for years and years, and you may depend upon it that if there is any thing illegal in the matter, the thing won't pass without notice. My connexions are not in a rank of life to permit any thing of that kind. It may be all very well for common people to have their property snatched out of their hands this way, but it won't do for the aunt of General Hubert!"

Mr. O'Donagough, who had by this time reached her side, stood with more *nonchalance* than was quite amiable, while his indignant wife thus exerted herself. Nay, some persons might even have suspected that he was base enough to quiz the vehement energy of her pleadings; for not only did he remain perfectly silent, but now and then exchanged such a look with the individual with whom she was contesting the legality of the transaction, as might have easily been construed into joining in the laugh against her. Fortunately for the preservation of the king's peace, on the spot sacred to the collection of his own customs, Mrs. O'Donagough was too completely occupied to be aware of this, and it was only when at length she ceased to speak, that she perceived her husband beside her.

"I *do* wonder, Mr. O'Donagough," she then began, "how you can stand there like a statue, without ever uttering a single syllable, good, bad, or indifferent! I do believe you are the only man in the whole civilized world who would let all the trouble of travelling fall upon his wife in this way. Pray sir, do make the people understand that the coach is waiting for me, and that it is impossible I should go without my dressing-box!"

"Why, my dear, you and I don't do business in the same way—Pray, sir, how long will it be before our things can be passed? These are the articles in this corner—just one dozen packages, great and small. When will they be looked over?"

"Within an hour, sir."

"Now then, my dear, make up your mind. Will you wait here

yourself one hour, till you can see the whole lot sent off? Or will you go on to the Saracen's Head, and leave me here to get it done? Or will you prefer my going with you, and returning here again after I have seen you and Martha safely lodged?"

There is hardly any thing in the world so provoking, when one has worked oneself up to a considerable degree of energy, as to be made to perceive, as plainly as that two and two make four, that no energy at all was necessary. Mrs. O'Donagough would at that moment have given any thing short of her dressing-box, if without danger she could have bestowed upon her husband a good cuff; but she restrained herself, and only replied, "Oh! pray do not trouble yourself to go with us—I am sure I hope there is nothing going to happen in which you could do any good. Stay, if you like, and as long as you like, and let all the things be seized one after another, without putting out your finger to prevent it. I don't care a straw about it. It would be convenient, certainly, for me to get my dressing-box before I go, but as you do not choose to take any trouble about it, of course I must submit. Few gentlemen, I fancy would like to see their wives treated in this sort of way, particularly about a thing that I took out of England myself, years and years ago. However, I shall say no more about it. I know the transaction to be perfectly infamous in every way, and that's all I have to say, on the subject. General Hubert, or Lady Elizabeth either, will be able to tell me whether it will be worth my while to take any further notice of it. The importance of the thing itself is comparatively nothing—but no man of spirit, I presume, would choose that his wife should be treated with fraud and indignity—that's all I wish to observe."

This speech was intended for all within hearing, but it is doubtful whether any one besides her husband heard a syllable of it. There is, perhaps, no place in which the constitutional propensity of the gentler sex to relieve their full hearts in words, is endured with more unresisting passiveness than in scenes of active public business. The stream is generally permitted to flow on without let or hindrance; and if, as usually happens, no attention is paid to it, the obvious reason lies in the judicious earnestness of the functionaries to perform the lady's wishes, without pausing even to listen to their eloquent expression of them.

Mrs. O'Donagough waited a few seconds for an answer, but receiving none, either from her husband or any one else, she turned suddenly round upon a person actively engaged in the examination of a host of trunks just arrived from France, and said, "Am I to have my dressing-box, sir, or not?"

The man looked up at her for an instant, but pursued his employment without answering.

"What insufferable insolence!" she exclaimed, fronting round again to Mr. O'Donagough; "I am perfectly persuaded that there is no nation in the world where such conduct would be endured, except this! And I believe also," she continued somewhat in a lower voice, and preparing to leave the room,—“I believe also that there is not another man in existence, who would suffer his wife to be thus treated without resenting it."

"You will get these things in the corner looked over next, will you?" said Mr. O'Donagough with the most perfect composure.

"Yes, sir, I will," replied the man he addressed, with such unalterable civility, that Mrs. O'Donagough began to suspect, no scolding, however violent, could do any good; and having fortunately arrived at this conclusion, she condescended to take her husband's arm and walk off; muttering, however, the whole way some very biting observations on the difference between some men and other men. But Mr. O'Donagough was in no humour to make a fuss about it, and continued to whistle, "Oh! the roast beef of old England, and, oh! the old English roast beef," till they reached the hackney-coach, in which they had left their young daughter.

Many papa's and mamma's would have felt some scruple, if not a little fear, at the idea of leaving a young lady of fourteen in a scene so noisy and so new, as the street in front of the London custom-house: but it is more than probable that they both of them knew sufficiently well the excellent condition of the young Martha's nerves, to prevent all notion of such idle alarms. They found her, as most likely they expected, still unsatiated with the delight of staring at all the people, and all the carts, and all the horses, and all the boxes, which were passing in a whirling maze before her view.

"Well, chicken!" cried her father, inserting his face between that of his wife and the window of the hackney-coach, "are you not tired of waiting for us?"

"Tired?" replied the young lady, "Not I; never saw such fun in my life. What have you been doing, mamma, all this time? It is a thousand pities you should not have seen all these people pass. There must be some monstrous great arrival in England to-day, I'm sure."

Mr. O'Donagough laughed. "I am glad you have been amused, chick," said he, standing a little aside, while his lady was getting into the coach; "and I should like very well to hear all you have got to say about it. But you must tell me all when I come."

"Lor, papa! you ain't going to stay here, are you?" said Martha, in a voice that betokened disappointment.

"How can you be so absurd, child?" said her mother sharply, drawing up the window of the coach within exactly one inch of her husband's nose. "For God's sake, let us make him useful if we can. He is by no means too well inclined that way, I promise you."

When a factious and rebellious spirit gets possession of a woman, it gives her a degree of courage that is often quite astonishing. Mrs. O'Donagough knew, as well as she did that the sun would rise on the morrow, that however enduringly her husband might receive for a time, the rebukes and scoffings of her contumacious spirit, he would settle the account fairly with her at last, and this with a manly preponderance of force, which to any woman possessed of less audacious vigour of mind, would have been really alarming. Perhaps, indeed, Mrs. O'Donagough herself, was not always entirely free from trepidation, when these moments of retribution arrived; yet it was very rarely that the fear of them was sufficiently powerful to check her conjugal vivacities.

Mr. O'Donagough did not like having the coach-window drawn up within an inch of his nose, and employing the skilful manœuvre by which servants outside a carriage let down a glass forgotten by the la-

dies within, he managed to remove the barrier thus interposed between himself and his "womankind."

"What the devil is the matter with you, madam?" said he, in a voice that caused more than one passing eye to turn round upon him. "Don't tire me, Mrs. O'Donagough," he added, in a lower tone, "or by Jove you may wish that I had left you behind at Sydney."

Mrs. O'Donagough was at this moment very advantageously situated for receiving the burst of wrath which she knew had been accumulating during the last half-hour. She dared not, indeed, attempt to draw up the window again, but raising herself on her feet as nearly as the roof of the carriage would let her, she sat down again in the corner with a degree of vehemence, which made the crazy springs of the vehicle dip under her as if never to rise again; and in lieu of her magnificent countenance, presented so broad, thick, and seemingly impregnable a shoulder to her spouse, that he felt he was worsted, and showing his large row of still white teeth to his daughter, as with a backward movement of his thumb he pointed to the massive shoulder, he stepped back upon the pavement, calling out at the same time to the coachman, to "Drive to the Saracen's Head, Snow-hill."

Martha made a movement that brought her face parallel to the opposite window, and her shoulders to those of her mamma's, so that the laugh produced by her papa's facetiousness was not observed.

"Brute!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Donagough, as the carriage drove off.

"Oh! my gracious—what a beautiful bonnet that is! And that—and that," cried the young lady, as they passed a shop-window; "shouldn't I look beautiful, mamma, with those green feathers!"

"Perhaps you might, my dear," replied her mother; "and you must be as sharp as a needle, Patty, I can tell you that, to get what you want out of your skinflint father. He'll be smart enough himself, I'll answer for him, for he is as vain as an old peacock; but as for us, and our appearance, he won't care much, I dare say,—and a hard tug we shall have, before we get any thing decent out of him. Mark my words, if we don't."

Of her two parents, Miss O'Donagough decidedly liked her papa the best; but she was already much too good a tactician to let this appear before the eyes of her mamma. She felt, indeed, her daily increasing power over both, and as deliberately determined to make the most of it, as if she had studied the curious and incalculable effect of skilfully-applied domestic influence for years.

One means which she had long ago discovered, as beyond all others effectual in promoting this, was the seizing every safe opportunity of making each fond parent believe that she was quite willing, if she dared, to become his or her partisan, upon all occasions, against the other. Some idea of her acute and almost precocious talents may be gathered from the fact, that she had already persuaded her father of her perfect enjoyment of all the ridicule, he from time to time slyly threw upon his lady; and her mother, that she considered her as exceedingly ill-used, whenever she failed of having her own way in every contest she fell into, with her master and her lord.

* * * * *

Mrs. O'Donagough had changed but little in her feelings and prin-

ciples of action, since the day when she arrived at the hotel at Exeter, with her niece Agnes, and Betty Jacks. She still bore herself as one deserving of all deference and respect, and called about her on arriving at the Saracen's Head, as if nobody so great had ever driven under its awful sign before.

The first waiter who met her passed on, exciting thereby her deepest indignation; but at length her loud and dignified demand, "Can we have beds and supper here?" produced something like the desired effect, and she was ushered into a little dusky, dirty, up-stairs sitting-room, from the window of which, however, Martha had the gratification of finding that she could look out upon the street. It was the latter end of the month of August, and no one, perhaps, but a young lady just escaped from the ship that had brought her from New South Wales, could have found such keen delight in gazing upon the hot and dusty precincts of Snow-hill. To her, however, it was a sort of opening paradise, in which she fancied she could dwell for ever without becoming weary.

"What quantities of carriages, mamma! And, oh! good gracious, the men! and such bonnets and flowers! If papa won't give us some money, I am sure we shall grow wild."

"Yes, to be sure we shall," replied her mother, who with her hand on her daughter's shoulder, and her head protruded farther still than that of the young lady, hung over the pavement, enamoured of all the metropolitan splendour she saw passing there.

"London is a glorious place, there is no doubt of that, mamma," said Martha.

"The finest in the world—every body says so; and I am sure it is impossible to stand here and doubt it," replied her mother. "But do you know, Patty, I am dying with hunger. I suppose your father would kill us if we ordered tea before he came?"

"I am sure it would be very savage of him to want to keep us starving here while he is amusing himself with all the beautiful things as he comes along," replied the young lady.

"Well, my dear, if you have courage to face it, I don't care. He was in a brutal ill-humour when we drove off: but I suppose if you tell him that you were feeling so sick and faint that you thought you should die, he won't say much about it. So, if you feel courage for it, I'll ring."

"Oh, lor! mamma, I feel courage enough, if that's all. I'm sure I could eat a dozen rounds of buttered toast for my own share. Ring away, mamma, I'll stop papa's mouth when he comes. You see if I don't."

Thus encouraged, Mrs. O'Donagough did ring, and her liberal orders given quite in the Silvertown style, for tea, toast, muffins, eggs, cold chicken, and ham, were obeyed with admirable promptitude, and the mother and daughter had got half through the tea-urn, and very nearly quite through all the eatables upon the table, when Mr. Allen O'Donagough made his appearance.

"Civil and obliging upon my word!" he exclaimed with "*a touch of very natural feeling*," as he entered the room. "While I have been fagging like a blackamoor to get your cursed things through the customs, you two sit down and devour every thing that is to be had, without troubling yourselves for a single instant to think of me."

"If you say that, you are a very wicked man, because you will tell fibs," replied his daughter. "We did think of you, and talk of you too, a great deal, before we set to. And it was I told mamma that I was sure, as sure, that you wouldn't and couldn't be angry. Just think, papa, the difference of sitting stock stone still up here, longing for a morsel of food to keep soul and body together, and being busy and blithe in the midst of all the beautiful sights, like you have been."

While saying these words, Martha employed herself in preparing on one fork a huge collop of ham, with a lump of fowl to match it, and on another, and an equally full-sized morsel of boiled beef, daintily covered with mustard.

"Now here's what I call two beautiful mouthfuls. Open your gills papa! This one first, 'cause the mustard is strongest. Well, how d'ye like it?—Very good is it?—I thought so.—Now this.—And that's very good, too, it seems, by your manner of munching it. Now say if I haven't thought about you! I told mamma I'd stop your mouth, and all you've got to do is just to say which you like best, and more will come of it, I'll be bound, as soon as you order it."

There was something so exceedingly clever, and so prettily playful in this device of the young Martha to restore her hungry father's good humour, that both parents were delighted with it. Mrs. O'Donagough got up laughing, and rang the bell without being bid; and Mr. O'Donagough pinched his daughter's cheek, called her a saucy hussy, and said that he'd be hanged if there was such another girl, of her years, in Europe, or out of it.

CHAP. IX.

DISCUSSIONS RESPECTING THE FUTURE PLANS OF THE O'DONAGOUGHES
—PLEASANT ASSURANCES—BRILLIANT HOPES—MR. ALLEN O'DONAGOUGH TAKES A WALK, AND RETURNS FROM IT EXCEEDINGLY WELL SATISFIED.

It will easily be imagined that Mr. and Mrs. O'Donagough, notwithstanding their occasional little tiffs, had found a sufficient number of tranquil moments, on board ship, to discuss very fully the important question of what it would be best to do with themselves, on first arriving in London. Mrs. O'Donagough very naturally declared that her first and dearest object would be to throw herself into the arms of her beloved Agnes, and once more to embrace the brother of her fond young memory, Mr. Willoughby; for which reasons, Berkeley-square rose, as it were, spontaneously to her lips, every time the subject of settling themselves was mentioned.

But Mr. O'Donagough, who in one way or another had contrived to learn more facts concerning the movements of the fashionable world, than had hitherto fallen within the scope of his wife's observation, undertook to assure her, that in the month of August there was no chance whatever of finding either Mrs. Hubert or Mr. Willoughby in London. It was therefore necessary to consider what was most desirable in the second degree, and the affectionate Mrs. O'Donagough hinted, just be-

fore they left the vessel, that her feelings were becoming so strongly imperative for a reunion, that what *she* should best like, would be to follow her relatives, wheresoever they might be, in town or country, sea-side, or hill-side, amidst the enchanting dissipation of a watering-place, or the soberer joys of their own rural home. But Mr. O'Donagough thought it might be more prudent to decide for or against this, according to circumstances, and the discussion had been broken off unfinished, by the arrival of the custom-house officers on board.

It was now revived again, over the substantial tea-table, at the Sacracen's Head, both parties enjoying the advantage of restored good-humour, and the only difference in their mode of treating the subject being, that the lady truly believed the question as to whether they should follow General Hubert to his country-house to be in doubt, whereas the gentleman exceedingly well knew that it was not.

Mr. Allen O'Donagough certainly had his faults like other mortals, but a positive love of wrangling was not one of them; and though, of course, like all other sensible married men, he felt the necessity of having his own way, he always achieved it with as little quarrelling as possible. He knew that "his Barnaby" was a high-spirited woman, by no means disposed to trot very easily under the matrimonial yoke, and decidedly preferring a little skirmish now and then, though she knew that she must yield eventually, to the contemptible submissiveness of living as if she had no will of her own at all. It had therefore become almost habitual to him at all family consultations, respecting the subject of which he had made up his mind beforehand, to let her go on arguing as if it were still in doubt, and uttering his fiat only at the moment when he could walk off, and hear no more about it.

Respecting the immediate manner of their settling themselves in England, however, he had *not* quite made up his mind. Not that he had the slightest intention of scouring the country in pursuit of General Hubert, and still less of quartering himself upon his household; any advantages to be derived from that quarter, he was quite aware, must be sought for cautiously, and, on his part at least, with considerable tact. But, notwithstanding all his boasting on the subject of identity, he had still a few nervous doubts as to the prudence of launching himself once more upon the town. True, his sphere of action would be greatly changed; his age was changed; his beard, with all its fancy *etceteras*, was changed; and, though not equally important, his name was changed. Moreover, it was exceedingly probable that the set he had left were changed too; so that, on the whole, he was pretty sanguine as to the possibility of settling himself as a gentleman of fashion and fortune in London. He really believed that "his Barnaby" might assist him in this; which belief assuredly turned aside many a *strong* word, which without it might have chanced to wound her ears; and it was now with all possible civility that he listened to her, as she again burst forth with all the vehemence of strong affection on the subject of finding out, and following Mrs. General Hubert.

"I don't think I *can* live, my dear Donny, till the time you say they are likely to come to town, without seeing her!" said Mrs. O'Donagough, laying aside upon the margin of her plate the chicken-bone she had been polishing. "Think what a time it is!"

"Very true," my dear; "only we shall gain one advantage that

ought to console you. Were Mrs. Hubert in town at this moment, Mrs. O'Donagough, I should deem it very disadvantageous to introduce Martha to her. You may depend upon it, that none of the finery you may have brought over will be of the right sort here."

"That I have no doubt in the world is true," replied his wife, rejoiced beyond measure at this positive evidence of his intending to "*new rig*" them. "Even Patty herself, dear creature! young as she is, feels *that*, and was just saying so, as we came along. But Lord bless you, my dear Donny, all that can be set to rights in no time, in such a place as London, if you will but let us have the money."

"No doubt of it, dear; but we must be exceedingly careful, I do assure you, in all things concerning that most important article. On some occasions it must be spent, and freely too. There is no help for it if we hope to do any thing important. But, for that very reason, we must keep a tight hand over it, where we may do so without danger. Not that I mean to deny you and Patty fine clothes. Quite the contrary. I know they will be often necessary; and, if things go well, you shall have them."

On hearing this, Martha left her place at the table, where, to say truth, she had made such good use of her time, as to make her remaining there any longer quite unnecessary, and walking round to her father's chair, testified the satisfaction his last words had afforded her, by giving him a kiss.

"What you like to hear that, do you Pat? Well, be a good girl, and do in all things as I bid you, and you shall be as fine as a queen. So butter me a piece of toast."

"Well, but my dearest O'Donagough," said his wife, quite as well pleased by language so encouraging as her daughter, and altogether in a state of mind the most enviable, "you must not forget my darling Agnes! And you may be quite sure, dear, that where *she* is, we may show off Patty to advantage. For people in their rank of life never do poke themselves in out of the way places. Therefore I vote for driving to Berkeley-square, learning from the servants where the family are passing the summer, taking a lodging for a week, just for the purpose of getting the things we most want, and then setting off to enjoy the exquisite pleasure, the heartfelt satisfaction of placing my lovely child in the bosom of my niece, and receiving her little ones into mine! Shall it be so, dearest O'Donagough? Tell me, is there any objection to a plan so every way delightful?"

"None in the world, my dear," replied her husband, gravely proceeding with his meal. "Ring the bell, Patty my dear, I must have a slice or two more ham."

"Then I may consider it as settled? Only think! In a week's time I shall present my child, my own beautiful daughter, to the wife of a general! To a lady received at court! with dozens of titles among her nearest relations; and, nevertheless, our nearest relation into the bargain. I'll be hanged, Donny, if it does not all seem like a dream!"

"I dare say it does, my dear. Give me that back-bone, Patty, and thigh along with it, if you will."

"Then may we consider it as a settled thing, dear O'Donagough, that we are to follow the Hubert's immediately?"

"You may consider it as a settled thing, my love, that to set you and Patty off in the very best style is what I intend to do; and your relations, of course, ought to be among the first to see it."

Mrs. Allen O'Donagough was wise enough to take counsel with herself before she said any more upon the subject; and being, notwithstanding all their seeming consultations on the subject, most utterly ignorant of all her husband's real plots and plans, she was, on the whole, inclined to flatter herself that her wishes respecting their immediate destination would be attended to; for, as she justly observed to her daughter, when they were alone, "clever as Mr. O'Donagough is about most things, it is quite impossible he should know as much about the *dear Huberts* as I do!"

Thus, on the whole, their first evening in London was passed in great domestic harmony; but Mrs. O'Donagough and her daughter both declaring themselves early ready for bed, Mr. O'Donagough affectionately advised them to yield to the inclination, and saying almost in the words of Prospero,

"'Tis a good dulness,"

bid them both good night, with the assurance that though he was obliged to go out for half an hour, to get a refractory razor put in order, he should also, probably, be very early in bed. He then kindly lighted candles for them, nay, even opened the door with a smile so gracious, and manner so observant, that Mrs. O'Donagough was forcibly reminded of the fascinations of other days; and when he again wished her good night, as she passed out, she too looked up at him, with a glance as like her former glances as she could make it, at the same time, however, patting his chin playfully, she said, "Oh! why did you cut off your whiskers, dear?"

"Why did I cut off my whiskers?" he repeated as soon as the door was closed behind them. "That I might sally forth, my charming Barnaby, as I will do this night, with the delightful confidence of being recognised by no one."

The sensations produced on an Englishman by returning to London after even a much shorter absence than that of Mr. Allen O'Donagough, are always powerful; and, if no particular circumstances exist to injure the effect, exceedingly delightful. The stupendous world it encloses, is sure to have spread farther and wider still, than when he left it. New displays of wealth—new demonstrations of the power it brings—new proofs of that excess of civilization, which, for lack of other work, turns the genius of man to the production of varieties in every article he uses, because improvement can go no farther. All this he is sure to see at every step he takes; and then the aspect of all those he meets, at once so familiar to his memory, yet personally so utterly unknown. The features, the complexion, the gait, bringing to his eye and his heart associations a thousand times more intimately belonging to him, notwithstanding the individual strangeness of each, than he could ever have felt in the foreign land whence he returned. Of all this Mr. Allen O'Donagough was fully conscious, and the excitement it produced was exceedingly agreeable.

As he walked farther and farther westward, these pleasant sensations multiplied; his heart swelled with a well-balanced mixture of

national and individual triumph; and, notwithstanding all the awkward accidents of his past life, he would have been sorry to run the risk of changing conditions with any person he met. He knew he must have been a monstrously clever fellow, to be where and what he was at that moment; and he felt this with a very natural degree of satisfaction at the conviction. After all that had passed, the particulars of which, even to himself, he did not think it necessary to recapitulate—after all this, at the age of fifty-three, to find himself parading the streets of London, clear as a new-born babe from every taint of civil sin, and with his pockets full of cash, that no man could seize upon, and cry “Rascal! that cash is mine!” was a degree of prosperity that might well make him feel some inches taller than usual as he walked.

It was by an impulse that had as much of instinct in it as will, that he at length found himself among the billiard-rooms of Leicester-square and its precincts. The unsightly Palais Royal of London, surrounded him on all sides; and as he looked at its increased glow of gaslight, and breathed the queer mixture with which it has there pleased man to supply his lungs, in lieu of atmospheric air, he felt that he was once again *AT HOME!*

It would have required a much stronger effort than he conceived himself called upon to make, to avoid entering beneath one of the many roofs, which by night and day sheltered the devotees who pass their existence in making three little ivory balls run about and knock each other. He did enter; and mounting the stairs with a step as eager, though less active than heretofore, found himself not without some emotion, on a spot where he had stood a thousand times before.

There were many persons in the room; but he looked round, and saw not one single face that he remembered, till the marker, changing his place, displayed to him features, once as familiar to his eye as the dial on which he scored his games; but with an expression which, though not changed, was marked by lines so much stronger and deeper than heretofore, that the man looked like a caricature of his former self.

At first sight of him, Mr. Allen O'Donagough started, and felt half inclined to turn about, and make his exit before he had caught his eye. But his better judgment told him that by so doing he would lose an excellent opportunity of testing the effect of his altered appearance on an old acquaintance, and be forced to try it where it might perhaps be much more dangerous to fail. He therefore stood his ground; and when he perceived that the man's eye rested quietly and steadily on him, without the slightest indication of ever having examined his features before, his confidence increased sufficiently to lead him into conversation. The result was all that he desired; his observations were sufficiently scientific to merit even a marker's attention, and the man both looked at and listened to him, but still without betraying any trace of remembrance whatever. While suffering some little anxiety from his doubts how this experiment might answer, Mr. Allen O'Donagough probably forgot the great advantage (under existing circumstances) of fifteen years which had passed over his curls since he had last appeared before the eyes which so fortunately knew him not. Of all his advantages, perhaps this was the only one of which our *cir-devant* Major was not fully sensible.

Nothing could exceed the lightness and gaiety of heart which ensued upon this successful experiment. He felt himself born again into the only world in which he wished to live; his outward skin, somewhat the worse for the wear, cast off, all his talents ripened, and his character and name without a stain!

There was one triumph more, a touch of which he was determined to enjoy without further delay. Mr. Allen O'Donagough had played billiards when he left England, but he played so much better now, that he could not but fancy his chance with the professional individual who had formerly been the object of his emulation and his envy, would be very different from what it was in days past. He accordingly engaged him as soon as the tables should be at leisure; and when the moment arrived, set about the game with almost as zealous a desire to win it, as if he had staked ten times the amount they were to play for.

The play of Mr. Allen O'Donagough was certainly improved; perhaps that of the marker was improved also; but neither the one nor the other had lost or forgotten any of those little peculiar touches of skill which distinguish one great billiard-man from another. The marker's eye had perused the person and countenance of the new comer, something as an athlete of old, might have done the conformation of one about to wrestle with him; and this survey had brought no single trait or movement to his mind, which suggested a suspicion that they had ever met before. No sooner, however, were the balls in full action, than a particular stroke, for which our Major had been famous, awakened some long-forgotten manœuvres in the marker's mind, and he suddenly turned round and directed a stare pregnant with inquiry into the stranger's face.

"Beg your pardon, sir; but may I ask your name?" said the man, with great civility.

"O'Donagough. What is your reason for asking?" was the reply. But as he made it, the colour mounted over the ample cheeks of the incognito, and he felt he had made a blunder.

"Only because that pretty hazard of yours put me so in mind of a chap that used to play here half a score years ago, or more, may be; and I don't remember to have seen exact the same stroke from any other man."

"Do you know this stroke?" demanded Mr. Allen O'Donagough, recovering himself, and performing a very skilful manœuvre that he had learned from a New Orleans man, with whom he had played at Sydney.

"No, sir! No, upon my soul! That is quite a foreign stroke, I take it,—you have played abroad, sir, I'll be bound."

"I learnt that at New Orleans," replied Mr. Allen O'Donagough.

"No wonder, sir, that you're a good player then; for I have known New Orleans men as have beat us all hollow."

Mr. Allen O'Donagough won his game, and retired; having received a hint which he felt might be very useful to him. "Egad! I must shave my play, as well as my mustache, if I intend to remain incog.," was the thought that passed through his head, as he gaily proceeded to reconnoitre during another hour or so, the various alterations, additions, and improvements made during his absence throughout all the

regions that he knew and loved the best. But like a prudent domestic man as he was, he returned soon after midnight to the Saracen's Head, having just done and seen enough to make him equally sanguine and impatient as regarded the variety of brilliant experiments which lay before him.

CHAP. X.

ALL PRELIMINARIES HAPPILY ARRANGED—MR. ALLEN O'DONAGOUGH AND HIS SUITE SET OFF FOR BRIGHTON—EMOTIONS PRODUCED ON THE MIND OF MISS MARTHA, BY LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW—MR. ALLEN O'DONAGOUGH APPEARS IN A NEW DRESS—HE MAKES A NEW AND RATHER DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT, BUT IT ANSWERS.

IF the result of Mr. Allen O'Donagough's experiment upon the memory of the billiard-marker had been productive of satisfaction to himself, its consequences were more gratifying still to his lady. Little as he had said about it, his private intention had been to keep as much as possible out of the way of General Hubert, and all the brilliant set in which he presumed him to move, till he should be prepared to meet him advantageously.

The first step towards this was, the ascertaining that his own altered appearance was likely to prevent all danger of disagreeable reminiscences; the second must, of course, consist in preparations for assuming such an appearance and manner of life as might justify the ambitious hope of being received as a relation.

To this he attached quite as much importance as his wife, though he said much less about, it, and was determined to hazard more, and run greater risks to obtain it, than it ever entered into her head to hope for.

Mr. Allen O'Donagough had ever been a man of spirit and enterprise; and having paid the penalty, almost inevitable in his line, upon indulging with too little caution in the display of his peculiar talents, he now determined, with ripened age, and ripened wisdom, to carry on business with that species of boldness and prudence united, which is only to be found in the very highest class of his profession. During many years of his residence in New South Wales, his purpose had been to make Paris the theatre of his future experiments; but he saw, or fancied he saw in the remarkable accident which had brought him within reach of such persons as his wife claimed kindred with, the possibility of a career infinitely more distinguished than he had ever before ventured to hope for. There was considerable sagacity displayed in the reasoning by which he convinced himself that the very circumstances that seemed to render such hopes almost ridiculously audacious, would, in reality, make their attainment easy. Had General Hubert, and the wealthy and distinguished persons with whom he was connected, been less completely above all, and every thing with which Mr. Allen O'Donagough had mixed himself during his former life, there might, and must have been danger, notwithstanding his changed appearance, of such accidental allusions to past scenes, as it might have

been very difficult to get over. But as it was, nothing of the kind could be at all likely to occur; and having once made up his mind to hazard, as a necessary outlay, a considerable portion of the money he had contrived to make, he became almost as impatient to open the campaign, as Mrs. O'Donagough herself.

During the course of the following day much business was got through. By inquiries made according to Mrs. O'Donagough's suggestion in Berkeley-square, it was ascertained that General Hubert's family were at Brighton. By boldly parading through all the different haunts where formerly he was best known, Mr. O'Donagough found there was no danger whatever of his being recognised as the flash Major Allen, once so conspicuous among them. By the placing an English bank-note for twenty pounds in the hands of his wife, with a declaration that it was to be wholly expended in the decoration of herself and her daughter, he produced in the hearts of both a throb of pleasure which few things in this life can equal; and laid the foundation of two ward-robes, which were destined for years to be the admiration of many beholders. And, by placing himself in the hands of a first-rate German artist in St. James's-street, he was not only sure of coming forth from them as near in shape and air to the standard he desired to obtain, as it was possible for mortal shears to make him; but with as much safety as any precaution could ensure, of not permitting his person to be studied by any operator, who had ever enjoyed that advantage before.

In addition to all this, the active O'Donagough contrived, before the day was half over, to have himself and his appendages established in private lodgings in Hatton-garden, where, by the aid of a neighbouring ham-shop, and a little lodging-house cookery, they contrived to live for a week at very trifling expense.

But what a week of ecstasy it was! And how fully was it demonstrated in the case of Mrs. O'Donagough, that mind is omnipotent over matter! Few people enjoyed "*nice things*," as she was wont to call them; that is to say, such eating as particularly suited her fancy, with more keen relish than Mrs. O'Donagough; yet, during this week of strongly-excited sensibilities, although nothing of an edible nature was set before her that she could upon reflection approve, she scarcely uttered a murmur. Tough steaks, and greasy cutlets appeared, and were consumed almost without an observation; while the soaring spirit enjoyed a banquet in the contemplation of caps, bonnets, gowns, and mantles, not yet perceptible to the eye, perhaps, but of which the intellectual faculties were fully cognizant, which rendered all grosser gratifications contemptible.

"I do enjoy my porter, though!" uttered after the dismissal of a peculiarly unmanageable specimen of what is called animal food, was almost the only symptom betrayed by Mrs. O'Donagough of her being alive to any thing of the kind.

At length,

"Industrious man had done his part,"

and industrious women also. "*The things*" were all sent home, and all that remained to be done before their places were taken for Brighton, was to "pack them up," as Patty said, "so that they might all come out, looking as lovely and beautiful as when they were put in."

"And where are we to leave all the rubbish we have brought

over, Donny, while we make this delightful little trip?" inquired his lady.

Mr. O'Donagough had hired a garret in the house for the purpose—Mr. O'Donagough had secured three outside places by the earliest coach—Mr. O'Donagough had with his own hands brought home a little basket in which their necessary refreshments during the following day were to be deposited—in short, Mr. O'Donagough had forgotten nothing.

"Well now, every thing seems smooth before us," said Mrs. O'Donagough, over their last Hatton-garden tea-table. "Oh! my darling Agnes! How I do long to get at her! By the by, Donny, I do think it was rather silly of you, never to let me mention to her the time of our coming over. If I had, they would be expecting us, and I am not quite certain if I should not like that better than taking them by surprise."

"We have discussed that matter already, my dear," replied her peaceable husband. "My notion was that it would be better to take them by surprise, and I think so still."

"Well! that's settled now, so there is no good in talking any more about it. But don't you think that if they were any of them to see Patty and me scrambling down from the top of the coach, they might think it did not look as if we were really people of fashion, as you have all along promised we should be?" said his wife.

Mr. Allen O'Donagough paused a little before he replied. This was one of the points upon which his system of tactics dictated very strong regulations, and though he was very sleepy, and much more inclined to doze than to talk, having secured himself from slipping off the horse-hair-bottomed chair, by fixing his feet upon the mantelpiece, he roused himself sufficiently to express what he thought the occasion called for.

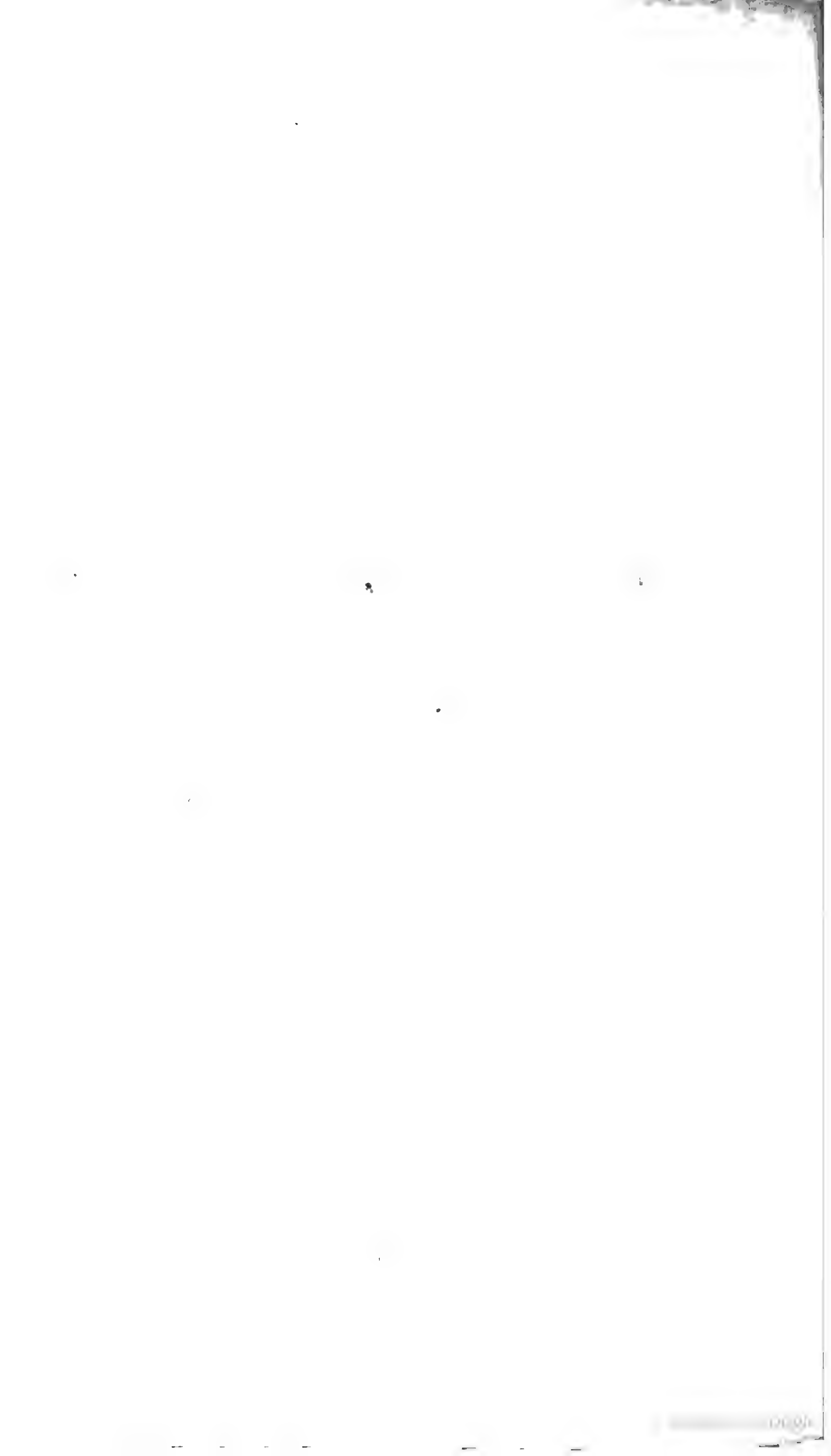
"As to that, my dear, and indeed as to all things of the same kind, it is quite necessary that you, and Patty too, should understand matters thoroughly at once. I do mean that we should appear like people of fashion—I am making immense sacrifices, and running enormous risks for this purpose; but it is altogether childish and silly to suppose that this can be done by people no richer than we are, without a vast deal of very clever management. The real secret is, Mrs. O'Donagough, to keep all your contrivances out of sight; and if you can find out the way to do that, it don't signify a single straw what saving tricks you practise behind the scenes. As to my driving about the country like your fine cousins and nieces, and I don't know what all—it is perfect madness to dream of such a thing—I give you my honour that I should be in jail before I was six months older. But if we all carry on the war upon the same principle, setting our wits to work, one and all, to save money when nobody is looking at us, and to spend it in good style when they are, we may go on making an excellent appearance, and with no danger of getting into a scrape either. Do you understand what I mean, Patty?"

"Oh! dear yes, papa, I do indeed; and I think it is a very good way. I never do care how dirty or shabby my clothes are when I am out of sight, so that I can be smart when I go out to be seen," was the young lady's reply.

"Kiss me, darling!" said the delighted father, who was really be-



Hope, full of anticipation, is waiting for the arrival



coming more fond of her every day; "that is exactly the principle on which we must all act; and I hope Mrs. O'D., that you intend to be as reasonable about it as your daughter?"

"Let me alone for that sort of thing, O'Donagough. I don't believe that there is a woman in the world who would be more capable of sacrificing every thing to the making a good appearance, than I should. I was always brought up from my earliest infancy to think a great deal of it. My poor dear mother, I am sure, never thought of any thing else, and I should be sorry if my daughter did not come after me with the same right feelings. All that is to be said, therefore, about this going outside, is just that we must take care not to be seen or known."

"That is quite right, my dear, and speaking like yourself. This time, of course, there can be no danger, as nobody that you ever saw in your life before would be likely to find you out on the top of the Brighton coach. However, as a general rule it may be well to remember, that on all such occasions, the best and safest way is to make yourself look as little like what you are as possible. So that instead of being rather better dressed than the rest of the company on the top of a coach, people that understand the sort of thing that we have in view, would take care to be the worst. For just observe, now—supposing we sat opposite to some sharp-sighted body, who having scoured us from hat to shoe, should make up his wise noddle to believe that we were tallow-chandlers, taking our daughter from the melting to get a puff of sea air. Well, suppose that same person saw us afterwards, in the very best and grandest society; would he not be ten times less likely to know us in our fine traps, than if we had worn something in the same shape and fashion when he met us on the coach?"

"That's very true, my dear," said Mrs. O'Donagough, "and late as it is, I think I shall take the hint, and make some little alteration in what I was going to wear. You understand the sort of thing, Patty that your papa means, don't you, my dear?"

"Yes, to be sure I do, and you shall see if I can't make a good sight of myself!" replied Miss Patty, starting away from the tea-table; and seizing upon one of the bonnets, that lay on the top of a trunk ready for the morrow, she began to take out pins, and demolish bows at a great rate.

"My dear child, what are you about?" cried her mother; "you ain't going to waste all that good ribbon, I hope?"

"Waste it? how can you talk such nonsense, mamma? as if that was what papa wanted! No, I won't waste it, but do just look here—Don't I look like a vulgar dowdy?"

"Well, to be sure, fine feathers do make fine birds, there is no denying it," said Mrs. O'Donagough, looking with some mixture of vexation, at Martha's very successful attempt to make herself look a vulgar dowdy.

"Capital, girl!" cried her father chuckling. "She is up to every thing."

At an early hour the next morning, the active, enterprising, hopeful trio, were making as much noise in their little sitting-room as if a dozen ordinary persons were about to take their departure from it.

"Pray, pray don't set that box up on end! It has got both our best bonnets in it!" cried the elder lady.

"Oh! my! that's all the artificial flowers for mamma and me!" screamed the young one, fiercely extricating a deal case from the hands of the maid, who was irreverently jerking it out of the way.

"Make the tea, can't you?" bawled Mr. O'Donagough to his wife. The branch coach will be here in a minute, and I positively will not stir an inch till I have had my breakfast!"

At length, however, they were snugly accommodated—father, mother, daughter, packages and all—not only on the branch coach, but on the very vehicle itself that was to convey them to the goal of their wishes. But this was not effected without some difficulty. Mrs. O'Donagough was large, and none of her adventures had hitherto accustomed her to such a degree of activity as was necessary to bring her to the place she was to occupy, so that the assistance of a man putting the last touch to the luggage on the roof, as well as that of Mr. O'Donagough, who was stationed below, was required to aid the operation. The young lady had skipped up with great agility, the moment her father indicated to her the place where she was to sit; and while her mamma was mounting, she stood up, clapping her hands, and shouting with laughter, as she watched the difficult process. After this first impediment to their setting off had been overcome, however, nothing could be more prosperous or satisfactory than their journey; the whole family, each in their respective style ably sustained the incognito which had been enjoined. Mr. O'Donagough, during the entire distance, preserved total silence. Mrs. O'Donagough talked a good deal, it being an exercise to which she was too much accustomed to leave it off without great inconvenience; but she so cautiously avoided every allusion to her own dignity, and so steadily abstained from addressing either of her companions by name, that a young Sussex farmer, who was the person to whom she chiefly addressed herself, would have been a very clever fellow indeed had her conversation left information of any kind upon his mind. Miss O'Donagough as steadily kept in view the part she had to perform, as either father or mother; but this did not prevent her from looking pretty constantly in the face of the young farmer, thinking, however, all the time, how very much handsomer her dear Jack was.

According to his usual system, Mr. O'Donagough, while appearing to consult his wife on many points with the most amiable conjugal confidence, had hitherto uttered nothing definitive respecting his projects on arriving at Brighton: and in this he acted wisely, as before he could be said to know what he intended himself, he had one or two little experiments to make, and one or two questions to ask.

The first words he had been heard to utter since he placed himself beside his daughter, on the top of the vehicle, were spoken to that young lady as soon as herself and her ponderous mamma were once more safely lodged on the pavement, and they ran thus, as he eyed the waiter, who came forth from the hotel at which the coach stopped:

"I suppose the thing you would like best to do just at present, would be to eat, wouldn't it?"

"Well done you, for a good guess, papa!" replied Miss Patty, in high glee, "and you couldn't be more right if I had been a glass case, and you had seen through me. 'Tis good news hearing that word, isn't it, mamma?"

"Indeed it is, Patty," replied Mrs. O'Donagough, "I feel perfectly

sinking and exhausted. It is no joke, travelling from London to Brighton, with nothing on earth to keep soul and body together, but a miserable dry sandwich of salt ham."

"Come, come, let's have no grumbling!" cried Mr. O'Donagough, turning sharply round from the waiter to whom he had been giving his orders. "If you will follow this person up stairs, he will show you into a sitting-room, while I see after all your multitude of boxes."

"Grumbling?" muttered Mrs. O'Donagough in reply, "I should like to know where the most grumbling comes from?" But perceiving her husband to be no longer within hearing, she peaceably followed the waiter into the room to which he led them, and only indulged herself by saying, as he opened or shut the window—drew the blinds up or drew them down—or employed himself on some other of the numerous assiduities which denote the presence of a waiter, "Let every thing in the way of refreshment which the gentleman has ordered be of the very best that the place can furnish; and let it all be brought with as little delay as possible—that is, I mean to say, instantly."

"Why, mamma!" cried Miss Patty, who the instant the waiter had quitted the window flew to throw it open as widely as the sash would permit, "this place is more lovely, ten times over, than even London itself! My! what a sight of beautiful full-dressed gentlemen I do see crossing along at the bottom of the street! And such bonnets! I shall grow wild, I can tell you that, if I am kept in long, either for eating or drinking, or any thing else. Why there's officers by dozens, mamma! Oh! my goodness! what a delightful place!"

Her indulgent mother did not long delay to station her own ample person beside the juvenile form of her delighted daughter; and so much was there within reach of their eager eyes, as they fearlessly thrust forward their heads and shoulders to obtain a view of the point where the street opened upon the Marine-parade, that, hungry as they were, the cold meat and porter arrived before they had more than once turned round their heads to look for them.

Mr. O'Donagough entered in the wake of the tray, and for some reason or other seemed in high good-humour. "Come along both of ye!" he exclaimed gaily. "The deuce is in it if you are not ready. 'Tis wonderful how quickly the sea air gets hold of one." And then seating himself before a prodigious mass of cold beef, he began to handle the cutlass-like weapon which was placed beside it, with such skilful zeal, that his fair companions seemed to forget for a while all earthly blessings, save such as he heaped upon the plates before them.

"And what do you think of Brighton, Miss Patty?" said he, as distinctly as his occupation would allow.

"It is a beautiful divine glory of a place, papa!" replied Patty; "and I am sure I shall like it a monstrous deal better than London."

"It really does seem an enchanting spot, Donny," said his wife, setting down an empty beer-glass, of majestic size; "and if things go on well here, about the Huberts, and every thing else, you know, I do hope and trust you will give us a decent lodging, and let us enjoy ourselves."

"I shall be able to tell you more about it, my dear, an hour hence," replied Mr. Allen O'Donagough, "continuing to carve and to eat with a degree of celerity that not only showed his seaward appetite, but proved

his time to be precious. "As soon as you have done eating, you must go into the room where I have had all the luggage stowed, and let us see what's what a little. You must unpack right away the trunk that has the things which came from the tailor's for me—and Patty, when you have done cramming, I'll get you to look out my shaving-tackle, I shall want the key of the hatbox too. Come along, both of ye, there's good girls."

"Lor, papa! Do stop a moment. You never do care for tarts, like mamma and me. 'Tisn't fair to take us away in the very midst of our treat," said Patty, making, however, no unnecessary delay as she spoke.

"You must stop a little if you please," added his wife, in like manner continuing her employment, with all possible activity. "'Tis such abominable extravagance to pay for things and not eat them."

Mr. Allen O'Donagough listened to reason, and continued to amuse himself with a crust of bread and cheese, till the last tartlet disappeared, when starting up he exclaimed, "Now for it, then—I want to be stirring, I promise you!"

"But to be sure you are not going to dress yourself in new clothes before you go out to look for lodgings, Mr. O'Donagough, are you? Patty and I must go as we are, I can tell you that," said Mrs. O'Donagough.

"I declare I will do no such thing, mamma!" cried the young lady, bursting into open rebellion; "I would no more go out and meet all those beautiful officers in that horrid bonnet and shawl, than I'd fly. I would rather be whipped a great deal."

"Nonsense, Patty!" replied her mother. "It is much better to do that, I can tell you, than to begin the thing half-and-half. You may be quite sure, my dear, that there is not one of them will know you again when they see you in your pink satin bonnet, and your beautiful pink scarf."

"Don't trouble yourselves to squabble any more about it, for you are not to go out with me at present, let your dress be what it may," said the gentleman.

"Not go out with you, O'Donagough?" exclaimed his wife, with equal disappointment and surprise. "Why, you don't mean to take lodgings for us, without ever letting me see them?"

"No, my dear, of course, not for my eyes! I am not going to take lodgings, Mrs. O'Donagough, but only just to take a look at the place, and judge whether our taking lodgings here at all, would be likely to answer or not."

Mrs. O'Donagough understood her husband's voice, and knew that he most certainly would go out alone. So, without further opposition, she prepared to obey his behests, and having done her part in finding the various articles he wanted, left the room, followed by her daughter, without making any further observations on his mode of proceeding. But though she made the chamber-door in some degree slam after her, the sitting-room window soon restored her good humour, and she and her daughter continued to recreate themselves by gazing through it, at all things within reach of their eyes, wholly insensible to the progress of time.

How long they had remained thus pleasantly engaged they would have been at a loss to say, when at length their attention was drawn from

without, by the opening of the door behind them. They both turned their heads at the same moment, and saw a gentleman enter the room, whom at the first glance neither of them recognised—yet, nevertheless, it was no other than Mr. O'Donagough himself. He was dressed very handsomely in a suit, which though not exactly mourning, and not exactly clerical, might at the first glance have been mistaken for either. But the circumstances which, though seemingly trifling, made the change in his general appearance the most remarkable, was his having substituted a white muslin cravat, without any shirt-collar being visible, for his usual black stock, above which was wont to arise two well-stiffened ears, of dimensions considerably larger than common. This, and the metamorphoses his hair had undergone, which when he left the room had been “sable silvered,” but when he re-entered it, presented a wavy, yet closely-fitted outline of locks, nearly flaxen, made him look so totally unlike himself, that when at length his wife and daughter became aware of his identity, they both burst into violent laughter.”

“What on earth, O'Donagough, have you been doing to yourself?” cried his wife, as soon as she recovered the power of speaking. “You look fifty times more like a methodist parson than any thing else. Your coat, and all that, is very new and very nice, certainly; but I can't say I approve the change at all. What with your shaving, and all the rest, you have altogether lost the look of a man of fashion, which I used to admire so much in you.”

Mr. O'Donagough looked steadily in his wife's face for half a moment, and then said very gravely, “I am not so young as I have been, my dear, any more than yourself; and I am inclined to think now, that a respectable appearance is more to be desired than a dashing one.”

The steady look was not removed for another half-moment after he had finished speaking, and when it was, his wife had not only ceased to laugh, but said in accents quite as demure as his own, “I am sure I am quite of the same opinion, Mr. O'Donagough. When one is going to mix with families of distinction, there is nothing so important as an air of dignity and—and—of superior style and character, and all that sort of thing. You look very nice indeed, Mr. O'Donagough, and I promise you I, for one, shall be exceedingly angry with Patty, if ever she gives a look, or says a word, or giggles and titters, or gives any sign whatever, of your appearing different from what you used to do.”

“You may depend upon it, my dear, Patty knows a great deal better than to do any thing half so vulgar and silly. She certainly knows very little about most things as yet; but she is not such a fool either as to laugh at her own father, or try to make other people laugh at him on account of his dress or any thing else. If I am laughed at, she may be quite sure that no very great notice will be taken of her.”

“You need not be afraid of me,” said Patty, turning again to the window. “Papa knows how to take care of himself, and what will go down best with the grandee cousins you talk so much about, there's no doubt about that, and so he don't take it into his head that I ought to look like an old quiz too, I shall say nothing to nobody about him.”

“That's a first-rate girl, Mrs. O'D.; and if fair play is given her,

I'll lay my life on it, she will make her fortune," said the well-satisfied father.

"It is not the first time *that* has been said of her, my dear," replied his wife, with a nod of the head that meant a great deal. "It is not a little that will content me for her, I promise you. But get along Donny, don't waste any more time talking—I shall be dying to see you back again, and know something about what's to become of us next."

Mr. O'Donagough obeyed her, but said nothing; and his wife, being rather tired of standing, drew a chair to the window, and seating herself beside the still unwearied Patty, beguiled the time by teaching her how to know colonels, majors, captains, and lieutenants, by their uniforms.

Mr. O'Donagough meanwhile, with a hat of rather larger dimensions than was at that time usual, and a stout, elderly-looking walking-stick, sallied forth to perambulate the streets of Brighton, for the first time for rather more than fifteen years. Had he, however, been a greater stranger there still, he might have taken less pains in preparing for this expedition. But the time had been when few places knew him better; and before he could conscientiously feel himself justified in indulging the wife of his bosom, by once more taking up his quarters there, he deemed it necessary to ascertain how lasting might be the impression he had left on the minds of the permanent inhabitants. Here, too, as in the familiar purlieus of Leicester-square, there were haunts, over the nature and destination of which, time seemed to have no power. Where billiard-balls rolled in days of yore, he found them rolling still; the same sights, and the same sounds greeted him in the selfsame places; and so little changed was the aspect of these minor features, that till he looked more widely round him, and perceived that unless brick and mortar had obeyed the commands of some enchanted lamp, years must, indeed, have passed since last he stood there, he could almost have fancied that he had pocketed his last Brighton winnings but yesterday.

Though very far, in general, from being the plaything of his own imagination, Mr. Allen O'Donagough stood hesitating for a moment, whether or not he should enter a certain doorway, leading to what he remembered to have been the most approved rendezvous for gentlemen of his own class, when Brighton was one of his many homes. It was not because he feared the keen eye of a marker—when much less carefully equipped for such an encounter, he had stood this test triumphantly (despite even his "*pretty hazard*"). But fifteen years before, there dwelt in that dusky mansion, a pair of the very brightest eyes that had ever looked upon him. The light young figure, too, and the gay ready smile of her to whom they belonged, were as fresh in his memory as if he had left these also but yesterday. He had made this reckless, thoughtless thing, believe he loved her; and in return, she had given but too certain proof that she loved him. The house before which he stood, had been her father's. Did she dwell there still? and would she know him?

These were the questions which caused the middle-aged, respectable-looking, Mr. Allen O'Donagough to pause and hesitate before a door, which he ought to have entered quickly, or have passed with scorn.

He felt that he might be exposing himself needlessly to a great risk ; but yet the trial might be worth making, for, if successful, he conceived it impossible he could ever be tormented by such doubts and fears again.

This consideration at length nerved him to the enterprise, and he went in. There was the same scent of ill-extinguished lamps as he advanced, and as it seemed, the identical much-worn oil-cloth under his feet ; there was, too, within a glass enclosure at the foot of the staircase, a gaily-dressed female. It was there, exactly there, that his bright-eyed Susan used to sit—it was there he had seen her for the first time—and there, little as she guessed it at the moment, and little, perhaps, as he himself intended it should be so, he had looked upon her the last. He now stared at the stout, gaudily-decked woman before him, and though feeling something, perhaps, a little akin to disappointment, it was a relief to know that there was not any danger to be run from deep impressions on poor Susan's memory.

"They are playing up stairs as usual, I suppose?" said he, stopping before the open window-frame, at which sat the capacious barmaid.

The woman started, and looked up, but as soon as her eyes encountered the respectable figure of Mr. O'Donagough, she looked down again upon the page on which she was writing, and quietly replied, "Yes, sir."

That glance, however, which had sufficed to deceive her, had undeceived him. They were Susan's eyes, and none other, that had looked upon him ; and though girlish delicacy of every kind was sadly merged, and lost in most coarse womanhood, he felt perfectly sure of the identity.

"Is the room crowded, ma'am?" he resumed, willing again to see those beautiful eyes, so altered, yet the same.

Again the woman started, and before she answered drew aside a curtain that obscured the light of a window beside her, when the last light of the setting sun fell full upon his face. But this, instead of producing danger, most effectually saved him from it ; the Susan of former days again looked steadily at him for a moment, and then slightly smiling, probably at the suspicion to which his voice had given birth, she replied, "Upon my word, sir, I don't know."

As if affronted by the abruptness of the reply, he turned suddenly away, and walked out.

"She does not know me," he murmured as he went, "and if she does not, no one will."

There was, perhaps, one little grain of mortification, mixed in the full bushel of satisfaction produced by this experiment ; but if so, our adventurer was too wise a man to sift for it. With an alert and active step he repaired to the more fashionable part of the gay town, and within a little more than one hour of the time he had left them, Mr. O'Donagough returned to his family, with the agreeable intelligence that he had seen some very handsome apartments on the Marine Parade, and that they might take possession of them immediately, if they approved of them.

(To be continued.)

WESTMINSTER OF OLD.*

To this the large court, called New Palace-yard, was no unfit approach, being enclosed with a wall, in which were handsome gates on the four sides. There was a handsome stone erection (the forfeiture of a too compassionate judge), on the north side of the yard, but surely its chief ornament was a fountain, from whose numerous spouts issued not water, but generous wine. There was indeed at one time a hollow marble pillar set up in the palace, crowned by a golden eagle, from beneath whose wings rich and various wines came gushing throughout the day, and to which all were allowed access; but this was only once.† Whereas there occurred no festival, no coronation, no royal marriage, no great rejoicing, for centuries, at which the New Palace-yard fountain did not diffuse far and wide its ruby streams, gladdening the hearts of all who came within their generous influence; and maintaining a most agreeable running accompaniment to the more elaborate harmony of clattering plates and dishes within the Hall. For though we are obliged most reluctantly to confess that the Westmonasterians must yield the palm in the mysteries of eating and drinking, to the fortunate denizens of that happy city, which has been named, *par excellence*, “The Paradise of the Bowels,” still have there been no mean specimens of gastronomical achievements within the walls of Westminster Hall. Indeed it has been remarked that a few centuries ago the inconveniences of shutting up the Hall for repairs were much more keenly felt than they have been of later days; and it is fairly to be inferred that the interruption of gastronomic festivities was the most deeply felt of all other inconveniences; for, as has been most sagely remarked, “If there was less law, there was more feasting.” We hear nothing now of Westminster Hall being *filled* from Christmas-day, to the day of the Circumcision, with poor people *to be feasted*; of Christmas-day being kept here, while eighty oxen, three hundred sheep, and a proportionate number of fowls were killed *daily* to provide the needful for “ten thousand” gaping mouths: of a marriage dinner, for which thirty thousand dishes were prepared; or of New Year’s-day dinners, where six thousand poor folks, men, women, and children, were stuffed to their heart’s content. The Westminster Hall dinners now are of rare occurrence; and judging by the ravenous hunger exhibited on their return, by those privileged to exercise their masticatory organs there, these festivals when they do occur are any thing but “a jubilee of the bowels.”

Westminster Hall did not degenerate all at once from being the favourite resort of the votaries of Bacchus, the arena of the broad and beautiful enjoyment of all good things, the very temple of smoking haunches, enormous pasties, turtle soup (if indeed that ever progressed so far westward), boar’s heads and capons, to the dignified, dull propriety of Westminster Hall of the present day, where flowing wigs and gowns parade in stoical dignity within walls, the very sight of which, towering as they do in unrelieved majesty, makes one cheerless and hungry. Westminster Hall at one time was a mart for trading, a sphere of active commercial business. There is a picture of the interior, painted about a hundred years ago, which represents it fitted up with counters,

* Continued from No. ccxxii., p. 176.

† At the coronation of Richard II.

&c. for book, and print sellers, mathematical instrument makers, sempstresses, and other tradespeople. The law courts, *viz.*, those of the King's Bench, and Chancery, at the upper end of the Hall, and of the Common Pleas, on the west side, were quite open at top, and not enclosed from sight or hearing. On the east side were the shops of three booksellers, an optician, and two female dealers in haberdashery, &c. On the opposite side, another bookseller, a map and print seller, and another sempstress. The latter vocation, especially if the professor of it were young and handsome, was one in much request, as the lawyers of those days, ere entering the courts, would have their bands and ruffles fitted with a nicety which none but female hands could attain. The "men of straw," too (those who sought employment by the most shameless perjury), walked openly in the Hall, with a straw carelessly entangled in the shoe to denote their profession.

These things are altered now. Westminster Hall is abandoned once and for ever to lawyers, their clients, and their clerks; and in lieu of luscious anticipations of the next jubilee, the coronation feast, the wedding dinner, or the Christmas festival, we hear from every mouth that such a day is "Term Day:" when, instead of cheer and feasting, drinking healths, honouring toasts, and discussing bumpers,

"To gain new clients some dispute,
Others protract an ancient suit;
Jargon and noise alone prevail,
While Sense and Reason's sure to fail.
At Babel thus, law terms began,
And now at Westminster go on."

As we have already intimated, it was in Henry VIII.'s time that the palace here was abandoned: a fire dimmed its lustre, and caused the king to remove the seat of residence; and in Edward VI.'s time, the Collegiate Church of St. Stephen was dissolved, and the chapel itself appropriated to the use of the House of Commons.

"York-place," the scene whence the magnificent Cardinal Wolsey bade "farewell, a long farewell to all his greatness," was chosen by King Henry for his new residence. He made immense and magnificent alterations in it; connected it with St. James's-park (then little more than a marshy tract, but now reclaimed, embellished, and adorned as the royal pleasance), by two very handsome gateways; one at the upper end of the present King-street, called Cockpit-gate, and another nearer Charing-cross, and built a tennis-court, bowling-green, cockpit, and spacious tilt-yard, which were overlooked by a gallery attached to his new habitation. He also erected St. James's Palace on the site of an hospital there existing. York-place, henceforth called the King's Manour of Whitehall, became the scene of many of those magnificent festivities of which Henry VIII. was so fond. In his daughter Elizabeth's time, mock tournaments, and fantastic masque and mummeries in which there was every possible display of gingerbread magnificence, were still more rife. She erected a banqueting-hall at great cost, which was in ruins in her successor's time, who rebuilt the one from which his son Charles I. stepped to the scaffold.

Mournful indeed were the echoes of Westminster, during the period which preceded and followed the judicial murder of this admirable man, but most unhappy monarch. "Forgive," writes the martyred

prince, in his closet communings with God; "Forgive, I beseech Thee, my Personall and my *People's* sins, which are so farre mine, as I have not improved the power Thou gavest me, to Thy glory and my subjects' good:—And if thy anger be not yet to be turned away, but thy hand of justice must be stretched out still; Let it, I beseech Thee, be against *Me*, and my Father's house. As thou givest me a heart to forgive them, so I beseech Thee do Thou forgive what they have done against Thee and me. The tears they have denied me in my saddest condition, give them grace to bestow upon themselves, who the lesse they weep for me, the more cause they have to weep for themselves. O let not my blood be upon them and their children, whom the fraud and faction of *some*, not the malice of all, have excited to crucifie me. O let the voice of my Saviour's blood be heard for my murderers, louder than the cry of mine against them." And his bitterly self-accusing reflections on Strafford's death he thus concludes: "I hope God hath forgiven me the sinful rashnesse of that businesse. May it for the future teach me that the best rule of policy is to preferre the doing of justice, before all enjoyments; and the peace of my conscience,* before the preservation of my kingdoms."

For the "peace of his conscience" he resigned his kingdoms and his life; for how various soever the branches of discord at an earlier period, they merged into points affecting the interests and welfare of the church, which, as the head and defender of that church, he *dared not* yield. On the 29th of January, 1648, his hour drawing nigh, King Charles passed through the park to Whitehall. He altered not his usual pace; he intermitted not his usual conversation; and when a "sorrise fellow" insulted him, he merely "turned another way." The people, who at some peril to their persons crowded to see this sad sight, prayed for him as he passed: and the soldiers did not rebuke them; for, by their silence and dejected faces, they seemed rather afflicted than insulting. He stepped to the scaffold with a composed and serene air, far more composed, far more serene than his attached servant, the aged and excellent Archbishop Usher, who having ascended a neighbouring roof to take a last look at his royal master, was soon borne away in a state of total insensibility.

A few days afterwards, the remains of the king were interred in St. George's Chapel, Windsor; and it was noted as a remarkable circumstance, that though at the time the corpse was brought from St. George's Hall, the sky was serene and clear, yet immediately the snow fell so fast, that by the time it arrived at the royal chapel, the black velvet pall was thickly coated in white—the colour of innocency. And thus a prophecy of Merlin, respecting this "White King," which was supposed to be accomplished when his majesty appeared in the *THEN* unusual white satin robes at his coronation, received its full interpretation at the very moment of his entombment.

* On which, remarks the poetical regicide, "Certainly a private conscience sorts not a public calling; but declares that person rather meant by nature for a private fortune, &c. &c."—*Εικονοκλαστες*, p. 14.

And this was the same man who had written

"These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended,
By a strong siding champion, CONSCIENCE."

Few were the nobles who ventured to pay the last offices to the slaughtered king. Four lords bore the pall, and the Bishop of London "stood weeping by, to tender that his service which might not be accepted;" for they were forbidden to read the church prayers, and the coffin was deposited in silence and sorrow in the vacant place in the vault.

" 'PEACE TO THE DEAD' no children sung,
Slow pacing up the nave;
No prayers were read, no knell was rung,
As deep they dug his grave.

" They only heard the winter's wind,
In many a sullen gust,
As o'er the open grave inclin'd,
They murmur'd, 'Dust to dust!'

" And now the chilling, freezing air,
Without, blew long and loud;
Upon their knees they breath'd one prayer,
Where HE—lay in his shroud.

" They laid the broken marble floor—
No name, no trace appears—
And when they clos'd the sounding door,
They thought of him with tears."

But honest men's thoughts were hushed within their own bosoms during the triumphant sway of the Protector; and it must be accorded to him, that when his power was fully established, he endeavoured to check the barbarous spirit which had led to the desecration of every thing remarkable for value or beauty; and at Whitehall, and elsewhere, he did preserve valuable paintings and works of art, which, but for his strong arm would have been reduced to ashes.

But enough of pollution, of desecration, and of mischief, had he and his compeers to answer for. We will not speak of the "Ordinance,"* by which the dean and prebends, and other officers, members, and servants, belonging to the Abbey were proclaimed "Delinquents," and were suspended from their offices, and deprived of any sort of benefit therefrom accruing, because they had not taken "the Covenant," whilst for "the glory of God," and COMFORT of the inhabitants of Westminster,"(!!) "Saints" were to "seek the Lord" daily in the Abbey, and pocket all the loaves and fishes thereto pertaining. These and other ordinances, proceeding from what was called a parliament, possessed at least the semblance of authority, and as far as concerned the temper of the times, some show of reasonableness. Not so, other enormities. Soldiers were quartered in the abbey-church, "where they brake down the rails about the altar, and burnt it in the place where it stood: they brake down the organ, and pawned the pipes at several alehouses for pots of ale: they put on some of the singing-men's surplices, and in contempt of the canonical habit, ran up and down the church, he that wore the surplice was the hare, the rest the hounds.

"To show their Christian liberty in the use of things, and that all conversation, or hallowing of things under the gospel, is but a Jewish or Popish superstition, they set forms about the communion-table, and

* "An Ordinance of the Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament." Die Martis, 13 Nov. 1645.

drink ale and smoke tobacco. Nor was this done once to vindicate their Christian liberty, but the whole time of their abode there they made it their common table, on which they usually dined and supped."*

Enormities, more flagrant still, the same author specifies as having taken place in this edifice.

The church in the Broadway was utterly stripped of every thing valuable or ornamental; the stained glass windows were smashed to atoms, scarcely a relic remaining; and the whole pile was converted into stables.†

When the cry against prelacy was at the loudest, and in common with all the rabble of the kennels, even the women

"lock'd their fish up,
And trudg'd away to cry 'No Bishop!'"

all the Bishops then in the town assembled at the deanery at the Abbey, and from thence forwarded the protestation against the force used to prevent their performance of their parliamentary duties which obtained the gentle reply of an impeachment for high treason. Ten were committed to the Tower, the other two to the custody of the usher of the black rod.

But time passed. "Old Noll" had "sought the Lord" to some purpose; and "his highness, the most serene and most illustrious Oliver Cromwell," had been inaugurated into his office of Lord Protector, with no less than kingly state, in Westminster Hall;‡ and in little more than a twelvemonth afterwards he sickened and died. He was taken ill at Hampton Court, but was immediately removed to Whitehall, where his *chaplains*,§ and others of his family, kept private meetings and fastings for his recovery.

He was, from necessity, buried privately immediately after his death;

* "The Ornaments of Churches."—Appendix, No. 5.

† This structure is a curious mixture of Italian and pointed architecture: the inside, though somewhat heavy, is not unpleasing; at least, it would not be so, if it were not, in these our times, disfigured by dirt, and rotting with neglect and damp. The wardens would not do amiss to take a hint from an early entry in the accounts of the churchwardens of the parish church of St. Margaret:

"1610. Item,—Paid to Goodwyfe Wells, for salt, to destroy the fleas in the churchwarden's pew,—6d."

Our finger is on another entry, of interest to the inhabitants of *Westminster Proper*.

"1652. Item,—Paid to Thomas Wright, for 67 load of soyle laid on the graves in Tuthill fields, wherein 1200 Scotch prisoners (taken at the fight at Worcester) were buried."

During the Protectorate the Gatehouse prison—i. e. the prison above the gate, at the bottom of Tothill-street, was crowded with *delinquents*. A temporary battery, too, had been erected in Tothill-street. At no very long time previously, this street, now redolent only of low-life and "cream of the valley," was open fields, except where interspersed by noblemen's mansions and gardens.

‡ See Sir John Prestwich's *Respublica*.

§ King Charles, during the later period of his confinement, was not allowed a chaplain; and no small portion of Milton's spleen and venom is vented on the chapter of the *Eikon*, in which the king so pathetically laments the loss of his spiritual advisers. This surpassing poet, but malevolent and rancorous politician, resided for some time in Westminster,—first, in the close vicinity, if not under the roof of Whitehall; then in Scotland-yard; and afterwards in a house in Petty France. This district lay at the upper end of Tothill-street, where York-street now is, and obtained its name from the numbers of French emigrants resident there after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

but a rich coffin and effigy were prepared ; and no enthroned king was ever "laid in state" more sumptuously than were the effigies of the low-bred Cromwell. Crowds upon crowds assembled to behold them, until they were carried, "with very great majesty," to Westminster Abbey.

But mark the end. His dishonoured grave was broken open, his remains dragged forth (most brutally, we allow), hanged on a gallows, and afterwards thrown into a hole at the foot, except the head, which, for twenty long years, glared ghastly on a pole on Westminster Hall. He, by the generality of people, is seldom thought of, hardly named ; but no stranger, of whatever rank or sex, visits Westminster, without gazing with interest on the window in Whitehall, from which, he is told, King Charles stepped to his death.

This really noble building was thronged with the stern republicans who did homage to Cromwell's usurped authority, and a few years later, its walls rang with the airy strains, the flowing wit, the ribald jest and indecent merriment of Charles II.'s voluptuous court, and though St. James's-park, attached then to the royal residence, was a daily and favourite resort of this monarch, we shall have no inapt idea of the *comparatively* wretched state in which even the favoured garden of royalty was, from the circumstance that shortly before the arrival of Catherine of Braganza, his intended consort, Charles, in a speech before the lords and commons, said, "The mention of my wife's arrival, puts me in mind to desire you to put that compliment upon her, that her entrance into the town may be with more decency than the ways will now suffer it to be ; and to that purpose, I pray you would quickly pass such laws as are before you, in order to the *mending those ways*, that she may not find Whitehall surrounded with water."

It was during the rule of the celebrated Busby "damned to fame," that this merry monarch paid a visit to Westminster-school, which coeval, or nearly so, in some fashion, with the Abbey, had been remodelled and re-established in its present form in Elizabeth's time. Dr. Busby was a profound scholar, an excellent man, a rigid disciplinarian, and a great benefactor, both to the Abbey and the school of which he was the honoured master for fifty-five years, turning out "the greatest number of learned scholars that ever adorned any age or nation," and boasting, *at one time*, sixteen bishops as his pupils. He refused, tradition says, to remove his hat in the king's presence, assuring his majesty of the most profound respect for his royal person, but adding, that if the pupils were to obtain the idea (which such an observance might suggest), that Europe contained a greater man than their master, his authority would at once cease. From this, I think we may infer, that the attribute of blackguardism so well supported hitherto by the Westmonasterian students, was not quite inapplicable then. Eton is famed for its "gentlemen ;" Harrow for its "scholars." The following are only a few of the Westminster "blackguards :—" Lord Burleigh, the great ; Cowley, Dryden, Prior, Bourne, Churchill, and Cowper ; Kennet, the learned Bishop of Peterborough ; Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester ;* Boyle, Earl of Cork and Orrery ; Bonnel

* After his condemnation, this prelate requested permission to walk once more through the Abbey-church before he quitted his native country *for ever*. He was refused. He was so rigorously confined in the Tower, that the only communication he

Thornton; Gibbon, the historian; George Colman, the elder, Richard Cumberland, the great Earl of Mansfield, &c. &c.

With her father's crown, Mary and her husband, of course, took possession of the royal habitation; and in their reign, a destructive fire caused this favourite domain of royalty to be abandoned.

From this time, the peculiar characteristics of Old Westminster, have been fast disappearing, and are now at an end. "The little monasterie" of "times passed," was superseded by a structure of surpassing grandeur and richness, which cherished within its walls, mitred abbots and aristocratic priests, who were, in all reality, lords supreme and paramount of a wide circle around; and this has given way to a collegiate establishment, of which the dean and chapter, though still possessing peculiar and great privileges, are yet little remarkable in their unromantic propriety of demeanour. As men, they are very like other men; as a collegiate body, they are very like other collegiate bodies. All the enlivening and *outré* occurrences caused by the animated exploits of the varied occupants of the sanctuary, are at an end; and an hospital for the sick,* and a school for the young, hold on their healing and purifying course; a Guildhall, of fair proportions, shows its useful front; and gardens, such as a crowded city may produce, impart a refreshing aspect to the scene which once presented an Augean stable of misery and filth, of wickedness and wretchedness. Nor though mercilessly driven from their stronghold, have the interesting inhabitants of the sanctuary been allowed to exercise their diverse vocations in peace elsewhere. Thieving-lane is now a quiet and respectable thoroughfare; and though for many, and until late years, the Almonry,† with a number of streets in its immediate vicinity,‡ were of that dubious, or rather undoubted character, which would make the officer of the law hesitate to enforce his authority in them; and would cause a private individual to go far out of his way, sooner than intrust his precious person to the tender mercies of the hordes therein collocated (compared to whom, indeed, the inhabitants of St. Giles's were a refined and cultivated race), and would make even the clergyman who

"daily wends his way,
To preach, to grumble, and to pray,"

prefer daylight to shine around him, even when on his mission of

was allowed with his lawyer, was through a two-pair of stairs window, the attorney standing in an area below. Pope writes, that "pigeon-pies and hog-puddings, are thought to be dangerous by our governors; for those that have been sent to the Bishop of Rochester, are opened, and profanely pried into at the Tower. This is the first time that *dead pigeons* have been suspected of carrying intelligence."

* The first of the kind in England. Westminster, too, shows the first National School erected in England; and the parliamentary reports particularize near fifty charitable institutions in the united parishes of St. Margaret and St. John, consisting of almshouses of different degrees for men and their wives, for single or widowed men and women, for reduced gentlewomen, &c. Charity-schools of various kinds; funds for helping on young married people, and others for providing loans for industrious tradesmen. No one can look at these without attaching some credit to the opinion of the old writer, who says that this small spot was indeed "the general rendezvous of devotion of the whole island." One district in this parish (now, indeed, "fallen, fallen, fallen, from its high estate"), called Palmer's-village, is said to have been named from the number of devotees who clustered within its recesses.

† The place where alms were always distributed at the Abbey.

‡ This spot, it is well known, is the place where the fourth estate of England had its birth.

peace and goodwill—even these shadows of ancient manners are fast evanishing, and in Pie-street—absolutely in Pie-street—divine service is weekly tempting the aged to devotion, and a daily school is inuring the children to the strange and unaccustomed habits of honesty and truth. It is to be feared that in another half-century, that unique and much-cherished ornament of St. John's parish, the UNREDEEMED PLEDGE FANCY BAZAAR in Strutton-ground, will fall into disrepute.

“Heaven” and “Paradise” are swept away, and have left no trace of their whereabouts; and though “Purgatory” does not hold forth the tempting finger of invitation as of yore, still it is said to exist in undiminished force within some of the buildings which breast Westminster Hall; nay, it is even whispered that the ancient place, with name of darker import, has no inapt type there. The road from the old Horseferry* which, only the other day, scattered clouds of country dust on the more inhabited parts of Westminster, is now bordered on both sides through all its windings with shops, butchers, porkers, and greengrocers; with houses, gas-works, chapels, inns, gin-palaces, and (Heaven save the mark!) TERRACES in continuous line.

A hundred years ago, fagots were thrown into the ruts in King-street and Union-street, in order to save the royal limbs from absolute dislocation, when the king patriotically hazarded them for the welfare of his subjects, down this, the only road to parliament, at the opening or closing of the session; and pales were placed, four feet high, between the footpath and the coach-road, in order to preserve luckless foot-passengers from being bathed in mud, if not from more serious injury. Now her most gracious majesty might almost suppose that her chariot-wheels rolled on velvet, so smooth is their passage; and the plumed bonnet which daily disturbs the Westminster zephyrs, and the silken slipper which agitates its aristocratic dust, are the usual equipments of the fair and dangerous pedestrians, who are far more intent on committing murder, than apprehensive of incurring injury.

Hereafter, the nine parishes of Westminster will become the theme of high panegyric and elaborate description to the historian, and he will descant in choice and elevated phrase on her gorgeous palaces; her magnificent temples; her useful bridges; her flowery parks; her graceful arcades; her glittering bazaars; her lordly porticoes; her lofty halls of science, of literature, or of polished recreation; her magnificent receptacles of every rare work of skill, and every curiosity of art or nature; and dazzled by the splendid vista which thus unfolds itself to his rapt vision, he may perchance forget to note that “a little monasterie, with a few benedict monkes in it, very poore,” was the nucleus of WESTMINSTER OF OLD.

ZEMIA.

* Till the erection of Westminster-bridge, the ferry for horses was situated at the bottom of this lane. The bridge, spoken of in books as existing before this erection, was only a wooden platform, projecting some yards into the river, for the convenience of landing or embarking at the palace.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PETER PRIGGINS,*

COLLEGE SCOUT AND BEDMAKER.

PART III.

UNTIL I, Peter Priggins, became an author and gave to the public those thoughts which I had previously been in the habit of keeping to myself, I confess I had not the remotest idea of the pains and penalties attendant on the *digito monstrari*; or of the propensity of my fellow-creatures to appropriate to themselves characters, for which neither nature nor art ever designed them.

I am tempted to make these observations in consequence of several observations that have been made to me—some rather rudely—since the Oxford public “knew I was out.” I shall merely give one incident to illustrate my point, lest I unwisely expose myself to the rebuke *ne quid nimis*.

One day as I was proceeding up St. Giles’s in order to take my favourite postprandial walk, round the parks and up to where—as they say of Hicks’s Hall—the Diamond House “formerly stood,” *per se*, in all the dignity of loneliness—a spot now, as my friend Dusterly remarks, “kivered hover with hornamental abitations:” just before I got to St. John’s, I heard the steps of some one progressing rather rapidly in my rear, and on turning round to gratify an excusable curiosity and see who my pursuer was, I recognised Dr. Puffs of — Coll., a rubicund reverend of long standing in the University and a victim to rheumatism—an *alias* for gout, which he perseveringly insists on adopting, notwithstanding all the faculty are against him. As I turned round to pay my respects to him by removing my hat—an article of dress to which the idiosyncrasy of our race forbids us to resort, except in the streets—he dashed his cane to the ground with so loud and sudden a percussion as to cause me to retrograde a yard at least, and articulating as distinctly as the *sublimis anhelitus* caused by his unusual speed in pursuit of me would allow of, said,

“Priggins, I believe?”

I bowed assent, and there’s something peculiarly fascinating and respectful in a scout’s bow, implying a sense of humility, but not of the degradation of a domestic menial—a family footman. Teapots we call them.

“Peter Priggins?” resumed he, laying a stress on my prænomen.

I bowed again.

“Formerly scout, bedmaker, and common-room-man of St. Peter’s?”

“Yes, sir; where I have often had the pleasure of doing the attentive, when you invited yourself to dine with any of our gentlemen.”

“Silence, sirrah! Author too, of the trash in the *N. M. M.*, which you are pleased to call your ‘Life and Times?’ as if a scout ought ever to call his life his own, or devote his time to any thing but his master’s!”

As he uttered this with a volubility and rapidly-increasing redness

* Continued from No. ccxii., page 229.

of face that positively alarmed me lest he should burst; he continued to advance, repeating the application of his crutch-headed cane upon the pavement, so that I was obliged in self-defence to assent and retreat at the same time, until I got the posts of St. John's-terrace between us, through which I knew his rotundity could not obtrude without a great deal of time and dexterous manœuvring.

"How dare you, sirrah!" he continued, "show *me* up?"

"*You*, sir?" replied I, in amazement; for I'll declare on the honour of a scout, I had too great a respect for the University, to drag so remarkable an individual before the public as a specimen of one of its members. "*You*, sir?"

"Yes, *me*, sir;" and in giving emphasis to his rejoinder he directed a sturdier blow than usual at the pavement, which unluckily lighted heavily on the newly-convalescent great toe of his suffering foot. Never shall I forget the very odd expression of his otherwise inexpressive features! a sort of mixture—pain and rage, a.a. 3iiij, with a sense of self-humiliation, and the certainty of a renewed fit of podagra, q. s. The positive inability at getting at the injured member to rub it, owing to his obesity, probably prolonged his passion, and the pain—not to mention the grins of sundry *snobiculi*, who were passing to the national schools at the moment. As soon as he had recovered sufficiently to give utterance to his words he recommenced. (My part of the dialogue being carried on by "nods and becks and wreathed smiles.")

"*Me*, sir! yes, sir! Ain't I a Bursar? Don't I come in off a journey? Don't I eat soup—drink port wine and egg flip, and top up with brandy-and-water? Don't I know a man named Smith or Smyth? and yet you deny having showed me up in No. I.!"

From my knowledge of his habits, I could not deny his assertions as to the love of liquids, and felt but little reasonable doubt in my mind that he knew a man named Smith. I, therefore, merely suggested that every college in Oxford had a Bursar (pursers they call them on board ship), and every Bursar might or might not as chance or nature dictated, drink port, eat soup, top up with cogniac, and know a man named Smith; but it did not follow that any individual of them had sat for the portrait I drew of *our* Bursar in No. I.

However effective my words and manner might have been with any more reasonable and less irate person, with Dr. Puffs they produced precisely the same results on his temper, as a few grains of arsenic do on being added to gunpowder; he went off as quick again as before, and fired away with such increased velocity that I could not distinctly hear his sentences, but had a strong suspicion that his style was bordering on the naughty and uncivil, and am firmly persuaded his last words were, "D—d old twaddle!"

I merely mention this to show how difficult it is to steer clear of the charge of personality, unless you treat of matters and men indubitably antediluvian.

I really regret to add that Dr. Puffs dined on some delicious apoplectic dishes that day at some other man's expense, and (from the quantity or quality of the viands, and the excitement inimical to digestion which his interview with me, his traducer as he wrongly thought me, had unfortunately caused) was obliged to be conveyed home in a fly, serious fears being entertained that he had the gout in

his stomach—until the physician had ascertained by inquiry that from the mass of solids and fluids stowed away there—it could not possibly be, because there was not *room* for it.

Dr. Puff's rudeness upset me, and as I knew it was useless to pursue my intended walk with a view of ridding myself of my annoyed feelings, I adopted the advice which all doctors in difficult cases invariably give and tried change of scene. I slipped quietly across Broad-street, down the Turl, Blue Boar-lane, and by the back of the Peckwater, through Merton-groves, into Christ-church Meadow, where I amused myself by observing the antics of the younger branches of our profession, who, in "the Long" (*subandi*, vacation), are—like their masters—at leisure, and indisposed for any thing but pleasure as long as their accumulated wages last out.

I must confess that, strong as my prejudices are in favour of Oxford men in any athletic sports, especially rowing, I have seen a crew of College servants pull nearly as well, and look nearly as gentlemanly as their masters, in an eight or four oar—especially as they make it a rule to keep their masters' guernseys and pea-jackets aired, by giving them due daily exposure to the sun and wind, on their own persons; their powers of imitation, too, might really impose upon any innkeeper, below the town of Abingdon, so far as to induce him to imagine them gentlemen in disguise, if they did not *over* do it, and would but keep their mouths shut, except for the purpose of imbibing their beer and tobacco.

In my younger days things on the water were different to what they are now; Godstow and Medley up-stream, were resorted to, and racing was seldom or ever heard of until Medley was done away with as a place of rest and refreshment, and the boats transferred to the river below Oxford: then they began to increase in number, and improve in build. The Etonians and Westminsterers stimulated the Davises and Bossoms to emulate the fame and charges of Serle, Rawlinson, and other eminent London manufacturers; and poor Stephen undertook the office of private nautical, or rather fresh-aquatic or cymbatic tutor, much to the undergraduates' advantage and his own. "Going down with Stephen" meant work was intended; and when he was in condition and good wind, his *spirts* were awful and killing to those whose stamina was at all weak.

A good boat-race is certainly a splendid sight, especially when conducted in the fair, manly, and honourable way in which the Oxford matches are; no base thoughts of winning a cup, value fifty guineas, intervening; but all for sheer honour and the pride of seeing the College colours at the top of the flag-staff of the barge: a pride in which we servants share as fully as our masters, and when victorious we offer our libations to old Father Thames in wholesome ale—at their expense—as freely and as zealously, as they do under the more classic name of Governor Isis in claret and champagne.

Boating is an amusement, the cheapest and most innocent of any in Oxford (excepting professor Bone's lectures on Parasitical insects), and I hope the time will never come when the tea-and-tract-men get such an ascendancy as to talk even of putting it down. As long as any of us of the old school live, we shall oppose it—I mean our masters, not ourselves;—but these are queer times, and much of what was for-

merly considered morality is now called vice, and deprecated accordingly. The time may come when the boats will be sold to buy books of science for the natives of Timbuctoo, and other outlandish places, the profits of which will go to those nice men the missionaries, and the oars be converted into staves to arm the men of the new rural police force—*μη γένοιτο*, says Peter Priggins!

With regard to this Henley regatta, I cannot say I quite like the idea of our young men letting themselves down to the level of the crews of those *monstra natantia*, the guards, Leanders, and others, who row for hire, i.e. work to win—besides I have a horror of any amusement that opens the way to gaming or betting; and many a man, to make himself appear *fast*, will hazard a wager with one of those knowing individuals above alluded to, the payment of which—for he's sure to lose—may cripple him for two or three terms; and although I like a lark as well as any man, and hate a humbug as I do old Nick, I am a bit of a stickler for college discipline—it keeps us respectable in the eyes of an envious world—who would crush us if they could—but they can't. The idea of our men entering themselves, like race-horses, to run for a cup, for the amusement of all the landlords, louts, and labourers of a little cockneyfied neighbourhood like Henley, and the advantage of the licensed victuallers, is very annoying and degrading—it smells too strong of profit—I always fancy the hotel-keepers doing a sort of rule of three sum to themselves when they think of it; as, “If two Oxford men come here and spend 5*l.*, what will four hundred spend?” Not to mention getting rid of the stale beer and flat bottled porter to the cads and coachmen who form their tail. Whenever Cambridge challenges us to row them at Henley, well and good; we will go in and beat them—if we can; and if they like the winners to be entertained with a good supper afterwards, well and good; but no medals—no cups—no purses—say I, for the honour and glory of Oxford.

Such a match as that to which I have just consented, took place about nine or ten years since, and I've got a letter all about it, which I here publish. One of my masters gave it to me; it was written by a friend of his, who was one of a party at the

HENLEY BOAT-RACE,
BETWEEN
OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

It is directed to

“Robert Rural, Esq.,
“Rustic Grange,
“Rutlandshire.

“Dear Bob,

“I am very seedy, and rather stiff; nevertheless I cannot resist the inclination I feel to try to relieve the *ennui* under which you must be labouring in the country. The idea of being boxed up with your old governess at the Grange!—doing penance on barley-water and boiled chicken—no beer, no wine, no nothing—in submission to the orders of your medical, is rather a nuisance I calculate; but it's all your own fault, you will be so devilish fast there's no stopping you, until you run your head against some wall or other, and get pulled up all of a heap—

just as if you could not have kept quiet for one week, and pulled in our boat, instead of larking off to Witney after Poll Stich, the little ugly milliner's girl, and depriving us of the best No. 7 that ever turned oar in ro'llock, thereby losing your laurel crown (though one of *parsley* would be more congenial now with your chicken); for, to ease your doubts at once, Oxford won by a hundred yards at least; but I must give you an account of the whole thing, it was *res non parva* I can tell you.

"We found no little difficulty in getting a man to supply your place, but at last obtained a Jesus man, full of bone and beer; which last substance we succeeded in abstracting by a severe course of sudorifics and salts, under the advice and inspection of Stephen Dair, who got him into wind, by making him pull behind him, in a two-oar, down to Ifley and back, every other hour every day, as soon as he considered him medicinally *safe* for a start; giving him two sour plums, and a glass of acid Chablis between the heats, to keep his pluck up. He pulls stronger than you, old fellow, and that's saying a good deal for him; but, as Stephen says, 'rolls about in the boat like a barrel of beer in Squashy and Washy's dray;'—that will soon be rectified.

"The crew started two days before the race, and pulled gently down to Henley, merely trying a spirt now and then to prove their wind, when they came to a fine reach, and arrived at the Hart in splendid condition—their hands as hard as horn, and without a blister, owing to Stephen's training and superior bees-wax. Not an ounce of spare flesh among them, even in the Welshman; but skin clear, and well strained over the starting muscles, with eyes as 'bright as bricks,' as Lord Nincompoop very ably remarked; he's always great at a simile. Stephen ordered the beefsteaks, and presided over the cooking of them, to ensure their being properly *not* cooked; that is, merely just shown the fire to produce sufficient perfume and outside colouring to convince the consumers they were not performing an act of cannibalism. To wash down this *morçeau* each man was allowed half a pint of porter, and four glasses of port wine, and then Stephen undertook 'the character of chambermaid for that night only,' and saw every man safe in bed; an example he followed himself, after putting on his usual nightcap—fourteen glasses of cold without, and twenty-eight cigars—judiciously observing as he bit one end of the last, and missed the candle with the other, in endeavouring to light it, 'I'm not a going to pull nor steer, and it's very hard if I can't have a little rational recreation!'

"It was an understood thing throughout the university that any man, who chose, might go to Henley, provided he asked leave of the Dean of his college, was back before twelve o'clock, and did not go in a tandem, which was very rigidly and very properly forbidden. Our Dean, you know, is a regular trump, and though he keeps his teams to their work—never double thongs them unnecessarily, and is always ready to grant all reasonable indulgences. Upon the present occasion he showed his usual judgment and kindness, by bargaining with Costar and the other proprietors, for two coaches to carry all the men who wished to go, to Henley and back at a certain moderate sum; thereby ensuring comfort and economy too. I got leave to go in Kickum's trap, with three other men—Dick Downe, who was to be waggoner, and wanted to use the long reins; but the Dean would not

hear of it, though Dick brought up fifteen of his most intimate friends—presiding geniuses of the ‘Tivy,’ ‘Tally-ho,’ and other crack coaches, to certify to his proficiency in handling the ribbons; and could have produced their wives and families to strengthen his case, if requisite, for Dick is too fond of all connected with coaching to limit his attentions to the male branches of the profession. It was no go—so we had a pair, and a pair of good ones—Woodpecker, that kicked Sam Strapper’s leg in two, and old Peter that bit a piece out of Will Wisp’s breeches.

“Our two friends, who rode behind, were Solomon, the son of Sir Solomon Stingo, the great London porter brewer, who is generally known by the *sobriquet* of the Knight of Malta, and Tim Tripes, a fresh importation from Charterhouse; and, of course, a good judge of London entire.

“Now, I confess to a little malice in our motives for picking out these two men, we made sure of a good rise or two out of them during the day. Solomon is a great ass, very rich and very stingy; but he consented to pay pikes all the way, provided he was allowed to play a tune on a tin trumpet in every village we passed through, and to announce our approach to the various pikemen. He can’t bear the slightest allusion to malt in any shape—small-beer, table-ale, XX, or stout, and would not be *seen* with a pewter in his hand, to get his governor a baronetcy. I knew from Tripe’s talents in that line, he would insist on pulling up at every public on the road, to ‘wash the dust out of his mouth,’ and thereby drive the brewer’s boy into hysterics or convulsions. Rise No. 1.

“You don’t know Solomon, so I’ll just give you an idea of him. Did you ever see a troop of yeomanry practising what is called *post* exercise; that is, learning to cut off human heads by chopping with their swords at a lump of wood like a barber’s block stuck on a barber’s pole? because that same pole with the block on it will give you no bad notion of Solomon’s head and neck—shoulders he has none; but to compensate for the deficiency of his upper build, he displays what the sailors call a remarkable breadth of beam amidships, and his legs appear as if he had obtained a grace of the house, or a dispensation from the vice-chancellor to wear the calf downwards. His face seems as if it had been badly cut out of a frosted savoy, and thatched with red-wheat straw, ferret-eyes, and a mouth evidently designed to dispose of asparagus by the bundle. His dress in the worst possible *outré* taste of a Regent-street Sunday buck, with gold pins, rings, and chains, as ostentatiously displayed on all parts of his person as if he were training for bagman to a Brummagem jeweller. To crown all, on his nasty soapy red hair, he wears a white beaver tastily turned up with green eaves. He is no beauty you’ll allow.

“Tim Tripes, you know, as the best bow-oar in our boat—a little thickset fellow, with splendid shoulders and deltoids well developed, full of pluck and science—not Aristotle’s, but Mr. Jackson’s, running a little too much to middle from constitutional unwillingness to let go a quart of porter before he has seen the bottom of it; a trick acquired from tibbing-out down the lane, *i. e.*, Charterhouse-lane, to the Red Cow; the landlord of which noted public, generally a retired fighting-

man, looked with sovereign contempt on every man and boy who 'couldn't swallow a kevert haff at vonce.'

"As I knew the little town of Henley would be full to overflowing, I took the precaution of writing to an old college friend to secure stables or stalls for the prads. In reply he told me he had succeeded in doing so, at the Bell or the Bull, but from the horrid nature of his scrawl, resembling Egyptian hieroglyphics, Sanscrit, and Arabic characters, I could not tell which, so I left it to chance, or Providence—which some of our senators consider the same thing.

"Just before we set off, I saw Solomon's tiger busily employed in wiping the moisture off his forehead (with the wash-leather, intended for polishing his master's wine-glasses), caused, it appeared, from over exertion in trying to cram a large hamper under the trap, which Solomon kindly informed us, with as knowing a look as his ferrety eyes could convey, contained six bottles of gooseberry champagne, two of British brandy, and a large rook-pie, with bottled porter to match; 'for you know,' said he, 'they impose dreadful at inns, at public times, and we can slip out the back way, sit down in a field, and have a good dinner cheap, six bottles of sham champagne—it's very good though—twelve shillings;—two of brandy—best British—nine;—that's a guinea.' (Making use of his fingers for ready reckoners.) The rooks I shot at Nuneham a week ago, and got Mother Priggins to put a cover over them, in exchange for an old waistcoat—so that don't count. My governor stands porter—we can beg a bit of salt, and buy a twopenny buster at a baker's-shop. Now, if we had dined at the inn, we should have had to pay a guinea apiece, instead of the same sum between four of us—for I don't mean to stand treat except for the crow-tart and porter.

"We did not oppose the stingy dog's whim then, but got all our rattletaps into the pheaton, as Kickum's ostler (not to vary from his kind) called it, and started as soon as Woodpecker and Old Peter had done kicking and biting. They went off screwy at first, being groggy from overfast work; but as Kickum predicted, 'as soon as they got warm, and the *jint ile* began to act,' away they went, about twelve miles an hour, thus illustrating Virgil's '*vires acquirit eundo.*' We got along well till we came to the Harcourt Arms, at Nuneham. Solomon pulled out his tin trumpet, and had just commenced toot-toot-tooting, to the evident risk of blowing his front teeth out, when Tripes bawled out, 'Wo-ho!'—a sound Woodpecker and old Peter willingly obeyed, in spite of Dick's persuasions lashingly applied. 'I say, old fellows, you don't think I'm going to pass the best glass of ale on the road? Hillo! Mother Bung! bring out four quarts of the best in the pewters! What's one apiece to begin with?' I turned round to get a glimpse of Solomon's savoy—he was looking daggers at Tripes, and holding the tin trumpet up in the air, like Mr. Harper preparing for a flourish, indicating a hostile descent on the head of his enemy—but Tim doubled his palm, which was ready extended for the malt, and merely observed, '*If you do,*' when the arm dropped listlessly by his side, and 'the music' into the road, where it performed a peculiar description of pirouette, for two minutes, in the dust, to Solomon's horror—as he had to give a quart of beer to the blacksmith's man for wiping it with his dirty apron.

"'Here's to you, Mr. musician,' cried Tripes; 'come, sink your family

failing for once, and taste the tap—won't you?—Then I'll do it for you.' The hand and head went gradually and beautifully back together, until the initials of Mary Thomson were visible at the bottom of the cup, and he found breath to say, 'All right, Dick! the gentleman with red hair will pay you as we come back, Mother Bung, by! by!'

"Solomon swore it was a shame, and said he'd be blowed if he would—and sulked and grumbled to Dorchester, where his conceit of his musical abilities got the better of his temper, and he blew his tin vociferously, till the White Hart appeared in view, when Tripes again cried 'Wo-ho! capital porter, here. Landlord! four pints best stout.' It was only three miles from our last pull up, so we positively declined. But Tripes insisted on *his* allowance, taking especial care, in handing it into the tap, to drop a teacupful over Solomon's new white kerseymeres, and drank it leisurely, to enjoy, with one eye, the spiteful look of vindictiveness depicted on his victim's face, as he carefully removed the 'stain upon his honour' with a refulgent red pocket-handkerchief, till Tripes cried out, 'All right, the gentleman in beery breeches will pay as we come back.'

"About a mile further is a little place called Shillingford, with two road-side houses just opposite each other, where Tripes wanted to stop again to see whether a proper sense of competition had stimulated the respective landlords to brew something a little better than common, but his usual 'Wo-ho!' would not have succeeded, for Dick was awake to his plans by this time, and was cutting into Woodpecker and old Peter unmercifully, had not the water-troughs on either side of the road proved as tempting to the nags as the words 'real home brewed,' did to Tripes. There we were! Woodpecker, who was on the near side, making for the left-hand trough, and old Peter doggedly determined to reach the other on the right—each horse being ably assisted in his struggles by the ostler and landlord of the house for which he was showing so decided a preference, when the landladies endeavoured to seduce the gentlemen on their sides. Dick dropped his whip in despair, singing 'How happy could I be with either!' and the 'war of words' between the adherents of the *centre gauche* and the *centre droite*, was at length allayed by Tripes calling out 'A plague on both your houses—Mrs. left-hand house! bring two quarts of *your* best! Mrs. right-hand, ditto! ditto!—Left-hand ostler!—right-hand ditto!—the gentleman in the harmonic line will give you sixpence a-piece, to bring each of those horses a pot of beer, and if they won't drink it, you can do it for them, and favour them with a bucket of water in exchange.' Solomon's demurrer was useless—we all swore we had no money, so he paid for all, taking his change to the uttermost farthing, and grumbling 'Here's a pretty go—I'm to stand Sam all day!'

"We got off again as quickly as we could, for fear we should be involved in a discussion between Tripes and the opposition landlords, as to which was the best brewer; a question he would not have ventured to decide without critically investigating the contents of every barrel in their cellars. However, he seemed willing to move on, as he knew that Benson was only a mile and a half further, and that we meant to stop and feed ourselves and the prads at the White Hart.

"As ill-luck would have it, just as we turned into the gateway of that

inn in good style, Solomon melodiously saluting the house with evident self-satisfaction, and anticipating the praises of 'the boys,' the Alert was standing there, with the horses put to, and Black Will in the act of mounting the box with the reins and whip in his off-hand. Whether his team had no 'music in their souls,' or were anxious, and had a horror of horns, I can't say; but they all four began dancing out of tune and the yard, before Will had gained the box, whence he 'came down with a run,' as the Jack tars say, and was dragged some little distance by the reins before the horses could be stopped.

"Now those who know the 'Black Prince,' as Mr. Bowers was called when he worked on that coach (though one wag was wicked enough to suggest that the title was acquired from his having been seen at a battle of *A-gin-court*), must be well aware that his excessive politeness would be rather tried by so unpleasant an ejection from 'his seat.' He rose gracefully—gave the reins and whip to the horsekeeper—made signs to boots to rub him down, and then walked deliberately up to poor Solomon, who had been viewing these proceedings with feelings verging on insanity; and touching his hat with his usual urbanity, and putting his heavy foot on the horn, and crushing it flat, said, 'Jim Spooney!—next time you wants to practise on that there bugle, perch yourself somewhere or other, where there ain't no horses nor hasses to hear you.' Then turning round to Dick, who was looking deprecatingly, and shaking him by the hand much more affectionately than his own father would or could have done, whispered loudly enough for the whole assembly to hear, 'Dick! I thought as how you was too far advanced to put such an hass as that into a guard's place!—Why, his werry looks 'ud ruin the best consarn on the road.' Dick made an humble apology, and an offer of a libation, which Will accepted, in the shape of two glasses of cold brandy-and-water, concentrated into one, and then mounted his box and drove off for Henley, with his fourteen outside and six in—the supernumeraries being *shouldered*, 'in course!'

"Solomon was too deeply engaged in trying (fortunately without success—men being at a premium in Benson) to procure a new musical instrument, to join us in a quiet kidney and a glass of Curaçoa, though we made him pay, under the former successful plea of having no tin like himself, and a threat of Shrub's, suggested by ourselves, that he would detain him, and have him up before a beak, if he did not. Dick was so anxious to overtake the Alert, and beat his dark friend into Henley, that poor Woodpecker and old Peter were forced to kick and bite in evident disgust at being put-to before they had properly digested their provender.

"Talking of provender, I must tell you a story: A juvenile commercial, out on his first journey, arrived at the inn to which he had been recommended by his predecessor, and to come it double strong, disdained to use the language of other men, telling the ostler to 'provender his quadruped while he discussed his chop.'

"Mr. Rub'emdown not knowing the precise interpretation of this oracular order, mentioned it to an old traveller in the Manchester line, who wickedly interpreted it to mean, 'crop his mane and ears close, and cut his tail down to a short dock,' which was accordingly done, much to the ostler's satisfaction, under the full anticipation of a double fee for despatch.

"When the gentleman ordered his gig, and having paid his score

was about to mount, he swore in a most indecent manner, that 'that 'orse was not his'n, but another man's;' nor would he be convinced to the contrary until Rub'emdown fetched the stray attributes and replaced them as well as he could, making his identity undeniable. I need not say, he never showed at the same house again.

" We got over the next five miles without a check, although it is all against collar; and Dick jockeyed Tripes at Nettlebed, by jerking his elbow violently against his mouth, just as we got to the Red Lion, thereby preventing the usual 'Wo-ho!' and by tipping Woodpecker and Peter a 'short Tommy,' i. e., sticking an enormous large shirt-pin, in the shape of a coach-pole and splinter-bars, into their quarters, which engaged their attention too much to allow them to see the water-trough by the road-side, we got close up to the Alert just at the commencement of the fair-mile, where Dick began to make play to pass Will; but the old stager was too deep for him, and commenced the jostling system, which so amazed our charioteer, that seeing what he conceived a good opening to turn out on the turf, and give Will the go-by, he tried it on, and upset us very easily, but ludicrously, into a *ci-devant* gravel-pit, to the great amusement of every one but ourselves. However, the only harm done, was from a violent kick of Woodpecker's, judiciously administered on Solomon's centre of gravity, and the ingratitude of old Peter, who bit a piece out of Tripes's coat-tail, as he was kindly endeavouring to set him on his legs again. Amidst the shouts of the clods, 'we up and after them,' getting into the town just as Will had touched his hat and his fees.

" We pulled up at the Bell, and found my friend had got us a capital two-stalled stable, in which we saw our nags comfortably locked up with full racks and mangers, and toddled off to the Hart to see how the crews looked, and hear the opinions as to the result. We ordered dinner at five, as the race was to take place at eight, without saying a word to Solomon, and on our return from viewing the natives and the boats, found a nice dish of stewed eels, fried perch, framed with gudgeons, cold lamb and salad, and roasted pigeons, with lots of Reading asparagus upon the table. Solomon was missing; and just as we had finished our fish, and the 'premier pop' of Champagne was heard, he made his appearance, to tell us 'he had fixed on a nice quiet corner for the crow-tart and gooseberry,' but bolted again when he saw we were otherwise engaged, looking exasperated at our extravagance, and buttoning up both his trousers' pockets, as a hint we were to pay for ourselves this time.

" But to the race itself. About seven o'clock the rival crews pulled gently down to the starting-place, about two miles below Henley bridge distinguished by their colours. Oxford, true blue; Cambridge, pink; and every thing was arranged by the umpires in a quiet, gentlemanly way, without any wrangling. There was a toss for choice of sides, which was won by the Cambridge men; and of course, they chose the bank on their bows, as the river forms a rather sharp curve to the left, between the locks and the town. There was to be no fouling, and the victory was to belong to the party who passed first under the bridge.

" Just before the start, every inch of ground that could command a view of the river on either side, was occupied by gazers of all sorts and sizes—lords and ladies, Jans and Jinnies, saints and sinners, cockneys and country bumpkins—it was an universal holiday in that part of the

world; and Miss Martineau might have applied her preventive check, without any fear of restraining the population upon this occasion.

"The Oxford boat belonged to Balliol Coll., built by Davis and King; the Cambridge was a bran-new turn out of Serle's, and one of the neatest I ever saw: though it struck me, when I examined her on shore as she was being greased, that she was too crank for the crew that were to pull in her—all men of weight and inches; perhaps, two finer crews were never seen; but our men were rather the longer and lighter in their *corpuscula* of the two.

"At eight o'clock precisely, the order was given for 'Up with your oars;' and in two minutes at the word 'Off,' they dropped them in beautifully—as one man; but a cry of 'False start,' owing to some little dispute about the exact distance from blade to blade, caused them to backwater, and prepare again. In five minutes the referees made all right, and 'Off she goes,' was again cried. Away they went! and before they got three hundred yards, my experienced eye could see that my conjecture about the London boat, was quite correct. She dipped in the bows every stroke, as if they were going to pull her under water, and rocked fearfully until they got into good time. The short stroke too, with the back quite straight, and the arms doing all the work, would not do on *smooth* water, compared with the long pull *through* the water, and quick feather *out* of it, of the Oxford men, who gained rapidly upon, and soon passed their rivals, taking the inside place. I was close upon them both, and could hear the steady cry of the steersman, 'Go it, my blues—beautifully pulled!—three minutes more, and your work's done—they lose ground (water he meant) every moment—steady!—no hurry—keep the old stroke!—backs down on the thwarts,' from the Oxford boat; and the 'By George, we're beaten!—quicken your stroke—don't you go back so, you No. 3—pull for heaven's sake!' of the Cambridge.

"I pulled up about a quarter of a mile from the bridge, being quite satisfied how it was going, and thoroughly blown from the speed and nature of my exertions; for no one, who has not tried it, knows what 'running up' with an eight-oar means—the snobs were wofully taken to that day, being shoved, unreservedly, some into the river, others into ditches, by the more *au fait* Oxonians.

"A tremendous shout, and the striking up of the church bells, proclaimed the victory was won by the Oxford men, with one hundred yards to spare!!! I jumped into a punt with poor Stephen, and by dint of his superior generalship, got on the opposite bank in time to see our crew land; and the best proof of their excellent condition was, that not one man was so distressed as to be obliged to be helped out of the boat. Our opponents came in rather more distressed, but still not much the matter. Such a shouting was still going on, that it was impossible to hear anything said until Stephen thundered out 'Now, my true blues! as much porter as you like!' And I heard one of the victors say, as he set an emptied quart-cup on the table at Mrs. Dixon's, 'If nectar did not mean London porter, he did not know what did.'

"You, who have been so often at such scenes on the banks of Isis, will easily imagine the whole affair; nor will you require me to describe the supper given by the vanquished to the conquerors—the compliments mutually given and received—the toasts drank—and last, though by no means *least*, the quantity and quality of liquids absorbed. More

unflinching candidates for the favour of father Bacchus never drained Cyathi. Nor were the muses neglected, 'Nine times nine' was the cry of the night! I shall finish my letter by recording the final adventures of our *partie carrée*.

"As for myself, I had an invitation to take coffee, at the house of my friend whom I have mentioned before as the procurer of our nags' temporary domiciles, and being a little bit of a vocalist, passed two or three pleasant hours standing over a pianoforte, and a very fine girl, to whom I was well contented to sing second. However, when ten o'clock arrived, I tore myself away from my fair chantress, or enchantress, whichever you please to call her, in order to get Dick, Tripes, and Solomon ready to start—for we had promised the Dean not to be later than twelve o'clock. This, however, I found to be no easy matter, and returned to my friend's house after half an hour's vain search, to consult him on the best means of getting out of my difficulties. One of the parties relieved me speedily if not pleasantly. Just fancy my horror on hearing a scuffling sort of noise at the door of the drawing-room, which was filled with company, and seeing my friend Tripes very bosky, holding on by the doorpost on either side, and in a husky, hiccupping tone, requesting to be informed 'if our drag was at the Bell or the Bull?—the Bull or the Bell?' adding, for the information of the ladies, that 'he'd tried every tap in the town, and never tasted such very bad beer in all his life.' I ran at him vicious, and carried him, *vi et armis*, with my friend's assistance, in spite of his spiteful kicks and bites, into the stable-yard, where we laid him on a truss of straw, and sponged his head with cold pump-water, which soon had the desired effect. On his recovery he laid it all to the beer being brewer's trash, and requested to taste my friend's private tap, assuring him half a pint would be the making of him. My expostulations were useless; and while my host was gone to give the necessary, or rather unnecessary orders, he entertained me with a discussion on the merits of a large two-handed pump, down Charterhouse, and its wonderful efficacy in remedying the effects of Red Cow—'pumps up ten gallons a minute, and as cold as ice,—hiccup!—never knew it fail!'

"I got him safe to the Bell at last, and locked him in with Woodpecker, and old Peter, giving the ostler strict charge not to supply him with any liquids but water. Then I proceeded on another voyage of discovery, and arrived at the White Hart just in time to see Will start with about half his cargo. With his usual judgment he had stowed the soberest men outside; the very drunken ones, seven in number, were compressed inside with the doors screwed up to prevent their opening them, and tumbling out on the road, and the windows nailed down for fear they should cut themselves with the glasses. No objection was made to these arrangements, for none of the seven could articulate. When, however, he proceeded to strap three or four *half* bosky men to the roof of the coach, so firm and strong a resistance was made, that he found it necessary to borrow three of Bowling's kicking-straps, and a pair of darbies (*i.e.*, handcuffs) of the constable, before his endeavours were crowned with success. I inquired if he had seen Dick lately, and I heard with joy that he was then in the bar smoking a pipe with the coachman and guard of the Stroud mail *down*. He was sober at present, as he had been drinking tea with the coachman's wife, in his absence—coffee with the guard's sister, and was

going to play at cribbage or dominoes with another jehu's daughter, but left her in disgust when he discovered that her governor only *druv a pair*.

"I assisted him in finishing his glass of *twist*, which is coach-Latin for half gin and half brandy-and-water, and carried him off rather sulky, to assist in the search for Solomon. All our endeavours, for a time, were fruitless; he had not been seen since he left the yard, with the hamper under his arm, by any one. It struck me all of a sudden, that having intimated an intention of dining economically *al fresco*, he had made for the fields in the rear of the house, and as it was a brilliant moonlight night we explored in that direction, with success; for being attracted by faint hip! hurrahs! uttered in 'childish trebles,' we directed our steps towards them, and discovered two little chimney-sweepers, and a charity-school boy, engaging themselves on the crow tart and gooseberry wine of poor Solomon who was lying dead-drunk on his back, under the bushes, lovingly embracing a fly-driver, quite as drunk as himself.

"Dick, in spite of Mr. Martin's act, pulled him by the legs out of the bushes, with a stoical disregard of the lacerations caused by the thorns, and so strong was the sudden attachment formed between the two votaries of Bacchus, that in dragging Solomon out, he drew the fly-man with him.

"I afterwards learned that Solomon, finding the hamper rather heavy and inconvenient to carry, had engaged the assistance of the fly-man, who was idling about the yard, to carry it for him to his 'quiet corner,' under the promise of a bottle of porter as a reward. The flavour of the porter pleased his palate so well, that he returned after an hour's time, to offer his services in carrying the hamper back, in hopes of obtaining a second edition. To his great delight, he found Solomon so far gone from original sobriety, and in so generous a humour that he unhesitatingly accepted his invitation to partake of the remainder of the crow tart and a bottle of gooseberry. Though the rooks were not much the better for having been killed a week, and the steak on which they rested was very tough, they contrived between them to demolish nearly all of the pie and the porter; the wine, however, took a very sudden and powerful effect upon them, which they endeavoured to remedy by imbibing nearly all the British brandy. The result was, both were so beastly drunk that they fell asleep in each other's arms. The little chummies and the charity-boy found them by accident, as they were cutting round the town the back way, to see the fireworks—being supposed by their fond parents to be safe in bed—and thought it a pity that two such intemperate beings should be exposed to further temptation if they chanced to recover; so they charitably resolved to remove the *irritamenta malorum* by finishing the little that was left. When we came up they were each engaged in guggling a bottle of gooseberry, to 'the health of the gen'l'man as didn't know how to stop when he'd had enough.'

"We left them to take care of the hamper and the fly-man (who had to drive the Mayor of Maidenhead, his wife, and nine little aspirants for the mace to their home after the fireworks, which had just commenced, were over), and carried Solomon into the stable to Tripes, who was now nearly sober, and promised to behave well for the rest of the night, if we would let him out.

"What was to be done? it was folly to think of starting with Solo-

mon in such a condition; so we agreed to let Tripes physic him and stay one hour to see the effect of the dose, the fireworks, and the Stroud mail start. Tripes ran into the Bell in a state of ecstasy, and returned with a jug of hot water, into which he was industriously stirring the contents of two mustard-pots;—this he managed in a most scientific way, to administer as a drench to poor Solomon, after he had removed his stock, and unbuttoned his shirt collar: we then set him up in a corner slanting-dicularly and left him.

“The fireworks were very fine, but the night was finer and spoiled their effect; it was too light for lights, so we humoured Dick and ran to see the mail start. We were just in time—for there were about twenty Oxford men harnessed to it by ropes and all sorts of contrivances, dragging it off at about ten miles an hour—to the horror of Dick’s friend the coachman, the insides and outs, and the guards who had to run with the bags in one hand and the pair of wheelers in the other, nearly a mile and a half before he could catch them.

“Tripes, who was gazing maliciously at the large image fixed over the inn-door, intended to represent a white hart (a sketch from nature, having golden hoofs, red eyes, nose, and ears, enormous green antlers, and no tail), suggested to about forty or fifty surrounding undergraduates, that it was positively cruel to keep so noble an animal in a situation where he could get nothing to eat or drink, and proposed with their assistance to remove him to a more natural lay in Mr. Maitland’s park. This act of disinterested benevolence was speedily effected by means of a cart-rope, amidst the cheers of a sympathizing mob of snobs and the useless expostulations of the landlord.

“An energetic *special* in his zeal for the maintenance of order, colared Tripes, who hates an authority at all times, and was not likely to submit quietly to a great overgrown baker, because he had a constable’s staff in his hand, so he replied to his threat of ‘pulling him up before the beaks,’ by hitting him exceedingly hard in the wind, and calling out for ‘a ring!’ which was quickly formed, and the special carried home in less than five minutes after, with his face smashed to a pulp, and his molares rendered unfit for mastication.

“We took Stephen Davis’s advice and ‘cut our lucky’ at once. The dose had fortunately operated successfully on Solomon, who was just able to sit up in the trap when properly tied in with a halter; so we paid our bill and told Dick ‘to slack his hand,’ all the way to Benson, where we meant to sup. We arrived there about half-past twelve, and found them just shutting up. The cook was standing in the kitchen flattering himself his work was over for the night, and about to wash down the fatigues of a hard day with a glass of warm brandy-and-water, when Dick rushed in, seized the goblet and swallowed its contents, before the puzzled *chef de cuisine*, could stretch out his greasy fist to prevent him. He was so disgusted at the unceremonious usage he had met with, that he rudely declined broiling any ham for us, until Tripes knocked him down with the flat side of a ‘best York,’ weighing two or three and twenty pounds, seized his large knife, and proceeded to act as his deputy at the gridiron. This brought him to his senses and the fire. His ingenuity was displayed to our satisfaction, and his injured honour repaired by an unlimited order for brandy-and-water for himself and the waiter. When both these worthies were disposed of under the dresser, we yielded to the fascinating request of the

barmaid and Mrs. Shrub, 'to let them have a *little* sleep,' and set off home about four in the morning.

" On the road, we, that is Dick and I, who were neither of us much amiss, were engaged in forming our plans for apologizing satisfactorily to the Dean. On one point we fully agreed: to lay all the blame on poor Solomon, who was fast asleep, lashed to the back of the trap and Tripes's arm. He, Tripes, being rather dozy and afraid of falling out if he indulged in a nap without such due precautions.

" We got to college about five o'clock, and found the gates just opened, hurried Solomon to bed, undressing and locking him safe in his rooms; we then took his splash new coat, and the rest of his dress, and walked to the nearest meadow, where we immersed them in a green, muddy ditch, and then trailed them along the dusty road; giving them a friendly stamping with our dirty boots now and then, by way of variety, and finally strewed them about his rooms in drunken disorder. We then obtained a commons of new bread, and extracting a piece of crumb, about the size of a cricket-ball, entered Solomon's bedroom, and without his being at all conscious of the fact, tied it firmly on his right cheek, with a white pocket-handkerchief, to represent a swelled face; and by a judicious commixture of red and black ink, applied to his right optic, succeeded in making him a very effective black eye.

" All these arrangements being completed, I ran across quad to the Dean's rooms. He was up and dressing for chapel—I put on a very long face, and told him a very piteous tale of the trouble Solomon had given us all the day, and of his obstinate determination to have his share of driving, though unqualified for the art; the result of which was, that he had upset himself into a gravel-pit, after we had fortunately jumped out to avoid the danger which we saw was otherwise inevitable.

" 'Is he hurt?'

" 'A little, sir, but we have put him to bed, and he is now asleep; will you look at him, and say if we can do any thing more for him?'

" 'Certainly.' He returned with me, and found every thing as I had said—being satisfied from the horrid object he saw in bed, and the state of the 'clothing department,' that 'we must have experienced a great deal of annoyance from a man who gave way to such a disgusting vice as intoxication.

" So ended our day at Henley, old fellow, and so ends the letter of

" Yours, as ever,

" WILLIAM WYDEAWAKE.

" P.S. Solomon's governess and two sisters, who had invited themselves to the commemoration, arrived very opportunely—they found him in the state we had left him, and are all three at this present moment in violent convulsions—dreading the irreparable loss of the 'dear sweet boy,' and relieving their consanguinal feelings, in the intervals between the fits, by threatening to take the law against the naughty young gentlemen who had seduced their beloved relative—the brutes—into so degrading and dangerous a state. Tripes 'wishes they may get it,' and Dick confidently affirms that 'that cock won't fight.' "

P. P.

(*To be continued.*)



THE PATAGONIANS.

EVERY thing connected with the New World, seems to have been destined to present an enigma, of which every succeeding century or half-century produces its own especial wonder. But three hundred years since, and the whole continent of America, even in its very existence, was totally unknown to the other portions of the globe ! Then came the miraculous discovery—the gradual colonization—the sudden birth of new and separate nations, Spanish, Portuguese, English, French ;—and the still more sudden establishment of a new and distinct people—a mighty Republic—an offshoot, as it were, of Great Britain itself—of the same origin, language, literature—its other self—the same, and yet, how different ! Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Charleston, New Orleans ! who is there amongst us to whom these great cities are not as familiar as are our own good towns of York, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, Dublin ?—household words ! Who amongst us but has relatives, friends, acquaintances, from Hudson's Straits to the St. Lawrence, from the St. Lawrence to the Delaware, from the Delaware to the Mississippi ? Who has not heard of Mexico and Peru, of Chile, and La Plata ?

And yet, familiar as we may be, more or less, with North and South America, there was still one portion of this vast continent, of which, until very lately, but very little was known even to the most scientific navigators of either hemisphere—the *southern* coasts of South America ; and considering the vast extent of those coasts, it is indeed most surprising that, although frequently passed during the last century, they should have been so little explored. Visited at intervals by our home and New South Wales sperm-whale expeditions, and with more regularity by those of the United States ; the observations made by the hardy seamen engaged in them, were general and indefinite, and such only as their pursuits required. Valuable, however, as even such imperfect information might be to the sperm whalers themselves, it was unscientific in its nature, loose in its object, and of little avail to the service of either country, because unrecorded.

Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego have, in fact, been the *terra incognita*—the *ultima thule*—of modern times. The eastern coast of the former, and the north-eastern side of the latter, had, to be sure, been partially examined by various navigators, and the charts of Malaspina have hitherto answered the general purposes of navigation, and others of the Strait of Magellan were useful ; but the southern coast of Tierra del Fuego, and the western coast of South America, were almost wholly unknown ; while of the innumerable channels intersecting Tierra del Fuego, nothing was known positively. Of the countries themselves of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, and of all the tribes of Indians inhabiting them, there had been no published accounts for the last seventy years.

The period had arrived, however, when the world was to be enlightened with regard to this *terra incognita* : and it was reserved for British enterprise and skill, within our own immediate times, fully to explore these distant regions ; and now, through the labours of Captains King, Stokes, and Fitzroy, and their hardy companions in the

Adventure and Beagle, occupying nearly ten years of active service. The southern coasts of South America, and the intricacies of the Strait of Magellan, and of the innumerable channels intersecting Tierra del Fuego, are as accurately defined as any of the well-known coasts of Europe and America.

The Lords of the Admiralty, in 1825, having decided upon an expedition to survey the southern coasts of South America, from the southern entrance of the river La Plata, round to Chiloe, including the Strait of Magellan and the whole of Tierra del Fuego, the Adventure and Beagle were accordingly commissioned for that purpose, and having been provided with every necessary and comfort, sailed from Plymouth on the 22d of May in the following year, for Rio de Janeiro, the former under Commander Philip Parker King, R.N., senior officer of the expedition, who had been previously employed in conducting the Admiralty surveys in New Holland, and the latter under Commander Pringle Stokes, R.N., who, dying in Tierra del Fuego in 1828, was succeeded by Commander Robert Fitzroy, R.N. On the 14th of October, 1830, both vessels anchored at Plymouth, after an absence of four years and two months, having, in a great measure successfully accomplished the objects of the expedition. Four natives of Tierra del Fuego, were brought over by Captain Fitzroy, with a view to have them returned to their own country after a suitable education.

The Beagle was again commissioned in 1831, for the purpose of completing the former surveys, and carrying round the world a chain of meridian distances; and sailed on the second voyage on the 17th of December following, under Captain Fitzroy, who was accompanied by Mr. Darwin, grandson of Dr. Darwin, the poet, as naturalist, and other efficient persons; as also by the Fuegians, and Mr. Mathews, a church missionary. On the 2d of October, 1836, the Beagle anchored at Falmouth, having been four years and nine months from England.

The details of the interesting events that occurred during these expeditions, and the results of the scientific and general observations of all who accompanied them are amply given in a narrative, just published by Captains King and Fitzroy, and Charles Darwin, Esq., in 4 vols. 8vo, with numerous maps, charts, and upwards of sixty illustrations by Landseer and other eminent artists. This narrative is, beyond all question, the most valuable nautical and scientific work that has been given to the public for years, and will be placed among those records of enterprise and observation, which have bestowed on the navy of England—even exclusive of its exploits in war—an immortality of glory and renown. To the scientific geographer and practical seaman, its value is measureless; to the geologist it suggests new theories, while strengthening the old; to the physiologist it affords the most ample details of imperfectly-known districts and unfamiliar objects; to the statist, a real body of facts hitherto unrecorded; and to the philosopher, a full account (amongst others) of tribes whose very stature and dimensions have been, until now, matter of dispute among travellers, and of a whole people purely aboriginal, and still intact in their native barbarity.

Full justice will, no doubt, be amply done elsewhere to the more strictly scientific portions of this valuable work. In our limited space, we must necessarily confine ourselves to only a few points of general

interest; and have therefore collected and arranged the most material portions, distributed throughout the four volumes, relative to the present state of the various tribes of Indians scattered over Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, of which so little has been hitherto known; and for the better understanding, of which it will be necessary to give a brief outline of the general appearance of those countries.

From the bay of St. Antonio to the Strait of Magellan, the plains of Patagonia, extend seven hundred miles in length, backed by the chain of the Andes, and fronted by the shores of the Atlantic. These plains are peculiar from their external configuration, being formed of immense successive terraces rising like steps one above the other. The whole series are horizontally stratified. These steps are often several miles broad; but from one point of view, Mr. Darwin saw five very distinct lines of escarpment abutting one over the other, the lower one being a mere fringe, nearly on a level with the sea; the upper one being 950 feet. "I believe," he says, "I can distinguish seven or eight distinct terraces which occur along the line of coast, and which include heights between 1200 feet and the level of the sea." Their slope is about the same as that of the gradually-shoaling bottom of the neighbouring ocean. The elevation of 350 feet is gained by three steps; one of about 100 feet, the second 250, and the third 350.

These successive terraces likewise occur on the shores of the Pacific; and Mr. Darwin considers that they have been elevated within a recent epoch above the level of the sea, at an exceedingly gradual rate, each having in turn formed a beach to the base of the Cordillera. These plains have a fossiliferous foundation, above which is a soft friable stone, which from its extreme whiteness has been mistaken for chalk, covered with a thick bed of gravel of well-rounded pebbles, almost exclusively derived from porphyritic rocks. This gravel covers the entire surface of the land, from the Rio Colorado to the Strait of Magellan, a space of 800 miles, and is one chief cause of the desert character of Patagonia. Mr. Darwin supposes that the gravel-beds gradually thicken as they ascend, and even reach the base of the Cordillera; to which mountains must be looked for the parent rocks, of at least a great portion of the well-rounded fragments. So great an area covered by shingle, could scarcely be pointed out in any part of the world.

In one of the cliffs between the Rio de la Plata, and the Strait of Magellan, the organic remains of an extinct llama or guanaco was found, fully as large as the camel.

Water, in Patagonia, is exceedingly scarce; even at the base of the porphyry hills, there are only a few small wells, containing but little, and that rather saline, and half putrid. Grass and thorn-bushes are very thinly scattered over the plains; and a few stunted trees in the dry water-courses show the deficiency of rains. The heats of summer are very great; but in winter, though the days are not cold, the frosts at night are severe; and at all times of the year, in the day-time, strong winds sweep over the plains.

The zoology is as limited as the flora—a few black beetles and occasionally a lizard. There are three carrion hawks, and in the valleys, a few finches and insect feeders. In the stomachs of these birds have been found grasshoppers, cicadæ, small lizards, and even scorpions.

The characteristic quadruped of these countries, and which princi-

pally supplies the inhabitants with food, is the guanaco, the South-American representative of the camel of the East. Its size may be compared to an ass, with taller legs, and with very long neck. The guanaco abounds over the whole of the temperate parts of South America, from the wooded Islands of Tierra del Fuego, through Patagonia, the hilly parts of La Plata, Chile, even to the Cordillera of Peru. In southern Patagonia, and on the northern shores of the Strait of Magellan, they are still more numerous. Generally they go in small herds, from half a dozen to thirty; but on the banks of the St. Cruz, one herd was seen of at least five hundred. While in herds they are extremely difficult of approach from the exceeding vigilance of their sentinels; but singly, or a few together, if met abruptly, they are easily approached. These animals have a singular habit of dropping, in successive days, their dung in the same defined heap. Another peculiarity is, that they have favourite spots for dying in. Mr. Darwin observed, that when wounded they invariably walked towards the river. The great enemy of these animals is the puma, or South-American lion, which, it is said, always kills its prey by jumping on the shoulders, and drawing back the head with one of its paws, until the vertebræ break.

The condor is found on the west coast of South America, from the Strait of Magellan throughout the entire range of the Cordillera. Although gregarious they are oftener seen in pairs. The measurement of one which Mr. Darwin shot in the St. Cruz river was eight and a half feet, from tip to tip of the wings, and four feet from beak to tail. In the Strait of Magellan a larger one was shot, measuring nine feet two inches between the wings, and four feet three and a half inches in length. Ostriches (*Struthio Rhea*) inhabit the country of La Plata and Northern Patagonia as far as a little south of the Rio Negro, in lat. 41°, and the Petise (a smaller kind) takes their place in Southern Patagonia; the part about the Rio Negro being neutral territory. It is not generally known that these birds readily take water; they were seen swimming across the St. Cruz, in a rapid stream of 400 yards wide.

Several species of mice, externally characterized by large thin ears and very fine hair, roam among the thickets in the valleys, where they cannot for months together procure water. They devour each other. A small and delicately-shaped fox, likewise very abundant, probably derives its entire support from these small animals.

Captain Fitzroy, accompanied by Mr. Darwin, ascended the river St. Cruz (lat. 50°), 140 miles from its mouth in the Atlantic—until then a *terra incognita*. Captain King had previously proceeded up for thirty miles. They here met with a marked change in the geological structure of the plains, and entering an extensive lava district, discovered a balsatic glen, a wild-looking ravine, bounded by black lava cliffs.

Tierra del Fuego is that part of South America which is separated from Patagonia by the Strait of Magellan, and forms the extreme point or tongue of the American continent, ending at Cape Horn. The most curious feature in the geology of this country is the extent to which the land is intersected by arms of the sea. These channels are irregular, and dotted with islands, where the granite and trappean rocks occur, but in the clay-slate formation are so straight, that in one instance, as

Captain King observes, "a parallel ruler placed on the map upon the projecting points of the south shore, extended across, also touched the headlands of the opposite coast."

The Strait of Magellan is extremely deep in most parts, even close to the shore. About mid-channel, eastward of Cape Forward, Captain King found no bottom, with 1536 feet. Captain Fitzroy remarks, that on entering any of these channels from the outer coast, it is always necessary to look out directly for anchorage; for further inland the depth soon becomes extremely great. The western and central parts of the Strait are of a primitive character, rugged and very mountainous; the eastern portion is of recent formation and low; the centre is free from islands. To the westward the plants are stunted in their growth, in the centre vegetation is luxuriant, and to the eastward there is a total absence of trees. Glaciers abound throughout the various bays and shores, and immense masses are frequently disengaged, crashing and reverberating around, like eruptions of a distant volcano. Tides in the Strait are very strong. The mean temperature in the hottest part of the year in Central Tierra del Fuego, as given by Captain King, is about 50° . That of June, July, and August, answering to our December, January, and February; which three months appear to be the coldest, he gives at $33^{\circ} 08$. Mr. Darwin thinks this a little too low, as the whole of August was not included. The temperature of Port Famine (the central harbour) is very considerably lower, both during summer and winter, than that of Dublin; at the former the difference between the seasons not being so great, the climate being more equable. The frosts are not so severe or so long as in England. The sealers say, that throughout the whole year they wear the same quantity of clothing. Nevertheless Captain King states, that during the winter of 1828, the temperature was once as low as $12^{\circ} 6'$. It is remarkable that notwithstanding the accounts of former navigators, and the innumerable glaciers that are continually being detached from the mountains and cliffs into the various channels of the Strait, on no occasion, during several seasons and all parts of the year, were the vessels employed in this expedition ever blocked up or impeded in their progress by ice. Violent and sudden squalls and hurricanes, however, render the navigation extremely dangerous.

The vegetation, says Captain King, is most luxuriant, and large woody-stemmed trees of *Fuchsia* and *Veronica*, in England considered and treated as tender plants, are in full flower, within a very short distance of the base of a mountain covered for two thirds down with snow, and with the temperature at 36° . He states also that humming-birds were seen sipping the sweets of the flowers, after two or three days of constant rain, snow, and sleet, during which time the thermometer had been at the freezing point. Mr. Darwin saw parrots feeding on the seeds of the winter's bark, south of lat. 55° .

The snow-line in Tierra del Fuego descends very low, and the mountain-sides are abrupt; which causes the glaciers to descend far down their flanks. The general range of the mountains is considered by Captain Fitzroy, from angular measurements, to have an elevation rather under 4000 feet, with one point called Chain Mountain rising to 4300. Further inland, there is, indeed, a more lofty mountain (*Sarmiento*) of 7000 feet, but this is not immediately connected with the

glaciers. This range of mountains is in the latitude of the Cumberland hills.

The zoology of Tierra del Fuego, as might be expected, is very poor. Of mammalia, besides cetacea and phocæ, there is one bat, three species of mice, the tucutuco, a fox, sea-otter, guanaco, and one deer (the huelmul).

Of birds, there are the steamer-duck, or racehorse (whose small wings, insufficient for flying, are used like paddles of a steam-vessel, propelling it with great velocity), geese, penguins, paroquets, hawks, owls, the creeper, finches, starling, thrush, white-tufted tyrant-flycatcher, humming-bird, black woodpecker with scarlet crest, little dark-coloured wren, &c.

Coleopterous insects occur in very small numbers. The sea, however, is most abundantly stocked with living creatures. Kelp, *Fucus giganteus* of Solander, is found in immense quantities, attaining, in some instances, according to Captain Cook, whose statement is not doubted, the enormous length of 360 feet; the number of living creatures of all orders whose existence intimately depends on this marine production, is stated by Mr. Darwin to be incredible.

The absence of any species whatever, in the whole class of reptiles, is a marked feature in the zoology of this country, as well as of the Falkland Islands.

After this brief outline of the general appearance and natural history of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, we now proceed to consider the state of the wandering tribes inhabiting these rarely-visited regions.

And first, as to the Patagonians—those

“Athropophagi, whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders”—

those famous people, whose height and appearance have occasioned so much wonder, doubt, and controversy, from the period of their being first seen by the great Magelhaen, who represents them as about seven feet French, or seven feet six inches, English measure, to Le Maire, whose skeletons were ten or eleven feet long; and from Admiral Byron, who states them to be between seven and eight feet, to the Jesuit Falkner, whose *maximum* was seven feet eight inches, giving six feet as the middle height.

Without, however, entering into the disputed question of the past state of the ever-varying tribes inhabiting that portion of America between the parallels of 30° and 40°, or the still more disputed state of those between the more southern parallels of 40 and 53.4, we are necessarily confined to the present state of the natives of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, as narrated in the account of the Beagle and the Adventure.

To enable the reader more readily to comprehend the following description, we may observe that Patagonia, including that portion of South America, which lies between the river Negro and the Strait of Magellan, is divided into eastern Patagonia, a district lying eastward of the Cordillera; and western Patagonia, lying between the summits of the Andes, and the Pacific Ocean. Tierra del Fuego takes in all the islands southward of the Strait of Magellan (including Staten Island), as far as the Ramirez islets.

The entire adult population of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, is thus estimated by Captain Fitzroy:

Patagonians (Tehuel-het) as above.....	1600
Fuegians (Yacana, Tekeenica, Alikhoolip)	1500
Ditto (Pecheray) central parts of Strait.....	200
Huelmul (both sides of Strait)	100
Chonos (between western coast of Patagonia and Chonos Archipelago)	400

3800

which Captain Fitzroy does not think is 500 in error, making in round numbers about 4000 adults south of the latitude of forty degrees, exclusive of the island of Chiloe.

The existing Patagonians are divided by Captain Fitzroy into four parties, each of which has a separate though ill-defined territory. Each of these parties has a leader, or cacique; but they speak one language, and are evidently subdivisions of one tribe. When mutually convenient, they all assemble in one place: but if food becomes scarce, or quarrels happen, each party withdraws to its own territory. At such times, one body will encroach upon the hunting-grounds of another, and a battle is the consequence. About four hundred adults, and a rather large proportion of children, are in each of these parties: the number of women being to that of the men as three to one. Near the Strait of Magellan about 1400 Patagonians have been lately seen encamped together for a short time; but usually there is only one horde, of about 400 grown people, in that neighbourhood.

The Patagonians travel on horseback over the country between the River Negro and the Strait of Magellan; and from the Atlantic to the Cordillera of the Andes. They have no boats or canoes of any kind; and their disposition, habits, and language are very different from those of the Fuegians (Yacana-Kunny, Key-uhue, and Poy-us). Those who live on the north-eastern part of Tierra del Fuego, have neither canoes nor horses. The natives of the southern and western islands, and of the shores of the Skyring and Otway waters, also the people upon the western islands and coast of Patagonia, have canoes, but no horses.

The different tribes of horse-Indians are generally upon hostile terms with each other, as well as with the canoe-Indians. This is particularly noticed about the western entrance of Magellan's Strait, where the tribes which inhabit opposite sides are particularly inveterate in their hostility.

The aborigines of eastern Patagonia are a tall and extremely stout race of men. Their bodies are bulky, their heads and features large; their hands and feet, however, are comparatively small. They wear a large mantle of guanaco-skins, sewed together, which hangs loosely from their shoulders to their ankles, and adds so much to the bulkiness of their appearance, that it is no wonder they have been called "gigantic." Their peculiar habit of folding the arms in these mantles renders them very high-shouldered, and greatly increases their apparent height and bulk; it was this, doubtless, that led to the description of their wearing their "heads beneath their shoulders."

"I am not aware," says Captain Fitzroy, "that a Patagonian has appeared, during late years, exceeding in height six feet and some inches;" although he sees no reason to disbelieve Falconer's account of the Cacique Cangapol, represented as seven feet and some inches. Among two or three hundred natives, scarcely half a dozen men are

seen whose height is above five feet nine or ten ; the women being tall in proportion. Captain Fitzroy adds, that he has nowhere met an assemblage of men and women whose average height and apparent bulk, approached to that of the Patagonians. Until actually measured, he could not believe that they were not much taller than was found to be the fact.

Captain King gives the average height at between five feet ten inches and six feet—one man only exceeding six feet, whose dimensions, measured by Captain Stokes, were in height, six feet one inch and three-quarters ; round the chest, four feet one inch and one-eighth ; round the loins, three feet four inches and three-quarters. Captain King, however, thinks that the disproportionate largeness of head and length of body of these people, has occasioned the mistakes of some former navigators ; yet suggests that the preceding generation may have been a larger race of people, but by a different mode of life, or a mixture by marriage with the southern or Fuegian tribes, which he states is known to have taken place, they may have degenerated in size, and lost all right to the title of giants. Captain King also states, that, from a mirage or haze, during very fine weather and a hot day, arising from the rapid evaporation of the moisture so abundantly deposited in the Strait, an optical deception takes place, which causes the natives, seen at a little distance, to “loom very large.” This may be another cause of their being taken for giants by former navigators.

The colour of the Patagonians is a rich reddish-brown, between that of rusty iron and clean copper, rather darker than copper, yet not so dark as good old mahogany. Captain Fitzroy compares it to the colour of the Devonshire breed of cattle. The colour differs, however, in various ages. The head is rather broad, but not high ; and, except in a few instances, the forehead is small and low. The brow is prominent ; the eyes are rather small, black, and even restless. They have round faces, with projecting cheek-bones : noses a little depressed, narrow between the eyes, and broad and fleshy about the nostrils, which are rather large ; and a large coarse mouth, with thick lips. The chin is usually broad and prominent. Nothing is worn on their rough, coarse, black hair, which is tied above the temples with a fillet of platted or twisted sinews. The hair from the faces and bodies is all studiously removed by pincers made of two shells ; and the absence of whiskers and beard gives the younger men a very effeminate look, many being scarcely distinguishable in appearance from the women, but by the mode of wrapping themselves in their mantles, and by their hair, which is turned up. Their noses or lips are not pierced, but they disfigure their features by red, black, or white paint, with which they make grotesque ornaments, such as bands or daubs across the face, and circles around the eyes. The upper part of the body, from the waist upwards, is also, on particular occasions, decorated by paint, awkwardly laid on, with very little design. The mantles are tied round the neck, and usually round the middle, by sinew cords. Often the upper part is dropped, and the body left quite exposed above the waist, especially in active exercise on horseback : in the hood thus formed the women often carry their children. The men wear a triangular piece of hide instead of breeches. The mantle is made of skins of the guanaco, puma, fox, skunk, cavy, dog, otter, seal, or colt ; but the small gray fox-skins are

most esteemed. On their feet and legs are boots made of the hock part of the skins of horses' legs. Wooden spurs, if they cannot get iron; sets of balls (*bolas*), and a long tapering lance of bamboo, pointed with iron, complete the equipment. These lances are seldom seen near the Strait of Magellan, but the natives are not always without them.

The women are dressed and booted like the men, with the addition of a half-petticoat, made of skins, if they cannot procure foreign coarse cloth. They cross their mantles over the breast like a shawl, and fasten it together with iron pins or skewers, round which are twisted strings of beads and other ornaments. They comb their hair with the jaw of a porpoise, and divide it into two tails, which are platted, and hang down, one on each side; those who have short hair wear false tails made of horsehair. Ornaments of beads, bits of brass or silver, or any similar trifles, are much prized, and worn in necklaces, or as bracelets; sometimes also as earrings, or round the ankles.

Mounted upon horses of about fourteen hands and a half in height, the Patagonians chase ostriches or guanacoës, which, when at full speed, they entangle with their bolas. These are stones or iron balls of about a pound weight, covered with leather, and united by a thin platted thong about eight feet long, others having three balls united by thongs to a common centre.

In hunting they are assisted by their dogs. With bridles of hide tied to the lower jaw, when there is not a Spanish bit, and a light saddle of wood, covered with some skins, and placed upon others, they ride hard when there is occasion, frequently changing their horses. Many large dogs, of a rough, lurcher-like breed, assist them in hunting, and keep an excellent watch at night.

The toldos or huts of these wanderers are rectangular, about ten or twelve feet square, seven feet high in front, and two or three in the rear. The frame of the building is formed by poles stuck in the ground having forked tops to hold cross pieces, on which are laid poles for rafters, to support the covering, which is made of skins of animals sewn together, so as to be almost impervious to rain or wind. The posts or rafters, which are not easily procured, are carried from place to place, in all their travelling excursions. The frontage is always open. Several families sleep in one hut. Away from the coast, it is said, these toldos are much larger, forming an oblong shed with a sloping roof; some of them are even twelve feet in length, and above five feet high. Their goods and furniture are placed on horseback, under charge of the females, who are mounted aloft, astride, upon them. The men carry nothing but the lasso and bolas, for chase or for defence.

In war, the Horse-Indians of Patagonia clothe themselves in three of their thickest mantles: the outer ones being deprived of hair, and gaily painted; all these are worn like ponchos. Some wear a broad-brimmed hat or helmet of doubled bull's-hide; and a tunic or frock, with high collar and short sleeves, made of several hides sewed together; sometimes of anta-skins. It resists arrows or lances, and deadens the blow of a stone ball; but it is not impervious to musket-bullets. On foot they use a shield of hides. Their weapons are lances, bows and arrows, and clubs, and balls or lassos, with which they entangle the horses. A formidable missile is a single ball, about a pound weight, attached to a thong about a yard long, which they whirl round the head and throw

at their adversaries with the force of a shot. At close quarters it is used with the cord shortened, like a life preserver. On making an assault, they kill all the men who resist, and carry away the women and children for slaves.

Their principal sustenance is the flesh of mares (horses, however, not being eaten, unless disabled by an accident), ostriches, cavies, or guanacoës. The meat is broiled and eaten with a lump of fat and salt. They also eat the tus, a bulbous root, and chalas, a long, white root, about the size of a goose-quill. The only prepared drink they use besides a decoction of chalas, is the juice of barberries, mixed with water, and drank in its natural state. They have no fermented liquor.

Their wealth consists chiefly in horses and dogs; the richer individuals having forty or fifty horses, and a large number of dogs,—the poorer only one or two horses, and but one dog.

The richer Indians have three, four, five, or even more wives; the poor but one. Marriages are made more by sale than by mutual agreement. Instead of receiving a dowry, a man pays a large price to the girl's nearest relations. They have also betrothals, and sometimes elopements. Men do not marry until about twenty years of age: girls earlier; from fourteen to fifteen they are considered marketable commodities. Except hunting, providing food, and fighting (although not always the latter) all work is done by the women. Some families have slaves for household work; but if they have not, even the wives of caciques are not exempt from household labour.

The Patagonians are not ignorant of the healing property of some herbs. The chalas root, pounded and mixed with water, is a favourite specific. They know the effect of bleeding, and can adroitly open a vein with a sharp piece of shell or flinty stone. In burials the corpse is placed in a square pit (where others have been deposited), in a sitting posture, adorned with mantles, plumes of feathers, and beads. The spurs, sword, balls, &c., of the deceased are laid beside him, and the pit covered with a high conical pile of dried twigs and branches, decorated with red flags, bells, cloth, &c. The favourite horse is afterwards killed, and sometimes more than one. They are skinned and stuffed, and propped up on sticks (for legs), with the head towards the grave. For a cacique, four horses are sacrificed; and one put at each corner of the grave. The deceased's clothes are burned; and to finish all, a feast is made of the horseflesh. Other modes of burial, however, are observed; one of which is to burn the flesh, and place the skeleton under a pile of stones four feet high. Widows mourn and fast a whole year after the death of their husbands. On visits of condolence, to the survivor, the visitors cry, howl, and sing in the most dismal manner; straining out tears, and pricking their arms and thighs, with sharp thorns, to make them bleed. For this show of grief, the mourners are paid with glass beads or other baubles esteemed by them. They have burial-grounds at great distances in the interior, to which the bones are afterwards conveyed.

The Patagonians are fond of racing. Their race-courses are only a quarter of a mile in length; which accustoms them to short bursts of speed in hunting or warfare. They have a species of cards, too, pieces of skin with figures. Both in racing and gaming, they stake high, sometimes their wives and children, making payment faithfully to the uttermost. Manslaughter is not unfrequent among them.

Little has been discovered in the Beagle's expedition respecting the religious belief and superstitions of the Patagonians. Falkner, whose accounts are considered credible by the present writers, says that they are "superstitious polytheists, imagining a multiplicity of deities, good and evil." They believe that their souls go to live with the deity who presides over their particular family. They have wizards, who conduct their rites, which are entirely directed to the powers of evil. These wizards are chosen when children, from effeminacy, epileptic disorders, &c., and are clothed early in female attire, which they must not abandon, and they may not marry. They have witches, too, who are not restricted in this respect. Captain King describes a tribe near the Magellan Strait, who worship an image of wood cut into the figure of a man's head and body, which they call *Cristo*—a custom evidently derived from the Spaniards.

During the ceremony of exposing this image, they cover their bodies with figures of small crosses, formed by rubbing white paint on their hands, and scoring crosses upon them, which being pressed on the body leave the skin white, with the exception of the parts where the crosses have been scored out, each cross being afterwards separately more strongly defined by marking them over. They then prick their bodies with an awl, in order that the blood might flow. They have a tree, resembling a thorn, which they never burn, and esteem sacred.

Excepting the caciques, who are hereditary, there seems to be no superiority of one person over another. Their slaves are purchased from the canoe-tribes. The Patagonians have a great antipathy to negroes, at whom they shout, hoot, hiss, and make grimaces.

No signs of hieroglyphics, or writing, have been noticed among the Patagonians. They can reckon as far as thousands. Time is counted by years and moons, days and nights. There are particular words denoting the various phases of the moon, the seasons of the year, and the times of day and night. In counting, the fingers and toes are used, as well as numbers, especially to strangers. They have no kind of pottery, using only wooden vessels or bladders for water.

They pay great respect to, and take great care of, old people. The conduct of the women does not seem to correspond with Falkner's account of them; they are now thought to be unfaithful to their husbands, who appear to be indifferent about their want of chastity.

Captain Fitzroy had described to him by an eyewitness, a kind of "court of justice" among the Patagonians, at which the capitan, the only person mounted, presided on horseback, the older men of the tribe sitting in a ring upon the ground, as a council. Within the circle were four prisoners, and twelve witnesses. The trial lasted a whole day; but the informant did not see or hear the result. The same individual stated that the Patagonians often played at a game like hockey.

These people profess to like white men, and Mr. Low, a gentleman who resided long among them, thinks that they would encourage and be friendly to a settlement of whites made in Patagonia.

The Fuegians are, in every respect, a far inferior race to the Patagonians;—but the description of these, and of the Chonos Indians, or tribes inhabiting the western coasts and islands of Patagonia, we must reserve for the next number.

(To be continued.)

WE MEET IN CROWDS!

BY MRS. C. BARON WILSON.

We meet in crowds! who used to meet all lonely,
Where the soft moonbeams trembling lit the shade ;
And, for the vows we interchanged, now only
Are the cold courtesies of fashion paid !

We meet in crowds!—where empty mirth is lighting
The flashing eye ;—but reaches not the heart;
Where Pleasure brims the cup, with smiles inviting,
And lures her victims, with a siren's art.

We meet in crowds!—ah ! how unlike the meeting
Our bosoms knew, in those sweet by-gone hours,
When Time's swift pinions seem'd on sunbeams fleeting,
And youth's light footsteps trod alone on flowers !

We meet in crowds!—as strangers, cold and sadly,
Who ne'er *had* met, nor e'er *may* meet again ;
We part!—and in each bosom, deeply—madly,
Rankles the wound, that must for aye remain !

THE MORALITY OF THE STOMACH.

“ Mais quelle folie est plus contre la nature, que d'estimer les actions vicieuses pour ce qu'elles sont naturelles, indignés pour ce qu'elles sont nécessaires.”—CHARRON.

“ Croyez le si voulez ; si ne voulez, allez y voir.”—RABELAIS.

UPON a mature consideration of human nature (and we are now alas ! an essayist of some twenty, or perhaps five-and-twenty years standing), we have satisfied ourselves that the greatest fault, and at the same time the greatest misfortune, incidental to the *chétive espèce*, is it's never knowing on which side its bread is buttered. This will be thought, perhaps, a paradox by many, who will be tempted, if they be sailors, to cry out “avast ;” if sportsmen, to halloo into our ear “hark back ;” or, if honest cockneys, to put on their knowingest slang look, and tell us to “draw it mild.” We are right, nevertheless ; and we pray all such objectors to remember that most truths are paradoxes to those who know no better ; and that things in general have something else to do, than adapt themselves to the apprehensions, or rather misapprehensions, of the ignorant multitude. Not that we would go the whole length of the French philosopher, who suspected himself of having uttered some marvellous piece of absurdity, whenever he was generally applauded by the public—far from it. Common sense is not *necessarily* common nonsense, however often it may happen to be so.

Horace (a keen judge of such matters) admits that *interdum vulgus rectum videt, est ubi peccat* ; which being interpreted, may signify that “it's not, on any particular occasion, more than an even chance the public are wrong.” We beg, therefore, not to be misunderstood as meaning to discourage our “gentle” friends, or hinting that they should abstain altogether from exercising their judgment, as a matter “beyond their sphere.” On the contrary, we opine that the mistakes of the public are principally owing to a villanous *mauvaise honte*, a mock modesty, which disposes them to take up with any second-hand authority, rather than venture upon an opinion honestly got by inquiry and meditation. A newspaper advertisement, a theatrical criticism, a paragraph in a review, will satisfy half the town on the expediency of taking vegetable pills, of applauding a bad actor, of adopting a nonsensical philosophy, or sporting a false creed ; when half an hour's calm reflection, would show the parties that they are in reality just as good (it will go hard with them if they are not better) judges of the points at issue, than their interested misleaders. Our admonition, then, extends only to a desire that our readers would not fly off at a tangent, because we may not happen to coincide with some half-a-score of such “best possible instructors ;” and that they may take the trouble to follow us patiently through what we have to say in behalf of our own notion.

But to return from this digression,—it is not because every here and there, we may meet with a man who really understands his own interest, or, as he would himself express it, knows a thing or two, that we are to conclude that mankind in general are in the same happy condition. We need only look at the great majority of the species, who, if they have bread to butter, most assuredly have not the unctuous anti-attrition compound to spread it withal ; thereby, as we are apt to con-

clude, clearly establishing their deficiency in the aforesaid particular branch of their education.

It cannot, indeed, escape observation that as there must be two parties to every bargain, and as no one can win, unless somebody loses, there would be no use in the beatific knowledge in question, if all the world were equally instructed. Now, it is an undeniable fact, that some people have not only the butter laid on an inch thick, but regularly scored in "glass windows," and powdered with sugar; therefore, some must have it spread with the sharp edge of the knife, and many more eat their meal absolutely dry. *q. e. d.* After this, if any one, at the risk of choking, doubts that we are right, all we ask of him, is to sit down and write a history of opinions, moral, political, economical, and fashionable, going no further back than the invention of tertiary strata; and if he is not convinced, before he arrives at his twentieth folio volume, then our name is not $\mu.$, that's all.

But why, it may be asked, have we embarked in this sweeping assertion? Not for the sake, most assuredly, of picking a german quarrel with any man's self-conceit; we do not say that A. B. and C., know not on which side their bread is buttered, but leave the matter to their own honour and conscience; and if any half-dozen of these alphabetical personages, really think themselves in the enviable predicament of possessing such knowledge, they have our free leave to enjoy the notion in peace, and be thankful. We made the general remark, as most general remarks are made by essayists, for the sake of introducing a particular instance: for it is a rule worth all Aristotle's not to start with particulars, which conveys an impression of a paltry imagination—besides, the public have such confidence in generals! A particular instance, too, may have been discovered hap-hazard, lying, like rebellion, in one's way; whereas a general proposition implies, that he who uses it, knows what he is about. It saves the rushing at once into the heart of a subject, point blank, without note of preparation; serving, like the orator's exordium, to introduce himself and his cause to his auditors, and to break ground for future operations. But enough of this,—we have gained our end, and erected a decent portico in front of the main body of our discourse; so we can afford to come without more ado, to the specialities for the sake of which we commenced thus magniloquently wide of our mark.

We take it, then, that among the signs of a prevailing ignorance concerning the geological stratification of our bread and butter, there are none more pregnant than the contempt which sciolists have been permitted to cast upon that respectable part of our microcosm, the organ of digestion, and the universal neglect of much valuable instruction, which it is capable of affording upon a thousand circumstances, most interesting to society, and hitherto most open to dispute. Such ignorance, amongst its manifold other bad consequences, has been the occasion of the wide diffusion of an unpardonable ingratitude. Scarcely once in a hundred, nay, in a thousand times, shall we find a man honest enough to admit the many satisfactions he derives from the ventricular inlet to pleasurable sensations: nay, may we not rather say, that the more assiduously the world addicts itself to the cultivation of such pleasures, the more strenuously does it deny that it gives them a thought? How many subscribers to public charities hide, even from

themselves, that the dinner is the hinge upon which their subscriptions depend! How many worthy holders-forth preach against carnal pleasures, unconscious that their mind is at the very moment going astray from the holy work in hand, to the sucking-pig in course of roasting at home, and on the prune sauce which is to accompany it! How many pietists are there, who, looking down from the height of their spiritual superiority upon the attributes of their bodily humanity, forget that they consider the mortification of this same flesh as of consequence enough to become an acceptable sacrifice. How many learned judges and high-minded statesmen, who "fling from them with indignation" the charge of being influenced in their public life by any thing but the most elevated motives, would leave justice (but for the quarterly salary that supports the digestive process) to administer itself, and allow the public to go to leeward for want of an executive. That they should thus be influenced is no matter of reproach. *Tout pour la tripe* may be no very elevated impulse, but it is an honest one; and those who disparage it, would do well to remember, that there is no adding a cubit to the stature of our motives, more than to that of our persons. Is it not then better to candidly admit, that *la tripe* in all ages has been a little thing great to little men? For our part, we say, with a certain ex-autocrat of cabs and jarveys, that we have no objection to salary; that the labourer is worthy of his hire; and we contend with our best energies, that the public would be badly served indeed in all its departments,—from the prime minister's to the butterman's, from an encyclopædia to a penny magazine,—if it got its accommodations for nothing. It is not the practice, but the abominable hypocrisy of denying it which moves our bile: for we hold that a man who looks down on his own stomach, is a born idiot, or an educated and accomplished knave, and a barefaced pretender.

It is a fundamental truth in natural science, that the whole organized world is mounted with an especial regard to the stomach. Cuvier, and the other comparative anatomists, have demonstrated to evidence, that a membranous digesting sack is the simplest primeval form of animal being; and that, as organization progresses in complexity, the stomach is ever the nucleus round which heads, hearts, legs, wings, and tails, are arranged, with an all but exclusive view to the especial interests of that part. While, therefore, a stomach can do very well by itself, in independence of all that we are accustomed to consider as the animal, no animal can carry on the war for five minutes, without a stomach. The stomach is in truth the *causa causans* of all the endless varieties of animal form; and digestion, the one main end of animal existence. Man himself, that perpetual object of his own admiration, ("how noble in reason, how infinite in faculties, in form and moving how express and admirable, in action how like an angel, in apprehension, how like a god!") is but a more complicated zoophyte, a perfectionated stomach, a transcendental machine for the assimilation and elaboration of nutritious particles. To eat, and be eaten, is the common lot of all living beings; and if man be indeed the lord of the creation, it is manifestly only in the right of his omnivorous faculty.

With good reason has Aretæus (who with Hippocrates, forms the gemini of Greek medicine) declared, in very choice and undeniable Greek, that the stomach is the generalissimo of our pleasures and

pains ; for nothing can go wrong in this important part of the microcosm, without implicating the rest of the members, or go right without making them the better for it : just as, in all other domestic establishments, if the masters be disturbed, the valets feel the weight of their temper ; and if the mistresses like their own looks and lovers, the waiting-maids are a gown or a cast bonnet in pocket by their self-satisfaction.

On these grounds we hold that the first obligation, the main point of morality, the one thing needful to man, is a due sense of his obligations to his stomach, and an adequate provision for its wants, without which it is impossible, or next to impossible, that he should properly perform his duty, either to God or man. Terence very wisely places life itself in good living (*vixit dum vixit bene*), well knowing that there is no fulfilling the parts of manhood upon an empty stomach, and that *ventre affamé n'a point d'oreilles*. If we regard the matter in its generality, it is easy to see that the affairs of the stomach are liable to two mistakes,—the having too little, or too much for its occupation. Accordingly, diseases may be divided, as they spring from one or other of these excesses ; and crimes (the diseases of social man) are all referrible to one or other of these faulty conditions. A Greek proverb tells us that the stomach is heavy when empty, and light when filled ; which is obviously a mere figure of speech, a *pars pro toto*, the stomach being used “ tropically ” as a constitutional representative of the whole man. A worthy *collaborateur* was not so much out when, in a recent number of the *New Monthly*, he advised that favours should not be asked before dinner ; it is a physiological no less than a moral truth. Without recurring to those painfully distressing instances in which a whole crew of mariners, having been shipwrecked and left to die with hunger, have forgotten their Christian nature, to cast the eyes of covetousness upon the least attenuated of their fellow-sufferers, there can be no question that the *mollia tempora fandi*, the moment in which benevolence is most active, and a man most anxious to please, is that which follows a light and agreeable digestion :—so much has the stomach to do with virtue.

In descending to particulars, a moment's reflection will satisfy the most incredulous, that the stomach is the great parent of industry ; and we would lay any wager, that if nature spread her table *gratis* to all mankind, all mankind would keep Saint Monday every day in the week. “ *Magister artis ingenique largitor*,” is an universal proposition ; and Juvenal was narrow-minded in confining what he wrote of the *Græculus esuriens* to one particular country. No matter the race, the climate, or the religion, in every house where “ things are so so,” and the stomach finds a difficulty in raising the supplies by honest means, the conscience of the inhabitants, without much hesitation, permits a recurrence to modes of industry, about which, “ the least said is the soonest mended.” In such a case, however, if, as Juvenal surmises, the *Græculus in cælum jusseris ibit*, he will form a lucky exception to the general rule, which indicates what Moore delicately calls “ the other way,” as being the more fashionable road to take, under the contingency ; and the greater number will, we opine, incontinently betake themselves to it without awaiting the previous formula of the command indicated by Johnson, in his energetic translation of Juvenal's Latin.

But though much hunger will thwart the best-directed efforts of vice-

suppressing societies, and adjourn to this day six months all consideration of the ten commandments, a little gentle pressure from without, is by no means unfavourable to virtue. The moment a man escapes from this influence, and begins to look on his stomach with the indifference which security tends to beget, the sooner he sends for a clergyman the better. Let him not trust to his virtue; for, at the first turn, she will leave him in the lurch, he may depend upon it.

Hunger, in homœopathic doses, is not only the main spring of the order and decency, so essential to peace and good government, but it is the parent of all the infinite variety of patented inventions, which constitute the charm of modern society. Without a little hunger there would be no railroads, no patent corkscrews, no telescopes, and no magazines; no theology, and no fine poetry; no photogenic pictures, and no lucifer matches; no Thames tunnels, and no suspension-bridges; no *primi tenori*, and no Congreve rockets; no Nelson's monuments, and no memoirs of Grimaldi. In short, there is too much reason to think, that with the loss of appetite, we should lose most of the necessities of life. Let us not, then, hear another word against the source, the *fons et origo* of such multiplied utilities.

Punctuality is another virtue for which we are much indebted to the stomach; meal-times being (especially with English John Bulls) your only regulators of social movements. Day-labourers, who earn good appetites, and in general every man to whom a dinner is an object, will arrive to a minute, when their food is on the table; and it is on this account that the dining-hour of the wealthy is so preposterously deferred, and that it is deemed polite to keep a company waiting, because both these circumstances indicate the gentility of the offenders, as not knowing what it is to be hungry.

The stomach also is the occasion of much charity, as we have already shown; though certainly, the maxim which says that this virtue begins at home, may lead to another conclusion. Most people have heard of the voluptuary who grudged the starving mendicant his mite, in envy of his ravenous appetite. The satiated wretch wanted that experience which is the strongest basis of sympathy: and never felt those admonitions of the stomach which serve to render the poor so much more charitable for their means than the rich. Need we add, on the other hand, that were it not for the wants of the stomach, there would not exist the raw material of charity; and the benevolent might go from one end of London to the other, gingling their browns in their coat-pockets, without finding a single beggar who would give himself the trouble to accept them.

The relation of the stomach to sobriety, is of a more questionable character; drunkenness being a vice too intimately connected with a libertine tendency in that organ. We may, however, urge some points in behalf of the stomach, worth listening to. It is not so much for the indulgence of appetite, as for the pleasure of intoxication, that excess is usually committed; the true drunkard preferring the more expeditious means, to such as require frequent but weaker imbibitions,—as the thriving condition of the gin-palaces too plainly declares. Some there are who drink for the pleasure of society, and would live alone for a year without getting *unco fou*; while, on the other hand, your thorough sot, who drinks for the mere drinking's sake, cares not what nastiness he

pours into his unhappy inside, provided, as the judge said of the circuit port, it be "black and intoxicating." If, however, we must admit that in this respect the stomach is so far to blame as that it lends itself to be the vehicle of abuse, we must equally allow this organ is also the first to resent the ill-usage, and to make the offender pay the full penalty of his folly.

With respect to chastity, also, much may be said on both sides. That *sine Cerere et Baccho, friget Venus*, may point to certain consequences of full viens; and the monks, we know, conceited that there is no better expedient for ensuring chastity, than the starving the devil out of his incumbency. But then, if there be some truth in that connexion, which the wife of Bath has established, between the backslidings of the stomach and those of the heart, it were sheer injustice to deny to the former organ all the advantage derived from the discouragement it affords to unlawful love when in its empty condition. We never heard of a man brought into a court of justice for sins against chastity, committed in a state of inanition; nor will the most shameless 'sophist pretend that Cupid has a chance of being heard, while the stomach is clamorous. On the whole, then, may we not conclude that the organ is an antagonist, or as Mrs. Malaprop would say, "an anecdote to love," rather than a favourer of its excesses? It is no small confirmation of this view of the subject, that no man can serve two masters; and that, as Sancho says, "when belly is full, bones will be resting." Observe, too, that in the affairs of the blind god, your well-fed alderman is, for the most part, "more sinned against than sinning."

As for courage, no one doubts that the stomach has much to do with that quality. If a man is at no time an hero to his valet, neither is he to the world, while labouring under a pain in his stomach. The greatest proof of the bull-dog qualification of the English people is, the glorious victory they once won, when afflicted with a disease that makes the rudest attacks on the function of digestion. Panurge observes of himself "*Je n'ay point de couraige sur mer; en cave et ailleurs j'en aye tant et plus;*" and he is right. The ocean is unfavourable to courage, as long, at least, as a man has not his sea legs: an able-bodied seamen is one who is not troubled with sea-sickness; and such a man will fight like "a good un" on adequate temptation; but the land-lubber must indeed have a huge stomach for fighting, who could defy his enemy, and roar out for the steward in the same breath. The French, we are aware, make it a reproach to the shopkeepers of England, that they prefer fighting on a full stomach, and boast of their own independence of the commissary in campaigning. The quality may have its merit on occasion; but then, is not the proof of the pudding in the eating? and do not the pages of history record a decided verdict, in our favour, in the great cause of beef *versus* brandy? As for Panurge's "*couraige en cave*," it may do very well for a spirt of a shindy; but for a fair stand-up fight, it's "no go;"—we'll back a hot joint and heavy wet against it for a hundred at any odds.

On this head we may refer to the very best authority, the Duke of Wellington; who, when a commissary had told him of sundry provisions collected on some military point, asked, "Have you yourself seen that they are there?" and, on receiving a negative reply, he positively declared that he would not commence operations, till that fact was placed

beyond doubt. Armed with such an authority, we set little value on a plausible objection, founded upon the influence of bounty-money, in raising recruits. "*Ibit eo qui zonam perdidit*," may be a true story for any thing we know ; but it is no proof that a man will fight the better for wanting a dinner. Who fights so well as a wealthy well-fed British officer, who receives not, but pays a large price for his commission ? If, then, an empty stomach may sometimes develop the fighting propensities of the English rustic, and if the Roman's lost purse did render him an admirable forlorn hope, we may yet be permitted to believe that the prospect of a bellyful, if not the possession, was at the bottom of their readiness. These, however at most, are but exceptions, and prove nothing against a rule, made good by such innumerable instances of an opposite tendency.

Set it down hardily, then, that the proverbial expression of "stomaching affronts," is a mere *lucus à non lucendo* ; and that no man makes a display of this species of philosophy, who really possesses the stomach to resent an injury. Some there are, as every one must have heard, who stand up for the heart as the true seat of courage, as some believe it to be the fountain of love ; but in both instances they are wrong. For it is a demonstrated fact, that in cases of danger, the heart is the very first part in the body to palpitate, and does all it can to strip a man of his energies ; at best, this lion-hearted courage is but a secondary causation ; for the heart is nothing without blood to circulate ; and the blood depends *en dernier ressort* on the digestion.

That the world is much indebted to the stomach for a great deal of patriotism, we have already hinted at the opening of this paper ; but it may be as well here to remark, that Andrew Marvel is the one solitary instance on record, of the compatibility of this virtue with a cold shoulder of mutton. There lives not the official who will not maintain "to the utterance," that his virtuous propensities would be infinitely benefited by an increase of salary ; and as strenuously declare that his utility to his country would be materially impaired by the slightest retrenchment in that particular.

But let us observe the intimate working of the stomach in public affairs. When parliament is about to meet for the despatch of business, the Speaker forthwith commences his course of dinners, to stimulate the industry of the members. So also frequent cabinet dinners, must be taken as a proof that the stomach exerts great influence on ministerial capacity, "let wha wull be meenister." In the good old times, the occasional dining on a child (*i. e.*, on the money advanced by parents to the workhouse, for the maintenance of their natural offspring) was found to promote the zeal of parish-officers ; and even now, public dinners are the *chevilles ouvrières* of all sorts of associations, for all sorts of measures,—from a reform of the corn laws, to the improvement of madrigals.

Let philosophers say what they will (and we have the best authority for knowing that there is nothing absurd that they will not say), with such facts against them as we have adduced, we shall continue to hold in the teeth of them all, that the creature comforts are creature comforts ; and that a fat sorrow is better not only for the individual, but for society, than a lean one. Of all the writers on morals, Epicurus is the only philosopher fit for a gentleman ; and his philosophy, when properly

understood, is altogether an affair of the stomach. Not that we read him with the vulgar, as placing pleasure in a brutal over-indulgence of the senses. We hold the man who is silly enough to overwork his stomach, and irritate its tender fibres into a fit of indigestion, to be a very dupe, and *almost* as great a fool as Diogenes himself. But this we maintain, *jusqu'au feu, exclusivement*, that nothing puts the mind in so fair a frame for benevolent action, and preserves it in such wholesome cheerfulness, as a moderate indulgence in honest pleasures; and no man can hope to sustain this condition for any length of time, who does not treat his stomach with the most profound respect. Bath waters may be very efficacious, and there may be much virtue in Dr. Kitchener's peptic persuaders—we do not deny the fact; but such agents will never confer that “pleased alacrity and cheer of mind,” which flows from a careful supply of light and nutritious aliment, in due season, and in proper quantity.

Look, on the contrary, at the effects of an ascetic life, and of the daily and hourly affronts put on their stomach, by the more extravagantly righteous-overmuch? Does not that noble organ bitterly revenge the ill treatment it sustains at their hands? Are not their countenances disfigured by the cacochymy of their humours? Is not their skin steeped in bile, and do not their lantern jaws throw the strongest light on the errors of their *régime*. Yet how much worse is it with all within! Uneasy bodily feelings sour the mind; begetting hate and envy of the happy; and convert what should be love of God into hatred of His imputed enemies,—that is, of all mankind wise enough and honest enough to enjoy the good gifts of Providence, and avow their convictions of the use for which they were intended. Of such men, it has been well said, “*Ils se veulent mettre hors d'eux, échaper à l'homme, et faire les divins, et font les sots.*”^{*} In the language of the Shakspearian diarist, “an ounce of mirth, with God's grace, is better than a pound of sorrow,” for true edification.

The man, therefore, who falls into such extravagances, sins against the great rule of life, *nosce teipsum*; nor can it be expected that he who boasts that “the first thing he does in the morning is to eat no breakfast,” will be as healthy, wealthy, or wise, as pleasant to himself, or as useful to his fellow-creatures, as if he commenced his day *à la mode d'Ecosse*, with a copious and succulent meal:—not, however, that we recommend the opposite extreme, “*Dum vitant stulti vitia*”—it is the fool only who makes this mistake; and the man who takes care of his stomach is, by definition, no fool. Digestion is not, as some would have it, the exclusive care of the stomach, nor indigestion of the physician; the madman who drank away the coats of his stomach, in the careless expectation that it might digest in its waistcoat, (by the by, must not the coats of the stomach be themselves waistcoats?) reckoned without his host, but had not the accustomed opportunity of reckoning twice.

A celebrated wit has declared, that to enjoy life, a man should have a good stomach and a bad heart. In this, as in most paradoxes, there is a slight mixture of truth to flavour the falsehood. The man possess-

* Charron.

ing such a complex, will, indeed, not have his digestion disturbed by too deep a sympathy for other people's misfortunes; but he will as certainly want that antagonist force, which is placed in the good heart, for the express purpose of preventing the stomach from running riot. Nothing promotes digestion more pleasantly, than the satisfaction of having performed a good deed; and we beg the *bons vivants*, who study our pages, to bear in mind, that under this inspiration, a man may eat more, and that, too, with less danger of heartburn, than if he sits down to his dinner in a churlish and grudging spirit. As well might it be said that a good stomach and a bad head were a happy combination. Agitation of mind may be bad for the digestion; but Piron has wisely declared that "*les morceaux caquetés se digèrent plus aisément*;" thereby meaning that light, pleasant, and sensible conversation (which implies a light heart), assists concoction: yet, this is not the whole truth, for assuredly there is nothing so effectually retards and disturbs the process, as the monotony of a fool's drone. In fact, we believe that there is no phenomenon so rare, as the union of a good digestion either with a bad heart or a bad head: for if nature is fool enough to combine such elements, the bad head will misdirect the stomach, and the bad heart will bring it into such difficulties, as will leave it little leisure for digestion, even when it does not deprive it of the means of digesting. If it be true, that he who digests well, sleeps well; and that he who sleeps well is not troubled by a bad conscience; it is equally true that bad consciences have a tendency to produce bad dreams, and that bad dreams are any thing but stomachics.

In the human machine all is sympathy; and no one organ can go wrong without the rest sooner or later paying the piper. But this being the case, it is of consequence to remember that the stomach is the common *terminus* of all these sympathies; and as the spider, sitting in the centre of its web, feels the remotest impact in its wide-spread machinery, so does the stomach, communicating with head, heart, lungs, and skin, partake in all the disturbances which occur in those distant parts.

To keep watch, then, on the affections may be good; to think with coolness and precision, may advance the social interests of the individual; but to properly regulate the stomach, is the perfection of life,—the *summum bonum* of all philosophy. He who, while he takes care that this organ of organs is duly supplied with its "daily bread" upon an enlarged and liberal scale, does not neglect to keep it in good humour, by temperance, cheerfulness, and benevolence; is "wisest, discreetest, best," the most virtuous citizen, the most perfect of men the, the, the,—the

" ——— rex denique regum
Et præcipue sanus nisi cum pituita molesta est."

μ.

A SUMMER IN BAVARIA.—NO. IV.*

BY THE HON. EDMUND PHIPPS.

The country towns of Bavaria—Mode of life—Residence of the military—No change of quarters—Magnificent mustaches—Nuremburg—Wonderful display of toys—Albert Durer—Curiosities—Critics shaking their sides instead of shaking their heads—Bamberg—A tea-party on the banks of the Regnitz—Muggendorf—Caverns and grottoes—Munich—Rival picture-galleries—Theatricals—Picturesque lakes of Bavaria.

THE country-towns of Bavaria, most of which we visited, resemble each other too closely to afford enough of individual character for separate description. The English reader of the present day, however, would have a very mistaken idea of them, if he were to suppose that they are in their social arrangements as inferior to the capital, Munich, as an English country-town of whatever extent, is to London. They have each their little circles of *haut ton*, their theatres (in which operas are performed on a grand scale), their kingly palaces (rarely inhabited, it is true, but still sometimes resorted to by the monarch), above all their booksellers and publishers, their daily newspapers, and in short, all the cultivated enjoyments of a capital. This may, in the first instance, naturally be ascribed to the late period at which the Imperial Episcopal and free cities, which now form the country-towns of Bavaria, have been united under the sway of one king. Still it is not impossible that the wretched state of the roads throughout this country to which allusion has already been made, may have assisted to keep within their own neighbourhood the wealthy burghers and proud barons living in and near these ancient cities, during the winter months, when Munich holds out such varied attractions, but when also some of the roads by which it is approached are impassable.

Wurzburg, Bamberg, Nuremburg, and Augsburg, resemble the more considerable towns of England in their remoter days, when railroads and steam had not as yet combined to “annihilate both time and space, and make (a nation) happy.” Episcopal Wurzburg may answer to the York of days almost forgotten. Bamberg may recall the by-gone glories of Durham, while manufacturing Nuremburg, with its rival and neighbour Fürth, to which a railroad has almost united it, may boast a faint resemblance even to modern Birmingham.

One grand element of society in a country-town, in which the Bavarian differs most strongly from the English country-town, is the residence of the military. A regiment is not sent in for a period of twelve months, and then torn rudely away from all the tender attachments and interesting connexions that may have been formed or begun in that brief period. A Bavarian officer in this country, provided he continues in the same regiment, is most likely settled for life in the town to which he betakes himself on joining.

What a world of thoughts will not this raise up in the breast of each country belle! What a reverse in all that her former experience has presented on this, to her, all-important subject! Instead of a periodical jar to all her tenderest feelings on the annual departure of one

* Continued from No. ccxxi., page 88.

regiment and arrival of another, instead of the flood of tears which succeed the one, and the flush of expectation that awaits the other; let her fancy to herself a permanently resident gentry—of *mustached red-coats*, excluded, in all probability, for the rest of their lives from any other emporium for that most precious of merchandise, a wife, and then see what would be her conduct, and what the changes in her mode of attack. Flirting would be at a discount, and the poetical justice of contempt and avoidance would most likely follow it. Superficial accomplishments would no longer be sufficient, while, on the other hand, more sterling good qualities would have a great additional chance of success.

Many a fair reader will sigh over these considerations, and almost doubt whether the change would be an advantageous one; while others will long for such arrangements with all their hearts, at least with all of heart that is left them unbroken. Perhaps all will decide the question in favour of the Bavarian *militaire*, when it is added that they, many of them, have the longest mustaches I ever saw—so long, that when of the more silky kind, they often hang down below their chins, like those of a Chinese Mandarin; while the stronger sticking out on each side to their ears, emulate those of Grimalkin.

At Nuremburg, next to the antique appearance of every thing, the shops are most worthy of notice, particularly the toy-shops. The English tourist, who may happen to have examined the various glittering, ornamental, and useful articles, which are classed under the comprehensive name of toys at Birmingham, will not, perhaps, think very highly of such a manufactory as Nuremburg; but if he will content himself by restricting the word toys to the single class of children's playthings, he will find there a larger and more ingenious display than perhaps any where else in the world. Their elaborate imitations in tin or pewter of every kind of carriage, from a little gig to a railroad-train, with all the springs, joints, and fittings in miniature, would delight an English child, more especially the scientific little boys of the present day, while their dolls, with twenty changes of dresses, would raise the envy of even the furbelowed misses of three feet high, that are to be seen pacing the parks. The ingenuity displayed, well deserves public expressions of thanks from the whole community of children, to be presented by delegates from the different nurseries. A gentleman to whom we were introduced, and who lives in the finest house in Nuremburg, quite a palace, is a large wholesale dealer in such articles; and when we went to his house to see it, he was just sending off a large consignment of toys to his correspondent, Mr. William Payne, of High Holborn, a name, which all parents who wish the ideas of *pleasure* and *pain* to be duly mingled in their children's minds, will do well to remember. We no longer wondered at the street bargains with Jews in the pencil line, when we heard that some of the pencils from this manufactory, were consigned at the rate of 1*d.* a dozen. It is not, however, for such humble wares as these, that Nuremburg is celebrated. The fact that it was the native town of Albert Durer, has infused into the inhabitants, not only a reverence for the fine arts in which we could most fully share, but also an almost exclusive worship of that old German school of painting, of which he is the grand master, from which we were compelled to withhold our assent.

We had found this usually quiet old city in great commotion, in consequence of the Empress of Russia stopping there, in her way to Russia.

The emperor had been creating a great sensation by his travels in every direction in Germany, and the empress generally arrived a few days afterwards, just in time to renew those feelings which have nearly subsided, after the flying visit of her imperial consort. On this occasion, the emperor had been at Nuremburg three or four days before her, and as the Nuremburgers seemed to think he must have come to examine into all the antiquities connected with their venerable town, they had collected all the old curiosities in the neighbourhood at the house where Albert Durer had lived, which is still kept in the state in which he left it, and which they naturally concluded he would visit. So indeed he did, but like an English tourist, in the most cursory manner; that is, he drove to a part of the street where the house could be pointed out to him, and then drove back again, to the great disappointment of the curiosity-mongers, who had brought their precious articles from some distance.

The empress, indeed, in some degree retrieved her husband's credit, for she went all over Albert Durer's house, and purchased several of the oddities there collected for sale; though to judge from the number of things they were packing up when we visited the cabinet, her majesty is not a very wholesale purchaser of curiosities. This is not very wonderful, if their prices to emperors and empresses bear a fair relative proportion to those they ask of private persons. When we inquired what a cushion, which was worked with the figure of an old woman at a cottage door, would cost, we were informed about 9*l*.!!! The only wonder of this expensive purchase was, that it was worked by a child of nine years old.

This Albert Durer is to the Nuremburgers "the very god of their idolatry," and any thing connected with him is revered. Now, though for his age and time he was, as a painter, wonderfully true to nature, and some of the draperies in his best works are simply grand, while his colouring is certainly very fine; yet the coldness, hardness, and want of feeling for the beautiful in his style, would prevent most amateurs of the present day having the least spark of enthusiasm in contemplating his pictures. The most celebrated work by him here, is a portrait of the burgomaster Holzschuer, which is still in the family, and even in the same house, for which it was originally painted in 1526. As we understood that this gentleman had no objection to show it to strangers, we applied for and received permission to go up stairs. The proprietor was luckily not in the way, for when we were placed before it by a little girl, one of the family, M* * * * (still brimful of enthusiasm at a small collection of Italian pictures we had visited), uttered an exclamation of what is that? and we burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which, however, our anxiety not to annoy, enabled us to make inaudible, though not insensible to any one who had watched our shoulders. Fancy an old man, with a very red face, white beard, and white hair, all painted to the very life, most accurately, most vividly, and you have then an idea of the portrait of the burgomaster Holzschuer. We had, luckily, quite recovered our gravity; and, indeed, began to admire the truth and force of the painting, when on turning round, the proprietor was standing at our elbow. One

could almost fancy that the burgomaster himself stood there in *propiâ personâ*, to reprove us for our untimely mirth, and to confirm the accuracy of the resemblance, so much was the present Mr. Holzschuer like his great ancestor. We complimented him on the skilful manner in which the hair and beard were painted, the *vraisemblance* of the whole, and on his liberality in permitting strangers to view it, and then took our leave, without his having any idea that our ultimate admiration of the power and truth of the artist, had been at first a little tempered by surprise and amusement.

At Bamberg, we had an opportunity of seeing a little of the intercourse of society in towns of this extent. Having had to seek the aid of the American consul, on some official business, he called in the afternoon to tell us that a military band would play at some gardens on the banks of the Regnitz, where we should see the *élite* of the society of the place, and offered to accompany us. Accordingly we walked down with him to the river-side, and there, as it was very hot, engaged a boat.

Let not your ideas, gentle lady, if such is my reader, recur to a six-oar such as you see on the Thames, but imagine a heavy market-boat, about as long as three London houses, in the middle of which, under a linen awning, were seated ourselves and the American; at either end, and hardly within hail of each other, two little boys, who were to punt us up against the stream of the rapid Regnitz, and then say how you would have liked to disembark under an array of countesses and officers; yet all this did we do, and boldly desired our equipage to remain in sight till we were ready to descend in it on our return. Our American friend very soon made us acquainted with the ladies assembled, whom we found clever, agreeable, and well-mannered. They were seated on forms before rough wooden tables, chatting together most sociably; and when not drinking their coffee, were busily employed knitting stockings, embroidering, &c. One of them told the American, she was very anxious to see the lady, but feared it might be thought rude to look through her glass so near. He informed us afterwards, that he had assured her, that a quizzing-glass was in England the highest proof of being very fashionable. We returned home much pleased with the unaffected manners of the party.

In the neighbourhood of this old town, at a village, with the unromantic name of Muggendorf, we took up our quarters, in order to visit a tract of country, celebrated as the Franconian Switzerland. In Germany, wherever a number of abrupt eminences of no very considerable height are to be found, a supposed resemblance to Switzerland is discovered; the similitude consisting, not in the height or grandeur of the hills, which hardly amount to mountains, but solely in their abruptness. Thus they have the Saxon Switzerland, near Dresden; the Rhenish Switzerland, near St. Goar; and this Franconian Switzerland, near Bamberg. The real curiosity of the place, which has induced some people to linger here for weeks, is the existence of some of the most extensive and curious caves in Europe. To the geologist, indeed, these may hold out temptations for a very lengthened stay; but we thought one long summer's day quite enough to devote to a premature residence underground.

The commencement of our day's excursion was to the summit of a high rock, called the Adlerstein, from whence we looked over the whole tract of land, called Franconian Switzerland, which consists of three or four valleys, boasting for their aboveground attractions, abrupt rocks of the wildest shapes, though retaining at the same time some sort of resemblance to artificial buildings; and for underground temptations, numberless caverns, varying in the degrees in which they are extensive, beautiful, or easy of access, and therefore to be sought in proportion as people value more or less these various qualities.

The Rosenmüller Cave is one among all the ten or twelve, of which they consist, that is nearest to the inn, and also easiest to walk through; but it is the case with this as with most other pleasures of this life, that while it requires least exertion, it also rewards one the least. On the other hand, another called by the attractive name of Wondershöhle, is so difficult, that ladies had much better sketch aboveground, than attempt to crawl about in search of wonders below. The Forsterhöhle, with which Dr. Buckland was so delighted, is both glorious to see and easy of access. The reader shall be spared the details of the various dips underground, which these different caves may have caused us. How here we fired a pistol, how there we kindled a blue light, how, amidst the darkness which prevailed at times, the harsh, guttural tones of our German guides, sounded through the gloom; and how, in the spots where an illumination had been prepared, their swarthy countenances and picturesque dresses and attitudes harmonized with the wild scene displayed to us. The whole thing reminded us very much of an excursion we had made to the Mitchelstown caves in Ireland; indeed the limited view which can be obtained in such places, renders them all so similar that little of novelty can be expected to warrant detailed description.

I confess, for my part, I have now been in caves enough to satisfy me for the rest of my life in that particular line of sight-seeing. I think a noble landscape, with the verdure at one's feet, and the glorious sky overhead, illumined by the beams of the sun, more interesting than the most extensive cavern with stalagmites below, and stalactites above, lighted up by even the most costly outlay of tallow candles. I also prefer the upright position, the boasted privilege of man, to the creeping, crouching mode of procedure, which an occasional blow on the head hints to the cave explorer is most expedient on these occasions.

On these principles, I was most pleased with what is called the Riesenburg, which is quaintly described in the guide-book, as "a cave with the top taken off." It is, in fact, a passage made by means of a series of steps, from the top of the rocks that surround the vale of Wiesent, into the valley below, so near together, that the passage between them can be closed by a locked door. Through this, a guide, who is taken for this particular spot, in addition to the one engaged for the whole excursion, conducted us. After descending more flights of steps, the scene, in every direction, was very striking, as the rocks were seen on each side, some lofty and light, like columns; some of a larger size, like turrets; others, in the form of rude arches. In one of these the guide pointed out, what he said was the Giant, who gives the name to the place, imprisoned in the rock. Something of his face was indeed to be traced, though the resemblance was not very striking. After crossing

a ledge of rocks, that stretches itself like a bridge across a narrow ravine, we came to another locked door, after which the guide of the Giant pass left us, considering himself well rewarded for his services by a zwanziger (8d.)

We pursued our course by the side of a dancing streamlet, on short mountain turf, unprofaned by scythe, between the abrupt rocky sides of the narrow valley, which seemed to wall it in so closely, as to make each bend of it furnish us with a new landscape, the most striking object being generally, what appeared a castellated fort, built on the most inaccessible crag, and only the more wild and gigantic in its proportions, from its being built by Dame Nature herself.

Keeping to the banks of this river we soon reached the little mill of Toos, where its rustic proportions in the foreground, a rude bridge in the distance, and the Wiesent here precipitating itself in a little waterfall, combined with the distant and more characteristic features already described to afford irresistible temptation to the sketcher. A pause here, with so good an excuse for it, enabled us to climb the wearying hill between Toos and Muggendorf. We gladly exchanged the discomforts of the dirty little village inn there for our excellent inn at Bamberg.

After thus coquetting for a short time with the humbler attractions of the country-towns of Bavaria, we turned to pay our devotions to the more brilliant capital. A summer residence at Munich furnishes little in the way of society except that of brother tourists; so that a visit to the National Gallery there, presents a collection of amateurs almost entirely English, very similar to that which may be met with in our own also newly-raised edifice in Trafalgar-square. There, indeed, the parallel ends; for to pretend a comparison between the striking exterior, the magnificent proportions of the interior, and the extent, completeness, and value of the collection of pictures, the one belonging to, and chiefly furnished by, the private funds of the monarch of a small kingdom, the other raised and supported by the public revenues of a mighty nation, would be indeed preposterous. Strange to say, however, the advantage would be all in favour of the former. The simple grandeur of the Pinakothek at Munich (for that is the classical name of their picture-gallery), is as much in keeping with its vast extent as is the ambitious feebleness of the Pepperboxes (for such is the popular name of our National Gallery), with the diminutive proportions of the rival building here. In the collection of pictures there is the same disproportion. It would be unfair to deny that we possess some gems of art, in value superior to any that can be found at Munich; and that with the exception, perhaps, of some of the pictures presented by private individuals, we have no positively bad ones, which can hardly be said of the Bavarian collection; but still, when considered with reference to what a National Gallery should be, a complete history of the progress of the art, with specimens of all the most celebrated masters of each of the principal schools, the Bavarian collection defies competition with its rival here. It is particularly rich in Rubens's, of which master there are in all eighty-eight specimens, including every size, and all his different manners, beginning with the largest gallery-pictures, and the most inspiring subjects, such as "The Last Judgment," then some elaborately finished cabinet-pictures (including a very famous one of "The Cruci-

fixion of our Saviour"), and ending with rough sketches of which the principal merit is the graceful forms, the skilful grouping and harmonious colours. As these are collected in two neighbouring rooms, which are appropriated to them exclusively, the eye, in wandering round the walls, receives the same agreeable impression as in the contemplation of beautiful flower-gardens, and this is surely saying every thing, as nature ever blends her colours in harmony and good taste. A catalogue is a much better companion than the notes of a traveller to such a collection as this; but still we may be pardoned, if in passing we mention the excellence of the Murillos, whether in his historical subjects, such as the large one of "St. Francis healing the Lame Man," or those of more every-day life, "Peasant-girls selling fruit," &c. &c. The gallery is also well furnished with Vandycks, Rembrandts, and the works of Philip Wouvermans, of which latter master we could not remember that there is a single specimen in our own collection. In short, the amateur may commence his studies with the earliest specimens of art, in which the introduction of gold into the pictures was supposed to improve the effect, and proceed through all the various ages of painting including the Italian, Flemish, and Dutch schools. It must be confessed, however, that the Italian collection is less complete.

It has already been remarked, that the society of Munich presents little that is attractive in summer; it may also be added that the town in general, though very agreeable as a residence, has few objects of curiosity, except to the lover of the fine arts. The broad streets and flagged pavements by which it is approached on the north-east, the absence of gateways and ancient walls, and the extended and rambling suburbs with *country-boxes* in the English style, deprive it of any of the characteristics of a foreign capital, while the number of English to be seen walking the streets, not in the travelling guise of *blouses* and German caps, but in the smarter toilette of residents, serve to keep up the delusion, and to make the traveller almost fancy himself again in England. This delusion, however, is soon dispelled, when he gets into the more ancient parts of the city, and still more when he visits such splendid public buildings as the Pinakothek already described, the King's Palace, the Public Library, and above all the Glyptothek. This latter contains the best-arranged public gallery of sculpture to be met with in the world. To describe in detail these noble edifices, which we in common with all other tourists visited, would be to infringe on the proper province of the guide-books.

The theatre was a great resource to us in the evenings, the operas being delightfully performed, particularly the choral music; while the plays and farces, to those who understand German, were given in such a way, as to be the greatest possible treat. The very accurate and spirited translations of Shakspeare, while they satisfied the pride of the English, drew also most numerous and attentive audiences of Germans. There was one little farce, however, which deserves record, as it seemed well worthy of being transplanted to the English stage—like many a French vaudeville before it. It was called "Count Schelli," and was not only good in itself, but the hero was admirably acted by their principal comedian. He personated in the play a Francfort barber, who puts into the Francfort lottery, and gets the grand prize, an estate with an old castle belonging to it on the Rhine, giving to the

owner for the time being the dignity of count, and hence the title of "Count Schelli."

The count is represented as arriving in a sort of dress between that of a count and a barber, and with all his luggage in about as small a space as that of the Honourable Mr. Dowlas. He reaches his castle on foot and hungry, finds on inquiry that there is no income derivable from his estate; but, on the contrary, unavoidable outgoings for pensions to old dependants, dues, &c. He consoles himself, however, under all these misfortunes, with the often-repeated assurance that at least he is a count, that *there* is his castle, and that the villagers who are constantly addressing him as "your lordship," are his vassals. In the latter part of the play his troubles increase upon him, from finding that the castle is haunted, and this not only from report but ocular demonstration; for the ancient proprietor, whose ruin has caused the barber's elevation, appears before him from time to time as a bearded ghost, with the awful and oft-repeated demand of "*rasire mich*—shave me."

The audience were delighted, and laughed till they could hardly sit in their seats; and I think that in London, with the Glasgow instead of the Francfort lottery, and a Highland castle with bogles and the title of laird, instead of that on the Rhine with its ghosts and countship, it might with Keeley as the hero, afford much amusement.

In one essential ingredient of comfort for travellers, namely good hotels, Munich is singularly deficient. The only tolerable inn, the Golden Stag, kept by Monsieur Havard, is far from comfortable, and yet, in consequence of the number of travellers, so beset with applications for rooms, that unless beds are bespoke beforehand, there is little chance of admission. Even after this precaution, the matter is still very doubtful, as in more than one instance within my knowledge, where apartments have been written for, the arrival of other travellers meantime, has been, I was going to say, the cause of the non-arrival of the letter. Certain it is, that when the weary traveller has "reached the timely inn," he and his order for rooms has been disowned and disclaimed. This inn used to be very famous for its cook, but so much has the merits of its *cuisine* declined, that when I was on a former occasion travelling with one who cared more about good eating, he did not rest satisfied till he had discovered a *restaurateur*, ycleped Ott, whose name ought to be known to every visitant at Munich. Here should all betake themselves who prefer an excellent dinner with good wines at ridiculously low prices, and in a quiet room, to a crowded *table d'hôte*.

At the end of our stay here, we were relieved from the necessity of deciding between these two modes of dining by an invitation from the hospitable Lord * * * to his villa on the banks of the Lake of Starnberg, which seen on our return, with all its verdant hills, gay villas, and distant array of mountains, in the calm stillness of a summer's evening, showed us that go to what galleries one may, it is nature after all that paints the most beautiful pictures.

It would, however, be premature to mix descriptions of picturesque beauty with sketches of what Byron not very elegantly calls "sweaty cities." The lakes of Bavaria then, containing within them every style of romantic scenery, and comprehending many not frequently visited by the English tourist, must be postponed for the present.

E.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE PHANTOM SHIP.*

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C.B.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SCARCELY had the soldiers performed their task, and thrown down their shovels, when they commenced an altercation. It appeared that this money was to be again the cause of slaughter and bloodshed. Philip and Krantz determined to sail immediately in one of the perouas, and leave them to settle their disputes as they pleased. He asked permission of the soldiers to take from the provisions and water, of which there was ample supply, a larger proportion than was their share; stating, that he and Krantz had a long voyage and would require it, and pointing out to them that there were plenty of cocoa-nuts for their support. The soldiers, who thought of nothing but their newly-acquired wealth, allowed him to do as he pleased; and having hastily collected as many cocoa-nuts as they could, to add to their stock of provisions, before noon Philip and Krantz had embarked, and made sail in the peroua, leaving the soldiers with their knives again drawn, and so busy in their angry altercation as to be heedless of their departure.

"There will be the same scene over again, I expect," observed Krantz, as the vessel parted swiftly from the shore.

"I have little doubt of it; observe, even now they are at blows and stabs."

"If I were to name that spot, it should be the '*Accursed Isle*.'"

"Would not any other be the same, with so much to inflame the passions of men?"

"Assuredly: what a curse is gold!"

"And what a blessing!" replied Krantz. "I am sorry Pedro is left with them."

"It is their destiny," replied Philip; "so let's think no more of them. Now what do you propose? With this vessel, small as she is, we may sail over these seas in safety; and we have, I imagine, provisions sufficient for more than a month."

"My idea is to run into the track of the vessels going to the westward, and obtain a passage to Goa."

"And if we do not meet with any, we can at all events proceed up the Straits as far as Pulo Penang without risk. There we may safely remain until a vessel passes."

"I agree with you; it is our best, nay our only place; unless, indeed, we were to proceed to Cochin, where junks are always leaving for Goa."

"But that would be out of our way, and the junks cannot well pass us in the Straits without their being seen by us."

They had no difficulty in steering their course; the islands by day, and the clear stars by night were their compass. It is true that they did not follow the more direct track, but they followed the more secure, working up through the smooth waters, and gaining to the northward

more than to the west. Many times were they chased by the Malay proas, which infested the islands, but the swiftness of their little peroua was their security; indeed the chase was, generally speaking abandoned, as soon as the smallness of the vessel was made out by the pirates, who expected that little or no booty was to be gained.

That Amine and Philip's mission was the constant theme of their discourse, may easily be imagined. One morning, as they were sailing between the isles, with less wind than usual, Philip observed—

“Krantz, you said that there were events in your own life, or connected with it, which would corroborate the mysterious tale I confided to you. Will you now tell me to what you referred?”

“Certainly,” replied Krantz; “I have often thought of doing so, but one circumstance or another has hitherto prevented me; this is, however, a fitting opportunity. Prepare, therefore, to listen to a strange story, quite as strange, perhaps, as your own.

“I take it for granted, that you have heard people speak of the Hartz Mountains,” observed Krantz.

“I have never heard people speak of them that I can recollect,” replied Philip; “but I have read of them in some book, and of the strange things which have occurred there.”

“It is indeed a wild region,” rejoined Krantz, “and many strange tales are told of it; but, strange as they are, I have good reason for believing them to be true. I have told you, Philip, that I fully believe in your communion with the other world—that I credit the history of your father, and the lawfulness of your mission; for that we are surrounded, impelled, and worked upon by beings different in their nature from ourselves, I have had full evidence, as you will acknowledge, when I state what has occurred in my own family. Why such malevolent beings as I am about to speak of should be permitted to interfere with us, and punish, I may say, comparatively unoffending mortals, is beyond my comprehension; but that they are so permitted is most certain.”

“The great principle of all evil fulfils his work of evil; why, then, not the other minor spirits of the same class?” inquired Philip. “What matters it to us, whether we are tried by, and have to suffer from, the enmity of our fellow-mortals, or whether we are persecuted by beings more powerful and more malevolent than ourselves? We know that we have to work out our salvation, and that we shall be judged according to our strength; if then there be evil spirits who delight to oppress man, there surely must be, as Amine asserts, good spirits, whose delight is to do him service. Whether, then, we have to struggle against our passions only, or whether we have to struggle not only against our passions, but also the dire influence of unseen enemies, we ever struggle with the same odds in our favour, as the good are stronger than the evil which we combat. In either case we are on the vantage ground, whether, as in the first, we fight the good cause single-handed, or as in the second, although opposed, we have the host of Heaven ranged on our side. Thus are the scales of Divine Justice evenly balanced, and man is still a free agent, as his own virtuous or vicious propensities must ever decide whether he shall gain or lose the victory.”

“Most true,” replied Krantz, “and now to my history.”

“My father was not born, or originally a resident, in the Hartz Moun-

tains; he was the serf of a Hungarian nobleman, of great possessions, in Transylvania; but, although a serf, he was not by any means a poor or illiterate man. In fact, he was rich, and his intelligence and respectability were such, that he had been raised by his lord to the stewardship; but, whoever may happen to be born a serf, a serf must he remain, even though he become a wealthy man: such was the condition of my father. My father had been married for about five years; and, by his marriage, had three children—my eldest brother Cæsar, myself (Hermann), and a sister named Marcella. You know, Philip, that Latin is still the language spoken in that country; and that will account for our high-sounding names. My mother was a very beautiful woman, unfortunately more beautiful than virtuous: she was seen and admired by the lord of the soil; my father was sent away upon some mission; and, during his absence, my mother, flattered by the attentions, and won by the assiduities, of this nobleman, yielded to his wishes. It so happened that my father returned very unexpectedly, and discovered the intrigue. The evidence of my mother's shame was positive: he surprised her in the company of her seducer! Carried away by the impetuosity of his feelings, he watched the opportunity of a meeting taking place between them, and murdered both his wife and her seducer. Conscious that, as a serf, not even the provocation which he had received would be allowed as a justification of his conduct, he hastily collected together what money he could lay his hands upon, and, as we were then in the depth of winter, he put his horses to the slugh, and taking his children with him, he set off in the middle of the night, and was far away before the tragical circumstance had transpired. Aware that he would be pursued, and that he had no chance of escape if he remained in any portion of his native country (in which the authorities could lay hold of him), he continued his flight without intermission until he had buried himself in the intricacies and seclusion of the Hartz Mountains. Of course, all that I have now told you I learned afterwards. My oldest recollections are knit to a rude, yet comfortable cottage, in which I lived with my father, brother, and sister. It was on the confines of one of those vast forests which cover the northern part of Germany; around it were a few acres of ground, which, during the summer months, my father cultivated, and which, though they yielded a doubtful harvest, were sufficient for our support. In the winter we remained much in doors; for, as my father followed the chase, we were left alone, and the wolves, during that season incessantly prowled about. My father had purchased the cottage, and land about it, of one of the rude foresters, who gain their livelihood partly by hunting, and partly by burning charcoal, for the purpose of smelting the ore from the neighbouring mines; it was distant about two miles from any other habitation. I can call to mind the whole landscape now: the tall pines which rose up on the mountain above us, and the wide expanse of forest beneath, on the topmost boughs and heads of whose trees we looked down from our cottage, as the mountain below us rapidly descended into the distant valley. In summer-time the prospect was beautiful; but during the severe winter, a more desolate scene could not well be imagined.

“I said that, in the winter, my father occupied himself with the chase; every day he left us, and often would he lock the door, that we

might not leave the cottage. He had no one to assist him, or to take care of us—indeed, it was not easy to find a female servant who would live in such a solitude; but, could he have found one, my father would not have received her, for he had imbibed a horror of the sex, as the difference of his conduct towards us, his two boys, and my poor little sister, Marcella, evidently proved. You may suppose we were sadly neglected; indeed, we suffered much, for my father, fearful that we might come to some harm, would not allow us fuel, when he left the cottage; and we were obliged, therefore, to creep under the heaps of bears'-skins, and there to keep ourselves as warm as we could until he returned in the evening, when a blazing fire was our delight. That my father chose this restless sort of life may appear strange, but the fact was that he could not remain quiet; whether from remorse for having committed murder, or from the misery consequent on his change of situation, or from both combined, he was never happy unless he was in a state of activity. Children, however, when left much to themselves, acquire a thoughtfulness not common to their age. So it was with us; and during the short cold days of winter we would sit silent, longing for the happy hours when the snow would melt, and the leaves burst out, and the birds begin their songs, and when we should again be set at liberty.

“Such was our peculiar and savage sort of life until my brother Cæsar was nine, myself seven, and my sister five, years old, when the circumstances occurred on which is based the extraordinary narrative which I am about to relate.

“One evening my father returned home rather later than usual; he had been unsuccessful, and, as the weather was very severe, and many feet of snow were upon the ground, he was not only very cold, but in very bad humour. He had brought in wood, and we were all three of us gladly assisting each other in blowing on the embers to create the blaze, when he caught poor little Marcella by the arm and threw her aside; the child fell, struck her mouth, and bled very much. My brother ran to raise her up. Accustomed to ill usage, and afraid of my father, she did not dare to cry, but looked up in his face very piteously. My father drew his stool nearer to the hearth, muttered something in abuse of women, and busied himself with the fire, which both my brother and I had deserted when our sister was so unkindly treated. A cheerful blaze was soon the result of his exertions: but we did not, as usual, crowd round it. Marcella, still bleeding, retired to a corner, and my brother and I took our seats beside her, while my father hung over the fire gloomily and alone. Such had been our position for about half an hour, when the howl of a wolf, close under the window of the cottage, fell on our ears. My father started up, and seized his gun: the howl was repeated, he examined the priming, and then hastily left the cottage, shutting the door after him. We all waited (anxiously listening), for we thought that if he succeeded in shooting the wolf, he would return in a better humour; and although he was harsh to all of us, and particularly so to our little sister, still we loved our father, and loved to see him cheerful and happy, for what else had we to look up to? And I may here observe, that perhaps there never were three children who were fonder of each other; we did not, like other children, fight and dispute together: and if, by chance, any

disagreement did arise between my elder brother and me, little Marcella would run to us, and kissing us both, seal, through her entreaties, the peace between us. Marcella was a lovely, amiable child; I can recal her beautiful features even now—Alas! poor little Marcella.”

“She is dead then?” observed Philip.

“Dead! yes, dead!—but how did she die?—But I must not anticipate, Philip; let me tell my story.

“We waited for some time, but the report of the gun did not reach us, and my elder brother then said, ‘Our father has followed the wolf and will not be back for some time. Marcella, let us wash the blood from your mouth, and then we will leave this corner, and go to the fire and warm ourselves.’

“We did so, and remained there until near midnight, every minute wondering, as it grew later, why our father did not return. We had no idea that he was in any danger, but we thought that he must have chased the wolf for a very long time.

“‘I will look out and see if father is coming,’ said my brother Cæsar, going to the door.

“‘Take care,’ said Marcella, ‘the wolves must be about now, and we cannot kill them, brother.’

“My brother opened the door very cautiously, and but a few inches; he peeped out.—‘I see nothing,’ said he, after a time, and once more he joined us at the fire.

“‘We have had no supper,’ said I, for my father usually cooked the meat as soon as he came home; and during his absence we had nothing but the fragments of the preceding day.

“‘And if our father comes home after his hunt, Cæsar,’ said Marcella, ‘he will be pleased to have some supper; let us cook it for him and for ourselves.’

“Cæsar climbed upon the stool, and reached down some meat—I forget now whether it was venison or bear’s meat; but we cut off the usual quantity, and proceeded to dress it, as we used to do under our father’s superintendence. We were all busied putting it into the platters before the fire, to await his coming, when we heard the sound of a horn. We listened—there was a noise outside, and a minute afterwards my father entered, ushering in a young female, and a large dark man in a hunter’s dress.

“Perhaps I had better now relate, what was only known to me many years afterwards. When my father had left the cottage, he perceived a large white wolf about thirty yards from him; as soon as the animal saw my father, it retreated slowly, growling and snarling. My father followed: the animal did not run, but always kept at some distance; and my father did not like to fire, until he was pretty certain that his ball would take effect: thus they went on for some time, the wolf now leaving my father far behind, and then stopping and snarling defiance at him, and then again on his approach, setting off at speed.

“Anxious to shoot the animal (for the white wolf is very rare), my father continued the pursuit for several hours, during which he continually ascended the mountain.

“You must know, Philip, that there are peculiar spots on those mountains which are supposed, and, as my story will prove, truly sup-

posed, to be inhabited by the evil influences ; they are well known to the huntsmen, who invariably avoid them. Now, one of these spots, an open space in the pine forests above us, had been pointed out to my father as dangerous on that account. But, whether he disbelieved these wild stories, or whether, in his eager pursuit of the chase, he disregarded them, I know not ; certain, however, it is, that he was decoyed by the white wolf to this open space, when the animal appeared to slacken her speed. My father approached, came close up to her, raised his gun to his shoulder, and was about to fire ; when the wolf suddenly disappeared. He thought that the snow on the ground must have dazzled his sight, and he let down his gun to look for the beast—but she was gone ; how she could have escaped over the clearance, without his seeing her, was beyond his comprehension. Mortified at the ill success of his chase, he was about to retrace his steps, when he heard the distant sound of a horn. Astonishment at such a sound—at such an hour—in such a wilderness, made him forget for the moment his disappointment, and he remained rivetted to the spot. In a minute the horn was blown a second time, and at no great distance ; my father stood still, and listened : a third time it was blown. I forget the term used to express it, but it was the signal which, my father well knew, implied that the party was lost in the woods. In a few minutes more my father beheld a man on horseback, with a female seated on the crupper, enter the cleared space, and ride up to him. At first, my father called to mind the strange stories which he had heard of the supernatural beings who were said to frequent these mountains ; but the nearer approach of the parties satisfied him that they were mortals like himself. As soon as they came up to him, the man who guided the horse accosted him.

“ ‘ Friend Hunter, you are out late, the better fortune for us : we have ridden far, and are in fear of our lives, which are eagerly sought after. These mountains have enabled us to elude our pursuers ; but if we find not shelter and refreshment, that will avail us little, as we must perish from hunger and the inclemency of the night. My daughter, who rides behind me, is now more dead than alive—say, can you assist us in our difficulty ? ’

“ ‘ My cottage is some few miles distant,’ replied my father, ‘ but I have little to offer you besides a shelter from the weather ; to the little I have you are welcome. May I ask whence you come ? ’

“ ‘ Yes, friend, it is no secret now ; we have escaped from Transylvania, where my daughter’s honour and my life were equally in jeopardy ! ’

“ This information was quite enough to raise an interest in my father’s heart. He remembered his own escape : he remembered the loss of his wife’s honour, and the tragedy by which it was wound up. He immediately, and warmly, offered all the assistance which he could afford them.

“ ‘ There is no time to be lost, then, good sir,’ observed the horseman ; ‘ my daughter is chilled with the frost, and cannot hold out much longer against the severity of the weather. ’

“ ‘ Follow me,’ replied my father, leading the way towards his home.

“ ‘ I was lured away in pursuit of a large white wolf,’ observed my father ; ‘ it came to the very window of my hut, or I should not have been out at this time of night. ’

“ ‘ The creature passed by us just as we came out of the wood,’ said the female in a silvery tone.

“ ‘ I was nearly discharging my piece at it,’ observed the hunter; ‘ but since it did us such good service, I am glad that I allowed it to escape.’

“ In about an hour and a half, during which my father walked at a rapid pace, the party arrived at the cottage, and, as I said before, came in.

“ ‘ We are in good time, apparently,’ observed the dark hunter, catching the smell of the roasted meat, as he walked to the fire and surveyed my brother and sister, and myself. ‘ You have young cooks here, Meinheer.’—‘ I am glad that we shall not have to wait,’ replied my father. ‘ Come, mistress, seat yourself by the fire; you require warmth after your cold ride.’—‘ And where can I put up my horse, Meinheer?’ observed the huntsman.’—‘ I will take care of him,’ replied my father, going out of the cottage door.

“ The female must, however, be particularly described. She was young, and apparently twenty years of age. She was dressed in a travelling-dress, deeply bordered with white fur, and wore a cap of white ermine on her head. Her features were very beautiful, at least I thought so, and so my father has since declared. Her hair was flaxen, glossy and shining, and bright as a mirror; and her mouth, although somewhat large when it was open, showed the most brilliant teeth I have ever beheld. But there was something about her eyes, bright as they were, which made us children afraid; they were so restless, so furtive; I could not at that time tell why, but I felt as if there was cruelty in her eye; and when she beckoned us to come to her, we approached her with fear and trembling. Still she was beautiful, very beautiful. She spoke kindly to my brother and myself, patted our heads, and caressed us; but Marcella would not come near her; on the contrary, she slunk away, and hid herself in the bed, and would not wait for the supper, which half an hour before she had been so anxious for.

“ My father, having put the horse into a close shed, soon returned, and supper was placed upon the table. When it was over, my father requested that the young lady would take possession of his bed, and he would remain at the fire, and sit up with her father. After some hesitation on her part, this arrangement was agreed to, and I and my brother crept into the other bed with Marcella, for we had as yet always slept together.

“ But we could not sleep; there was something so unusual, not only in seeing strange people, but in having those people sleep at the cottage, that we were bewildered. As for poor little Marcella, she was quiet, but I perceived that she trembled during the whole night, and sometimes I thought that she was checking a sob. My father had brought out some spirits, which he rarely used, and he and the strange hunter remained drinking and talking before the fire. Our ears were ready to catch the slightest whisper—so much was our curiosity excited.

“ ‘ You said you came from Transylvania?’ observed my father.

“ ‘ Even so, Meinheer,’ replied the hunter. ‘ I was a serf to the noble house of —; my master would insist upon my surrendering up my fair girl to his wishes; it ended in my giving him a few inches of my hunting-knife.’

“ ‘ We are countrymen, and brothers in misfortune,’ replied my father, taking the huntsman’s hand, and pressing it warmly.

“ ‘ Indeed! Are you, then, from that country?’

“ ‘ Yes; and I too have fled for my life. But mine is a melancholy tale.’

“ ‘ Your name?’ inquired the hunter.

“ ‘ Krantz.’

“ ‘ What! Krantz of —— I have heard your tale; you need not renew your grief by repeating it now. Welcome, most welcome, Meinheer, and, I may say, my worthy kinsman! I am your second cousin, Wilfred of Barnsdorf,’ cried the hunter, rising up and embracing my father.

“ They filled their horn-mugs to the brim, and drank to one another, after the German fashion. The conversation was then carried on in a low tone; all that we could collect from it was, that our new relative and his daughter were to take up their abode in our cottage, at least for the present. In about an hour they both fell back in their chairs, and appeared to sleep.

“ ‘ Marcella, dear, did you hear?’ said my brother in a low tone.

“ ‘ Yes,’ replied Marcella, in a whisper; ‘ I heard all. Oh! brother, I cannot bear to look upon that woman—I feel so frightened.’

“ My brother made no reply, and shortly afterwards we were all three fast asleep.

“ When we awoke the next morning, we found that the hunter’s daughter had risen before us. I thought she looked more beautiful than ever. She came up to little Marcella and caressed her; the child burst into tears, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

“ But, not to detain you with too long a story, the huntsman and his daughter were accommodated in the cottage. My father and he went out hunting daily, leaving Christina with us. She performed all the household duties; was very kind to us children; and, gradually, the dislike even of little Marcella wore away. But a great change took place in my father; he appeared to have conquered his aversion to the sex, and was most attentive to Christina. Often, after her father and we were in bed, would he sit up with her, conversing in a low tone by the fire. I ought to have mentioned, that my father and the huntsman Wilfred, slept in another portion of the cottage, and that the bed which he formerly occupied, and which was in the same room as ours, had been given up to the use of Christina. These visitors had been about three weeks at the cottage, when, one night, after we children had been sent to bed, a consultation was held. My father had asked Christina in marriage, and had obtained both her own consent and that of Wilfred; after this a conversation took place, which was, as nearly as I can recollect, as follows:

“ ‘ You may take my child, Meinheer Krantz, and my blessing with her, and I shall then leave you and seek some other habitation—it matters little where.’

“ ‘ Why not remain here, Wilfred?’

“ ‘ No, no, I am called elsewhere; let that suffice, and ask no more questions. You have my child.’

“ ‘ I thank you for her, and will duly value her; but there is one difficulty.’

“ ‘ I know what you would say ; there is no priest here in this country : true ; neither is there any law to bind ; still must some ceremony pass between you, to satisfy a father. Will you consent to marry her after my fashion ? if so, I will marry you directly.’ ”

“ ‘ I will,’ replied my father.

“ ‘ Then take her by the hand. Now, Meinheer, swear.’ ”

“ ‘ I swear,’ repeated my father.

“ ‘ By all the spirits of the Hartz Mountains—’ ”

“ ‘ Nay, why not by Heaven ?’ interrupted my father.

“ ‘ Because it is not my humour,’ rejoined Wilfred ; ‘ if I prefer that oath, less binding perhaps, than another, surely you will not thwart me.’ ”

“ ‘ Well, be it so then ; have your humour. Will you make me swear by that in which I do not believe ?’ ”

“ ‘ Yet many do so, who in outward appearance are Christians,’ rejoined Wilfred ; ‘ say, will you be married, or shall I take my daughter away with me ?’ ”

“ ‘ Proceed,’ replied my father, impatiently.

“ ‘ I swear by all the spirits of the Hartz Mountains, by all their power for good or for evil, that I take Christina for my wedded wife ; that I will ever protect her, cherish her, and love her ; that my hand shall never be raised against her to harm her.’ ”

“ My father repeated the words after Wilfred.

“ ‘ And if I fail in this my vow, may all the vengeance of the spirits fall upon me and upon my children ; may they perish by the vulture, by the wolf, or other beasts of the forest : may their flesh be torn from their limbs, and their bones blanch in the wilderness ; all this I swear.’ ”

“ My father hesitated, as he repeated the last words ; little Marcella could not restrain herself, and as my father repeated the last sentence, she burst into tears. This sudden interruption appeared to discompose the party, particularly my father ; he spoke harshly to the child, who controlled her sobs, burying her face under the bedclothes.

“ Such was the second marriage of my father. The next morning, the hunter Wilfred mounted his horse, and rode away.

“ My father resumed his bed, which was in the same room as ours ; and things went on much as before the marriage, except that our new mother-in-law did not show any kindness towards us ; indeed, during my father’s absence, she would often beat us, particularly little Marcella, and her eyes would flash fire, as she looked eagerly upon the fair and lovely child.

“ One night, my sister awoke me and my brother.

“ ‘ What is the matter ?’ said Cæsar.

“ ‘ She has gone out,’ whispered Marcella.

“ ‘ Gone out !’ ”

“ ‘ Yes, gone out at the door, in her night-clothes,’ replied the child ; ‘ I saw her get out of bed, look at my father to see if he slept, and then she went out at the door.’ ”

“ What could induce her to leave her bed, and all undressed to go out, in such bitter wintry weather, with the snow deep on the ground, was to us incomprehensible ; we lay awake, and in about an hour we heard the growl of a wolf, close under the window.

“ ‘ There is a wolf,’ said Cæsar ; ‘ she will be torn to pieces !’ ”

“ ‘ Oh no ! ’ cried Marcella.

“ In a few minutes afterwards our mother-in-law appeared ; she was in her night-dress, as Marcella had stated. She let down the latch of the door, so as to make no noise, went to a pail of water, and washed her face and hands, and then slipped into the bed where my father lay.

“ We all three trembled, we hardly knew why, but we resolved to watch the next night : we did so—and not only on the ensuing night, but on many others, and always at about the same hour, would our mother-in-law rise from her bed, and leave the cottage—and after she was gone, we invariably heard the growl of a wolf under our window, and always saw her, on her return, wash herself before she retired to bed. We observed, also, that she seldom sat down to meals, and that when she did, she appeared to eat with dislike ; but when the meat was taken down, to be prepared for dinner, she would often furtively put a raw piece into her mouth.

“ My brother Cæsar was a courageous boy ; he did not like to speak to my father until he knew more. He resolved that he would follow her out, and ascertain what she did. Marcella and I endeavoured to dissuade him from this project ; but he would not be controlled, and, the very next night he lay down in his clothes, and as soon as our mother-in-law had left the cottage, he jumped up ; took down my father’s gun, and followed her.

“ You may imagine in what a state of suspense Marcella and I remained, during his absence. After a few minutes, we heard the report of a gun. It did not awaken my father, and we lay trembling with anxiety. In a minute afterwards we saw our mother-in-law enter the cottage—her dress was bloody. I put my hand to Marcella’s mouth to prevent her crying out, although I was myself in great alarm. Our mother-in-law approached my father’s bed, looked to see if he was asleep, and then went to the chimney, and blew up the embers into a blaze.

“ ‘ Who is there ? ’ said my father, waking up.

“ ‘ Lie still, dearest,’ replied my mother-in-law, ‘ it is only me ; I have lighted the fire to warm some water ; I am not quite well.’

“ My father turned round and was soon asleep ; but we watched our mother-in-law. She changed her linen, and threw the garments she had worn into the fire ; and we then perceived that her right leg was bleeding profusely, as if from a gun-shot wound. She bandaged it up, and then dressing herself, remained before the fire until the break of day.

“ Poor little Marcella, her heart beat quick as she pressed me to her side—so indeed did mine. Where was our brother, Cæsar ? How did my mother-in-law receive the wound unless from his gun ? At last my father rose, and then, for the first time I spoke, saying, ‘ Father, where is my brother, Cæsar ? ’

“ ‘ Your brother ! ’ exclaimed he, ‘ why, where can he be ? ’

“ ‘ Merciful Heaven ! I thought as I lay very restless last night,’ observed our mother-in-law, ‘ that I heard somebody open the latch of the door ; and, dear me, husband, what has become of your gun ? ’

“ My father cast his eyes up above the chimney, and perceived that his gun was missing. For a moment he looked perplexed, then seizing a broad axe, he went out of the cottage without saying another word.

“ He did not remain away from us long : in a few minutes he returned,

bearing in his arms the mangled body of my poor brother; he laid it down and covered up his face.

"My mother-in-law rose up, and looked at the body, while Marcella and I threw ourselves by its side wailing and sobbing bitterly.

" 'Go to bed again, children,' said she sharply. 'Husband,' continued she, 'your boy must have taken the gun down to shoot a wolf, and the animal has been too powerful for him. Poor boy! he has paid dearly for his rashness.'

"My father made no reply; I wished to speak—to tell all—but Marcella, who perceived my intention, held me by the arm, and looked at me so imploringly, that I desisted.

"My father, therefore, was left in his error; but Marcella and I, although we could not comprehend it, were conscious that our mother-in-law was in some way connected with my brother's death.

"That day my father went out and dug a grave, and when he laid the body in the earth, he piled up stones over it, so that the wolves should not be able to dig it up. The shock of this catastrophe was to my poor father very severe; for several days he never went to the chase, although at times he would utter bitter anathemas and vengeance against the wolves.

"But during this time of mourning on his part, my mother-in-law's nocturnal wanderings continued with the same regularity as before.

"At last, my father took down his gun, to repair to the forest; but he soon returned, and appeared much annoyed.

" 'Would you believe it, Christina, that the wolves—perdition to the whole race—have actually contrived to dig up the body of my poor boy, and now there is nothing left of him but his bones?'

" 'Indeed!' replied my mother-in-law. Marcella looked at me, and I saw in her intelligent eye all she would have uttered.

" 'A wolf growls under our window every night, father,' said I.

" 'Ay, indeed!—why did you not tell me, boy?—wake me the next time you hear it.'

"I saw my mother-in-law turn away; her eyes flashed fire, and she gnashed her teeth.

"My father went out again, and covered up with a larger pile of stones the little remnants of my poor brother which the wolves had spared. Such was the first act of the tragedy.

"The spring now came on: the snow disappeared, and we were permitted to leave the cottage; but never would I quit, for one moment, my dear little sister, to whom, since the death of my brother, I was more ardently attached than ever; indeed, I was afraid to leave her alone with my mother-in-law, who appeared to have a particular pleasure in ill-treating the child. My father was now employed upon his little farm, and I was able to render him some assistance.

"Marcella used to sit by us while we were at work, leaving my mother-in-law alone in the cottage. I ought to observe that, as the spring advanced, so did my mother-in-law decrease her nocturnal rambles, and that we never heard the growl of the wolf under the window after I had spoken of it to my father.

"One day, when my father and I were in the field, Marcella being with us, my mother-in-law came out, saying that she was going into the

forest to collect some herbs my father wanted, and that Marcella must go to the cottage and watch the dinner. Marcella went, and my mother-in-law soon disappeared in the forest, taking a direction quite contrary to that in which the cottage stood, and leaving my father and I, as it were, between her and Marcella.

"About an hour afterwards we were startled by shrieks from the cottage, evidently the shrieks of little Marcella. 'Marcella has burnt herself, father!' said I, throwing down my spade. My father threw down his, and we both hastened to the cottage. Before we could gain the door, out darted a large white wolf, which fled with the utmost celerity. My father had no weapon; he rushed into the cottage, and there saw poor little Marcella expiring: her body was dreadfully mangled, and the blood pouring from it had formed a large pool on the cottage floor. My father's first intention had been to seize his gun and pursue, but he was checked by this horrid spectacle; he knelt down by his dying child, and burst into tears: Marcella could just look kindly on us for a few seconds, and then her eyes were closed in death.

"My father and I were still hanging over my poor sister's body, when my mother-in-law came in. At the dreadful sight she expressed much concern, but she did not appear to recoil from the sight of blood, as most women do.

"'Poor child!' said she, 'it must have been that great white wolf which passed me just now, and frightened me so—she's quite dead, Krantz.'

"'I know it—I know it!' cried my father in agony.

"I thought my father would never recover from the effects of this second tragedy: he mourned bitterly over the body of his sweet child, and for several days would not consign it to its grave, although frequently requested by my mother-in-law to do so. At last he yielded, and dug a grave for her close by that of my poor brother, and took every precaution that the wolves should not violate her remains.

"I was now really miserable, as I lay alone in the bed which I had formerly shared with my brother and sister. I could not help thinking that my mother-in-law was implicated in both their deaths, although I could not account for the manner; but I no longer felt afraid of her: my little heart was full of hatred and revenge.

"The night after my sister had been buried, as I lay awake, I perceived my mother-in-law get up and go out of the cottage. I waited some time, then dressed myself, and looked out through the door, which I half opened. The moon shone bright, and I could see the spot where my brother and my sister had been buried; and what was my horror, when I perceived my mother-in-law busily removing the stones from Marcella's grave.

"She was in her white night-dress, and the moon shone full upon her. She was digging with her hands, and throwing away the stones behind her with all the ferocity of a wild beast. It was some time before I could collect my senses and decide what I should do. At last, I perceived that she had arrived at the body, and raised it up to the side of the grave. I could bear it no longer; I ran to my father and awoke him.

"'Father! father!' cried I, 'dress yourself, and get your gun!'

“ ‘What!’ cried my father, ‘the wolves are there, are they?’

“ He jumped out of bed, threw on his clothes, and in his anxiety did not appear to perceive the absence of his wife. As soon as he was ready, I opened the door, he went out, and I followed him.

“ Imagine his horror, when (unprepared as he was for such a sight) he beheld, as he advanced towards the grave, not a wolf, but his wife, in her night-dress, on her hands and knees, crouching by the body of my sister, and tearing off large pieces of the flesh, and devouring them with all the avidity of a wolf. She was too busy to be aware of our approach. My father dropped his gun, his hair stood on end; so did mine; he breathed heavily, and then his breath for a time stopped. I picked up the gun and put it into his hand. Suddenly he appeared as if concentrated rage had restored him to double vigour; he levelled his piece, fired, and with a loud shriek, down fell the wretch whom he had fostered in his bosom.

“ ‘Merciful Heaven!’ cried my father, sinking down upon the earth in a swoon, as soon as he had discharged his gun.

“ I remained some time by his side before he recovered. ‘Where am I?’ said he, ‘what has happened?—Oh!—yes, yes! I recollect now. Heaven forgive me!’

“ He rose and we walked up to the grave; what again was our astonishment and horror to find that instead of the dead body of my mother-in-law, as we expected, there was lying over the remains of my poor sister, a large, white she-wolf.

“ ‘The white wolf!’ exclaimed my father, ‘the white wolf which decoyed me into the forest—I see it all now—I have dealt with the spirits of the Hartz Mountains!’

“ For some time my father remained in silence and deep thought. He then carefully lifted up the body of my sister, replaced it in the grave, and covered it over as before, having struck the head of the dead animal with the heel of his boot, and raving like a madman. He walked back to the cottage, shut the door, and threw himself on the bed; I did the same, for I was in a stupor of amazement.

“ Early in the morning we were both roused by a loud knocking at the door, and in rushed the hunter Wilfred.

“ ‘My daughter!—man—my daughter!—where is my daughter?’ cried he in a rage.

“ ‘Where the wretch, the fiend, should be, I trust,’ replied my father, starting up and displaying equal choler; ‘where she should be—in hell!—Leave this cottage, or you may fare worse.’

“ ‘Ha—ha!’ replied the hunter, ‘would you harm a potent spirit of the Hartz Mountains? Poor mortal, who must needs wed a weir wolf.’

“ ‘Out demon! I defy thee and thy power.’

“ ‘Yet shall you feel it; remember your oath—your solemn oath—never to raise your hand against her to harm her.’

“ ‘I made no compact with evil spirits.’

“ ‘You did; and if you failed in your vow, you were to meet the vengeance of the spirits. Your children were to perish by the vulture, the wolf—’

“ ‘Out, out, demon!’

“ ‘ And their bones blanch in the wilderness. Ha !—ha !’

“ My father, frantic with rage, seized his axe, and raised it over Wilfred’s head to strike.

“ ‘ All this I swear !’ continued the huntsman mockingly.

“ The axe descended ; but it passed through the form of the hunter, and my father lost his balance, and fell heavily on the floor.

“ ‘ Mortal !’ said the hunter, striding over my father’s body, ‘ we have power over those only who have committed murder. You have been guilty of a double murder—you shall pay the penalty attached to your marriage vow. Two of your children are gone ; the third is yet to follow—and follow them he will, for your oath is registered. Go—it were kindness to kill thee—your punishment is—that you live !’

“ With these words the spirit disappeared. My father rose from the floor, embraced me tenderly, and knelt down in prayer.

“ The next morning he quitted the cottage for ever. He took me with him and bent his steps to Holland, where we safely arrived. He had some little money with him ; but he had not been many days in Amsterdam before he was seized with a brain fever, and died raving mad. I was put into the asylum, and afterwards was sent to sea before the mast. You now know all my history. The question is, whether I am to pay the penalty of my father’s oath ? I am myself perfectly convinced that, in some way or another, I shall.”

On the twenty-second day the high land of the south of Sumatra was in view ; as there were no vessels in sight, they resolved to keep their course through the Straits, and run for Pulo Penang, which they expected, as their vessel laid so close to the wind, to reach in seven or eight days. By constant exposure, Philip and Krantz were now so bronzed, that with their long beards and Mussulman dresses, they might easily have passed off for natives. They had steered during the whole of the days exposed to a burning sun ; they had laid down and slept in the dew of night, but their health had not suffered. But for several days, since he had confided the history of his family to Philip, Krantz had become silent and melancholy ; his usual flow of spirits had vanished, and Philip had often questioned him as to the cause. As they entered the Straits, Philip talked of what they should do upon their arrival at Goa ? When Krantz gravely replied, “ For some days, Philip, I have had a presentiment that I shall never see that city.”

“ You are out of health, Krantz,” replied Philip.

“ No ; I am in sound health, body and mind. I have endeavoured to shake off the presentiment, but in vain ; there is a warning voice that continually tells me that I shall not be long with you. Philip, will you oblige me by making me content on one point : I have gold about my person which may be useful to you ; oblige me by taking it, and securing it on your own.”

“ What nonsense, Krantz !”

“ It is no nonsense, Philip. Have you not had your warnings ? Why should I not have mine ? You know that I have little fear in my composition, and that I care not about death ; but I feel the presentiment which I speak of more strongly every hour. It is some kind spirit who would warn me to prepare for another world. Be it so. I have lived long enough in this world to leave it without regret ; although to part

with you and Amine, the only two now dear to me, is painful, I acknowledge."

"May not this arise from over-exertion and fatigue, Krantz? consider how much excitement you have laboured under within these last four months. Is not that enough to create a corresponding depression? Depend upon it, my dear friend, such is the fact."

"I wish it were—but I feel otherwise, and there is a feeling of gladness connected with the idea that I am to leave this world, arising from another presentiment, which equally occupies my mind."

"Which is?"

"I hardly can tell you; but Amine and you are connected with it. In my dreams I have seen you meet again; but it has appeared to me, as if a portion of your trial was purposely shut from my sight in dark clouds; and I have asked, 'May not I see what is there concealed?'—and an invisible has answered, 'No! 'twould make you wretched. Before these trials take place, you will be summoned away'—and then I have thanked Heaven, and felt resigned."

"These are the imaginings of a disturbed brain, Krantz. That I am destined to suffering may be true; but why Amine should suffer, or why you, young, in full health and vigour, should not pass your days in peace, and live to a good old age, there is no cause for believing. You will be better to-morrow."

"Perhaps so," replied Krantz;—"but still you must yield to my whim, and take the gold. If I am wrong and we do arrive safe, you know, Philip, you can let me have it back," observed Krantz with a faint smile—"but you forget, our water is nearly out, and we must look out for a rill on the coast to obtain a fresh supply."

"I was thinking of that when you commenced this unwelcome topic. We had better look out for the water before dark, and as soon as we have replenished our jars, we will make sail again."

At the time that this conversation took place, they were on the eastern side of the Strait, about forty miles to the northward. The interior of the coast was rocky and mountainous, but it slowly descended to low land of alternate forest and jungles, which continued to the beach: the country appeared to be uninhabited. Keeping close in to the shore, they discovered, after two hours' run, a fresh stream, which burst in a cascade from the mountains, and swept its devious course through the jungle, until it poured its tribute into the waters of the Strait.

They ran close in to the mouth of the stream, lowered the sails, and pulled the peroqua against the current, until they had advanced far enough to assure them that the water was quite fresh. The jars were soon filled, and they were again thinking of pushing off; when, enticed by the beauty of the spot, the coolness of the fresh water, and wearied with their long confinement on board of the peroqua, they proposed to bathe—a luxury hardly to be appreciated by those who have not been in a similar situation. They threw off their Mussulman dresses, and plunged into the stream, where they remained for some time. Krantz was the first to get out; he complained of feeling chilled, and he walked on to the banks where their clothes had been laid. Philip also approached nearer to the beach, intending to follow him.

"And now, Philip," said Krantz, "this will be a good opportunity

for me to give you the money. I will open my sash, and pour it out, and you can put it into your own before you put it on."

Philip was standing in the water, which was about level with his waist.

"Well, Krantz," said he, "I suppose if it must be so, it must; but it appears to me an idea so ridiculous—however, you shall have your own way."

Philip quitted the run, and sat down by Krantz, who was already busy in shaking the doubloons out of the folds of his sash: at last he said,

"I believe, Philip, you have got them all, now?—I feel satisfied."

"What danger there can be to you, which I am not equally exposed to, I cannot conceive," replied Philip; "however—"

Hardly had he said these words, when there was a tremendous roar—a rush like a mighty wind through the air—a blow which threw him on his back—a loud cry—and a contention. Philip recovered himself, and perceived the naked form of Krantz carried off with the speed of an arrow by an enormous tiger through the jungle. He watched with distended eyeballs: in a few seconds the animal and Krantz had disappeared!

"Merciful Heaven! would that thou hast spared me this," cried Philip, throwing himself down in agony on his face. "Oh! Krantz, my friend—my brother—too sure was your presentiment. Merciful God! have pity—but thy will be done;" and Philip burst into a flood of tears.

For more than an hour did he remain fixed upon the spot, careless and indifferent to the danger by which he was surrounded. At last somewhat recovered, he rose, dressed himself, and then again sat down—his eyes fixed upon the clothes of Krantz, and the gold which still lay on the sand.

"He would give me that gold. He foretold his doom. Yes! yes! it was his destiny, and it has been fulfilled. *His bones will bleach in the wilderness*, and the spirit-hunter and his wolfish daughter are avenged."

The shades of evening now set in, and the low growling of the beasts of the forest recalled Philip to a sense of his own danger. He thought of Amine; and hastily making the clothes of Krantz and the doubloons into a package, he stepped into the peroqua, with difficulty shoved it off, and with a melancholy heart, and in silence, hoisted the sail, and pursued his course.

"Yes, Amine," thought Philip, as he watched the stars twinkling and coruscating. "Yes, you are right, when you assert that the destinies of men are foreknown, and may by some be read. My destiny is, alas! that I should be severed from all I value upon earth, and die friendless and alone. Then welcome death, if such is to be the case; welcome a thousand welcomes: what a relief wilt thou be to me! what joy to find myself summoned to where the weary are at rest! I have my task to fulfil. Oh! that it may soon be accomplished, and let not my life be embittered by any more trials such as this!"

Again did Philip weep, for Krantz had been his long-tried, valued friend, his partner in all his dangers and privations, from the period that they had met when the Dutch fleet attempted the passage round Cape Horn.

After seven days of painful watching and brooding over bitter thoughts, Philip arrived at Pulo Penang, where he found a vessel about to sail for the city to which he was destined. He ran his perouca alongside of her, and found that she was a brig under the Portuguese flag, having, however, but two Portuguese on board, the rest of the crew being natives. Representing himself as an Englishman in the Portuguese service, who had been wrecked, and offering to pay for his passage, he was willingly received, and in a few days the vessel sailed.

Their voyage was prosperous; in six weeks they anchored in the roads of Goa; the next day they went up the river. The Portuguese captain informed Philip where he might obtain lodging; and passing him off as one of his crew, there was no difficulty raised as to his landing. Having located himself at his new lodging, Philip commenced some inquiries of his host relative to Amine, designating her merely as a young woman who had arrived there in a vessel some weeks before; but he could obtain no information concerning her.

"Signor," said the host, "to-morrow is the grand *Auto-da-Fé*; we can do nothing until that is over; afterwards, I will put you in the way to find out what you wish. In the mean time, you can walk about the town; to-morrow I will take you to where we can behold the grand procession, and then we will try what we can do to assist you in your search."

Philip went out, procured a suit of clothes, removed his beard, and then walked about the town, looking up at every window to see if he could perceive Amine. At a corner of one of the streets, he thought he recognised Father Mathias, and ran up to him; but the monk had drawn his cowl over his head, and when addressed by that name, made no reply.

"I was deceived," thought Philip; "but I really thought it was him."

And Philip was right; it was Father Mathias, who thus screened himself from Philip's recognition.

Tired, at last he returned to his hotel, just before it was dark. The company there were numerous; every body for miles distant had come to Goa to witness the *Auto-da-Fé*,—and every body was discussing the ceremony.

"I will see this grand procession," said Philip to himself, as he threw himself on his bed. "It will drive thought from me for a time; and God knows how painful my thoughts have now become. Amine, dear Amine, may angels guard thee!"

(To be continued.)

SKETCHES OF ILLYRIA, ITALY, AND THE TYROL.*

BY THE REV. G. R. GLEIG.

CHAP. III.

Journey to Trieste—Winkelman's Monument—The Cathedral.

SUCH is a brief sketch of the manner in which we spent some of our most agreeable hours at Fiume, and of the nature of the country and its inhabitants, to which our petty excursions introduced us. In other respects I have little to record, except that there was no end to the acts of kindness which were heaped upon us by all classes of people. We dined with the governor, where we met the principal merchants, the magistracy, consuls, military officers, and the abbot; we accepted different invitations to *soirées*, and were greatly pleased with the simplicity of manner and gentleness, which distinguished both hosts and guests. We attended high mass on the anniversary of St. Veit's day, and can speak with truth of the gorgeous nature of the spectacle, however little we may have been moved by it to religious feeling. For the Hungarian costumes are exceedingly picturesque, and in full costume all the official personages and gentry from the neighbourhood attended; while a considerable body of troops filled up the centre of the edifice, and added not a little to the general effect produced. Then again, the music was fine—as in such Roman Catholic churches it always is—and the glare of candles, and the uprising of incense, spoke at least to the imagination if not to the heart. Of the sermon, which followed the conclusion of mass, I cannot indeed say so much. It was a mere sketch of the life and sufferings of the saint—of a saint, concerning whom, in good truth, I had never heard before—mixed up with some advices to upright behaviour, including reverence for his memory. But the priest who delivered it spoke with excessive earnestness; and among the poorer classes of his auditors, there was great attention.

But the period at length arrived when, however unsatisfactory the prospect might be, it became necessary that we should take leave of our kind friends, and prosecute our journey. It had been our intention all along to pass by Trieste into Italy, and now there were reasons why that place should be visited, additional to the desire which every traveller must experience to make himself acquainted with so interesting a locality. The circumstances of the late outrage having been communicated by Mr. Hill to Sir Thomas Sorrel, he naturally desired to hold direct communication with us; and the character of that fine old soldier was too familiar to me, not to produce a strong desire on my part, to form his personal acquaintance. Accordingly it was arranged, Mr. Hill being anxious to accompany us, that he, my son, and myself, should travel together; and as the heat in the middle of the day is, in the month of August, next to intolerable, we resolved to travel by night.

* Continued from No. ccxxii., page 246.

With this project in our heads, we desired a carriage to be at Mr. Smith's door at six o'clock in the evening; for, though the distance between Fiume and Trieste cannot exceed forty miles, we were aware, that having no change of horses to anticipate, twelve good hours, at the least, would be expended in its accomplishment. The vehicle came punctual to the hour appointed, and with it information that the road was hardly to be accounted safe; inasmuch as, the night previous, certain bullock-drivers had been stopped, while travelling from Trieste, and robbed of not less than four thousand florins. This was pleasant intelligence for persons who, like my boy and myself, were as yet imperfectly recovered from the effects of our rencounter, and had no desire whatever to be engaged in another; yet it did not operate to produce any change in our arrangements. We calculated—as the event proved—with perfect justice, that the fact of a robbery having been so recently committed, ought to be received as a sort of pledge for our safety; because it was highly improbable that the brigands would linger about the scene of their outrage, at a moment when they must feel that a strict search would be set on foot to discover them. Therefore having permitted our kind hosts to load the carriage with wine, fruit, and other luxuries to be consumed by the way, we took of them an affectionate leave; and the postilion cracking his whip, we were once more adrift upon the great tide of European society.

It would be hard to conceive a tract of country more cheerless and barren, than that through which the traveller from Fiume to Trieste makes his way. So long, indeed, as a view of the gulf lies open to you, the eye is at no loss for objects on which to rest with satisfaction; but by and by, when you have fairly penetrated within the screen of the mountains, you look round in vain for something which shall not be felt as a pressure upon the senses. In the first place, the road itself is steep, and rough, and stony; you can seldom, therefore, urge your horses beyond a walk, and even while advancing at a snail's pace, you must make up your mind to be soundly jolted. In the next place, the hills, without attaining to the grandeur of mountains, are totally, or almost totally, deficient in the most remote approximation to fertility. They seem to have been thrown into the shapes which they carry by some strange convulsion of nature. They are not rocky, but stony. Like enormous burrows or cairns, they consist wholly of loose stones, with a thin and poor herbage scattered over their roots, but certainly not clothing them. As may be anticipated, the population is scanty in the extreme; a solitary auberge with a post-house—the one removed by fifteen good miles from the other—constituting all the traces of human presence which I remember to have seen throughout the journey. Moreover the heat, as long at least as the sun continues above the horizon, is intense. You seem to be encompassed by walls of brass, from which every ray is reflected back with increased violence; till the very ground beneath your feet appears to crack, and the air grows palpable. I understood from our friends in Fiume that earthquakes were not unfrequent in their neighbourhood, and that the power of the Bora or cold winds is prodigious; and I now saw, or fancied that I saw, how one or other, or both, were accustomed to operate. It was a region wellnigh of chaos.

Notwithstanding the alarming news which had greeted us at the

commencement of our journey, we were well pleased when the shades of night began to gather round us. At least we had the satisfaction of breathing freely, and as to any thing further, it was manifest enough, that the day would be quite as convenient as the night, in this corner of the globe, for the purposes of brigandage. Our apprehensions, however, had we encouraged any, would have been entirely wasted. Not the faintest symptom of a hostile movement came in our way, nor did we halt till about an hour before midnight, even for the purpose of refreshing the horses. Then, however, beside a large post-house, of which the keeper had been, as our postilion informed us, an officer in the Austrian cavalry, the driver requested permission to stop; and as the wants of his cattle were by no means concealed from us, we readily consented. Besides, we were not sorry to escape for an hour out of the cramped position to which travelling doomed us. While he led his jaded animals under a shade to be fed, we alighted and sat down by the road-side; where fruit and wine and some sweet cakes, with which the crevices of the basket had been filled up, went down very sweetly.

About an hour having been thus spent, the journey was resumed of which I need say nothing further, than it led to no more serious adventure than a seven o'clock breakfast at an inn, the only dwelling of man, which we had encountered since the post-house was left behind. This ended, and the horses having again been refreshed, we pushed forward; and in due time, that is to say, about ten or eleven o'clock, a marked change in the nature of the scenery became discernible. The moor over which we passed, continued steril enough; but the hills of loose stones melted away; and we saw that we were traversing a sort of table-land along its surface, a perfect plain, yet itself elevated perhaps two thousand feet above the level of the sea. Moreover, far in our front, the waters of the Adriatic began to show themselves, catching and reflecting back the rays of the sun; while on our right, at the distance of perhaps five miles from us, a range of bold and lofty mountains seemed closed in the view.

"We shall soon be at our journey's end, now," said Mr. Hill, to whom every foot of the way seemed familiar. "Just below that point where the road appears to terminate abruptly, lies Trieste. It is situated in a hollow, so that till you reach the brow of the hill, you are not aware of your approach to Austria's chief, and indeed only harbour; yet no great while will elapse ere tokens of such proximity will greet you. I think that I observe them now."

I looked in the direction to which he pointed, and beheld, sure enough, several sail of vessels coming up, and standing as it seemed, with a fair breeze, in for the land. Numerous they certainly were not, more especially in the eyes of one, to whom the English channel and the mouth of the Thames were familiar; yet they gave to the scene an air of considerable animation, and sharpened in no trifling degree, the curiosity of us who gazed upon it; neither was it long left ungratified. We had by this time turned the ridge of the mountain pass, so that henceforth our progress was more rapid, and at length, having attained the extreme line of the table-land,—Trieste lay beneath us.

I have not often looked upon a panorama more chastely beautiful than that which is brought under the traveller's notice when, from the point on which we were now halted, he obtains his first view of Trieste.

Something, I doubt not, may be attributed to the power of contrast—to the effect which is produced by a sudden transition from a dreary wilderness to a scene of fertility and life; but in itself the landscape is superb. With respect to Trieste itself, it lies along the edge of the Adriatic, at the mouth of an amphitheatre of hills, the faces of which, as well as the narrow plain which intervenes between their bases and the outskirts of the town, are covered with a succession of luxuriant groves of the olive, orange, and vine. Among these plantations again, may be seen a countless number of villas and farm-houses, the summer retreats of the more wealthy of the merchants who ply their trade in the city. Fair, peaceful-looking habitations they are—such as we might expect to find in the occupation of men, whom the wear and tear of business, if it do not utterly break them down, renders peculiarly open to the impressions of what is beautiful in nature. There are, to be sure, one or two of pretensions more decided, of which the largest stand close to the road, with iron gates flanked by well-executed pillars, indicating the comparative wealth and love of show which appertain to their owners. But generally speaking, the villas in question, are mere cottages: of which the verandahs are clustered round with flowery shrubs of various hues, while the vines close them in, so as to leave but narrow means of ingress and egress to their occupants.

When the eye has rested for a moment or two on these more unobtrusive objects, it passes on towards the town; the general appearance of which, as seen from the brow of the hill, is very striking. On a bold eminence, round which the streets and alleys seem to cluster, stands the citadel; a work of no great importance, perhaps, considered as a means of defence: but forming, on account of its situation, a picturesque outline, a marked feature in the landscape.

Down the face of that eminence, a variety of steep lanes have been drawn, which, with three or four others that immediately envelop its base, constitute in point of fact the old town. But here, as well as elsewhere, modern improvements have thrown the operations of bygone ages into the shade. Far away from that tiny circle, new and elegant streets diverge in every direction. They conduct the wanderer to the very margin of the sea, which washes the town on two sides, and introduce him to quays, beside which a countless number of vessels lie to receive or discharge their cargoes. Moreover, here and there, amid the regularity of its architectural arrangements, Trieste throws up, as it were, some building more conspicuous than the rest, such as the new hospital, a prodigious pile, as yet only in progress, but full of promise—churches constructed in almost every case upon the Italian models—the Casino, the Exchange, and though last, not least, a linen manufactory, in the encouragement of which the emperor is said to take much interest. And finally, when you look further, you see that this noble city, with its shipping, its castle, and the other objects which I have described, forms, as it were, a picture,—to which the setting or frame, is on three sides a semicircle of mountains, and on the fourth, the blue waters of the Adriatic.

We drove down the hill at a cautious pace, for it is only in England that postboys set the declivities of the road at defiance, and passing the barrier, with one of which the entrance of almost every continental town is encumbered, began to enter the suburb. There seemed to me

to be a prodigious bustle in the streets ; cars and carts, of all sizes and forms, were passing to and fro, laden with household furniture, while whole families appeared abroad, and the women and children, at least, were manifestly arrayed in their holiday gear.

“ This is what we in England would call term time,” said Mr. Hill, in answer to my question as to the cause of the commotion. “ There is a general change of domicile going on, and the people whom you observe following or preceding their cars, are on their way to take possession of their new homes ; neither will they return to their ordinary habits of life for a week to come. It would be thought unlucky to set to work the very day after a man had taken possession of a new lodging, and in this country we are all too happy when we can devise or discover a legitimate reason for idleness. They will probably go and spend the morning among the vineyards which we have just passed, and music and the dance will lead them far into the night.

I found as we proceeded onwards, that every where the same bustle prevailed, and that the very inn where we settled ourselves was not free from the spirit of universal commotion.

Trieste is a large and thriving place, with commodious quays, a good roadstead, a handsome exchange, and all the other conveniences that usually attach to commercial cities of the first class. I should say, that next to Hamburg, it presented a greater appearance of prosperity than almost any other of the trading towns of the continent which I have visited. Something of this may, perhaps, be owing to the freshness of most of the principal streets ; for a large portion of the town seems to have been built within these dozen years ; but however this may be, the stirring and lively aspect of affairs struck us forcibly ; and, doubtless, the more so that as yet recollections of the stagnant condition of the Hungarian towns were fresh in our minds. Of the exact amount of the population I cannot speak. I believe that it does not fall short of sixty thousand souls, and the extraordinary varieties of costume which meet you at every turning, prove that by mariners from all lands its harbour is frequented. Yet, after all, it is not easy for a stranger to form a correct judgment, from externals, even on such subjects as this. Whether it be the habit of the trading classes in all communities to complain, or that the merchants of Trieste had really met with severe losses of late, I cannot tell. But those with whom I conversed were certainly not satisfied ; and, like other dissatisfied men, they blamed every thing, and every body, except themselves.

Trieste is the best harbour of the Austrian empire. Erected, if I recollect right, by Charles IV., yet little regarded till the late emperor came to the throne, it has been fostered, for some years back, with exceeding care, till it has in a great measure absorbed the trade of the Adriatic, throwing even Venice entirely into the background. The commercial dealings of its merchants are chiefly with the Levant, Egypt, England, and the Brazils ; though vessels from other lands are to be found at the wharf also, while by steam a constant communication is kept up with Venice, with occasionally a run to Smyrna and Constantinople. Trieste is a free port ; that is to say, every article of barter may be imported and warehoused there ; and if there be a demand for the article in question, within the limits of the city, it may be sold. But for the privilege of passing further, heavy duties are paid, and the limits of the city do not, I believe, extend in any direction beyond five

or six miles from the walls. Judging from the great extent of the warehouses, however, which run straight along what may be called the upper harbour, I should say the imports and exports are considerable; and as all of these, like the dwelling-houses, are built of a whitish stone, the effect produced is at once pleasing and satisfactory.

The principal points of examination for the stranger in this place are, the Exchange, the new Church of St. Anthony and the Lazaretto, in the new town; in the old town, the Cathedral of St. Justin, the Citadel, the Piazzetta di Ricardo, and the Theatre. The Exchange is a fine thing of its kind, occupying one side of a small flagged square, in the centre of which are placed a fountain, and a statue of Leopold I. It is the great resort of fruit-sellers; the odours from whose stalls affect one of the senses pleasantly, even as the unceasing splash of the fountain, and the glitter of its waters, when the sun is out, as he chanced to be when we were there, operate with excellent effect upon two of the others. I noticed, likewise, that a large share of the business of the place was carried on under the piazzas that skirt the front of the Merchants' Hall; which, capacious as it is, seemed scarcely adequate to contain the crowd of traders that resorted to it. Yet, either because the sort of spectacle was not new, or that it really did lack something which in Hamburg gave peculiar interest to the scene, I cannot say that it made the deep or lively impression which was made upon both my companion and myself by our visit to the Queen of the Hanse-towns. The Casino, on the contrary, with its noble apartments, one of which served as a coffee-room, the other as a library, greatly pleased us; and we were not probably the less gratified because of the liberality with which the guardians of the place made us free of it, during the period of our sojourn in the city.

The new church of St. Anthony, erected in 1830, owes its existence to the same architect by whom the Burg Thor, at Vienna, was built. It is a handsome structure, and stands at one end of the Theresienstadt; a quarter of the town which was so named after the Empress Maria Theresa, and through which runs the inner harbour or canal, of which I have already spoken. Of the Lazaretto, again, I cannot speak at large; I did not examine it in the interior, because the miserable appearance of the captives in the quarantine station at Semlin was yet in my memory, and I had no particular desire to freshen it. But it seemed to have about it as much of the air of comfort as can ever be given to an establishment of the kind, and its situation is in every respect well chosen. It stands outside the town, and close to the sea-shore. A separate harbour belongs to it, in which fifty or sixty vessels may perform quarantine at the same time; while the lodging apartments are said to be adequate to the accommodation of two hundred persons. All this, however, I am enabled to state rather from the representations of others, than as the result of my own personal investigations; so I gladly pass to the old town, which, for many and obvious reasons, presents greater attractions than the new, to wanderers who, like myself, have no knowledge of trade, and are not, if the truth must be spoken, very anxious to acquire it.

I have elsewhere alluded to the general appearance of the old town, as beheld from the brow of the range of hills beneath the shelter of which it lies. A more intimate acquaintance with its localities had no tendency to remove the pleasant but strange impression which had thus been created. From the base to the brow of the castle rock you pass

by streets singularly narrow, of which the houses are all like those of the old town of Edinburgh, six or seven stories high. Many marks of worn-out splendour, too, are about them. Armorial bearings, for example, are numerous sculptured over the doorways; and the windows, though narrow and gloomy, are generally moulded with care. But the old town of Trieste is unusually filthy, even for the latitude of Germany, and you are glad to pass through it with as light a step as may be. Accordingly you hurry up the steep, till you reach a point where the street, properly so called, ends; and the cathedral, overlooked by the citadel, stands before you. Here then, at length, your researches may fairly begin. On your right are several antique and gloomy edifices, with high walls, communicating from the one to the other; these are the lodgings of the chapter, and if your modesty be not a burden to you, a knock at one of the gates will obtain for you admission into the really pretty gardens which lie behind them. The art of gardening is, to be sure, very little understood out of England. These, for example, are mere patches of grass, with a few flowering shrubs, and dwarf trees planted round them; but occupying terraces in the rock which overhang the new town, and commanding a noble view of the harbour and the bay, and the mountains of Carniola, they will scarce be overlooked by him whose sole business it is to find amusement where he can. Moreover, the uppermost of the row has been converted into a sort of museum, where fragments of the statues, some of them meager enough, which have from time to time been dug up or found in the vicinity of Trieste, are deposited. I do not recollect that there was one of these which, independently of its connexion with the days of old, would have attracted a second gaze from the most determined of sight-seers; and as I cannot boast of being warmed by the sort of enthusiasm that is necessary to the composition of a *Monkbarns*, my visit to the mutilated masses was a brief one. Yet one effigy there was, beside which my young companion and I lingered a good while; not because of any excellence that appertains to it, considered as a work of art; but because it represents the features, and records the fate, of *Winkelman*. I do not know how far the career of that illustrious antiquary may be familiar to the readers of these pages, but as it was a very curious one, and in many of its particulars singularly characteristic of the people from among whom he arose, I make no apology for giving a sketch of it.

Jean Joachim Winkelman was born in Steindall, a town in the ancient marquisate of Brandenburg, on the 9th of December, 1717. He was the only son of a shoemaker, the height of whose ambition it was, to rear up the future antiquary as a Protestant minister; and who, in order to secure for him the requisite education, worked very hard, and fared very poorly. It is sometimes difficult to account for the impulse which urges persons in the elder Winkelman's situation, to postpone all personal ease and convenience, for the purpose of raising their children to a sphere above their own; but in this case we are at no loss to account for the proceeding. The son appears to have exhibited, from his earliest years, a singular thirst for study. The father (as fathers generally do) rated his boy's powers at the highest, and both pursued the course which was to each acceptable; the one, from mere impulse or instinct, or the prompting of innate genius, if you will,—the other, because imagination was, with him, more powerful than reality.

Education was not, in the beginning of the last century, so accessible in Germany as it is now; and though cheap in comparison with its cost in England, it was a great deal more expensive. The shoemaker was therefore hard put to it, in forwarding his son's views; but he bore his privations gallantly, and the good work went forward, till sickness interfered. When Jean was as yet only in his ninth year, the shoemaker became incapable of further exertions, and was removed to an hospital, where the remainder of his days were spent; while the poor boy, with aspirations just awakened, and energies brought into play of which already he understood the force, was thrown upon the wide world penniless. In this plight, he was on the eve of binding himself apprentice to a tailor, when M. Tophert, the rector of the college, or gymnasium, stepped forward to his assistance. That good man, by whom the precocious talents of the child had been watched, not only contributed to his maintenance out of his own resources, but gave him the situation of chorister, in the church; the profits of which, though slender, sufficed, with what he earned by private tuition, to support him through the course. Nor did his patron's kindness end here. Being affected with blindness, he took young Winkelman into his family, and employed him in the capacity of reader and secretary, as well as assistant in the public library, a position, of all others, the best suited to the genius of his *protégé*, and of which that *protégé* did not fail to make the most.

The tastes of the young student had all, from the outset of his career, led him to the study of antiquities. The books which he most delighted to read were not written in modern languages, nor was his curiosity for a while awakened by any modern work of art, or discoveries in modern science. He had no idea that excellence could be found in any thing that was of a date more recent than the era of the Constantines. Yet such was his insatiable avidity for knowledge, that there was scarce a subject to which, if cast in his way, he seemed disinclined to give his attention. He read every book, more or less carefully, that the library of his native place contained, and became uncomfortable only when he found that its intellectual stores were exhausted. He accordingly made up his mind to go elsewhere, not as other people do, for the purpose of earning a livelihood, but literally in search of fresh treasures, with which the storehouse of his most retentive memory might be filled. His first migration carried him to Halle, where for two years he studied; sustaining life on the most meager fare, and earning the means of procuring even that by tuition. Here poetry, history, anatomy, and even theology, by turns engrossed him; and in all of them he made extraordinary progress. But there was a restlessness upon him, a positive mania for travelling, which would not permit his settling down to any distinct profession or calling; and under its influence he dreamed continually of visiting the most renowned parts of the earth. Poor fellow! these were the visions of an enthusiastic temperament, which as yet there appeared no chance of his indulging. Yet, where real genius is, difficulties never fail of melting before it: and Winkelman, in spite of all the obstacles which stood in his way, gained, at least in part, his aim.

We find this extraordinary man still in the character of a poor scholar, visiting Dresden, and living in the gallery, which is its great treasure. We next see him striving to penetrate on foot, as far as Paris; but obliged, on account of the war, as well as by reason of his ignorance of the language, to turn back, after he had proceeded as far as

Francfort-on-the-Maine. He returned to Halle, and having failed of obtaining an appointment better suited to his powers, he became tutor to the children of the Grand Bailiff of Halberstadt. Next he passed into the family of M. Stollman, a captain of cavalry in the garrison of Ostenburg; then into that of another Grand Bailiff, at Hemersleben; and by and by, as assistant or joint-rector to a grammar-school in Scehausen. It does not appear that he ever neglected his duty to his pupils; though he prosecuted all the while his private studies with the assiduity that was habitual to him; for he never lay down to sleep till past midnight; and four o'clock in the morning found him at his desk again. By these means he mastered the Latin, and English, and Italian languages; wrote numerous commentaries on the Greek tragedians, applied himself more and more to the investigation of points connected with the history of the fine arts, and wore his very frame to a shadow. But higher prospects were before him, though it must be confessed, that he did not scruple to purchase their realization at a cost which a man of more steady principle would have been slow to pay.

Winkelman got tired, as it was natural that he should, of the drudgery of a school; and following the custom of the age, he began to look about him for a patron or Mæcenas among the great. The Count Von Bunau had just published his "*History of the German Empire*," which met, as it deserved, a very favourable reception, and to him Winkelman resolved to make advances. He wrote to him respectfully, and after setting forth the nature of his own occupations, and alluding to the neglect with which he had heretofore been treated, he prayed that the count would give him a corner in his library, and permit him to make extracts from his historical collection, which could not fail to be excellent. The count was pleased with the tone of this letter, and having previously heard of the writer, he at once invited him to accept the office of librarian at his country-house of Nöthenitz. More than grateful for the office, Winkelman at once accepted it: and was supremely happy when he found himself in circumstances comparatively easy, with every facility afforded for the prosecution of those studies, to which he imagined that he had permanently devoted himself.

He was thus occupied, digesting, as it would seem, the plan of his "*History of the Principles of Art*," when M. Archinto, the Pope's Nuncio at the court of Dresden, paid a visit to his patron at Nöthenitz. The Nuncio was much struck with the extent of Winkelman's information, and without meaning any thing, said, "You ought to visit Rome." These words haunted Winkelman's memory like a passion; he believed that they had been spoken by inspiration, and all his pursuits by which, up to this moment he had been engrossed, became distasteful to him. He embraced every opportunity of reverting to the subject, and heard with delight the Nuncio's offers of protection and employment. "Then," said he, "I will go." But the conclusion seems to have been more abrupt than the ecclesiastic had intended it to be, and the zeal of M. Archinto grew slack in proportion as Winkelman's fondness became conspicuous. At length it came out, that no situation of trust could be given at Rome to a heretic, and that Winkelman, if he desired to be appointed a librarian in the Vatican, must embrace the Catholic faith. Who ever heard of an enthusiast, and especially a German, holding a form of faith other than cheap? Winkelman, without a moment's hesitation, acceded to the proposal; and was, with all due solemnity, baptized, and received into the bosom of the Church.

It would be tedious to relate how he repaired to Rome, and became there the happiest of living men. All the treasures of Italy were now open to him, and all, both of natives and foreigners, who had any taste for the conversation of the learned, sought him out, and became his friends. In a worldly point of view, moreover, he was independent, and above all, he had leisure to arrange, and throw into better form the materials of the works on which his fame was to rest. He put forth in succession "The History of Art," his "Reflections on the Imitation of the Greeks, in Painting and Sculpture," his "Remarks on the Architecture of the Ancients," and the other treatises which have rendered his name immortal. Yet, wide as the field of research was on which he found himself, it did not content him. He wandered all over Italy and Sicily; he lived for a time among the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and, as if inspired by what they presented, with a determination of seeing more, resumed his design—for some time laid aside—of voyaging to Constantinople and Egypt. Honours of all kinds were of course heaped upon him; and from almost every European capital he received invitations to come and settle there. But he had adopted Italy as his country, and from Rome no bribe could tempt him permanently to transfer himself.

Having at last made up his mind to undertake the Egyptian excursion, he resolved to visit, by the way, Munich and Vienna; to both of which places he had been invited by the highest and noblest of their inhabitants. He travelled by the way of the Tyrol and Venice, and became, he could not tell why, oppressed with a sense of melancholy, which grew but the deeper, in proportion as the beloved land of his adoption receded from him. In fact, he utterly lost heart, and after a sojourn in both capitals, during which all sorts of honours were paid to him, he made up his mind to return to Rome. His companion, Cavacippi, the sculptor, describes his spirits as rising at every mile, which they compassed in that hurried journey; till at last, when the Alps once more greeted him, he was again the happiest of men! They travelled through Carniola to Trieste, intending to take ship there, and proceed by water to Ancona; and at Trieste the sad event befel, of which the sight of his monument reminds the visiter. Somehow or another, it does not exactly appear in what way, the travellers were accosted at one of the stages near Trieste, by a ruffian of the name of Francisco Archangeli; a man who, for a murder committed in Venice, had been condemned to death; but whose punishment was afterwards commuted to banishment from the territories of the Republic. Doubtless, he was a person of some learning—sufficient, at least, to make himself agreeable to the single-minded antiquary; for he made up to Winkelman, and by praising his works, induced him to exhibit the gold medals and other precious gifts with which he was loaded. From that moment, Archangeli became the antiquary's attendant. He accompanied him to Trieste; went with him to the same inn, and was assiduous in the deference which he paid to the historian, as well as more than ever enthusiastic in admiration of the arts. At last the day came on which Winkelman had determined to embark, and the ship was preparing to get under way, when the scoundrel came into the room of the unsuspecting antiquary, and entreated that he would favour him with a last inspection of the medals. Winkelman, who was busy reading in his chair, shut the book, rose, and knelt down to show the precious casket; when the ruffian threw a cord round his neck, and endeavoured to

strangle him. With the strong impulse which the love of life creates, Winkelman sprang to his feet. He seized the cord with one hand, and strove with the other to push the assassin aside; but it was in vain. Archangeli drew his knife; and with three or four stabs, completed his devilish purpose. Not, however, so as to reap the reward of the crime; for Winkelman's cries had alarmed a child, the daughter of the host, whom he had often fondled; and she entering the room at the moment, the assassin left the medals behind him, and fled.

Winkelman survived about seven hours, long enough to forgive his murderer, and receive the last consolations of religion. The assassin was, I believe, taken and broke upon the wheel; but that is a subject with which, as a mere visiter to the effigy of the antiquary, I have no concern.

From the Museum, as it is called, we passed on to the Cathedral, a stately edifice, of very ancient date, of which the great tower is said to be built on the foundations of a temple of Jupiter. I do not know what truth there may be in this assertion; but many Roman inscriptions, and several carvings are undoubtedly built into the wall; some of which may be deciphered without difficulty, though none appeared to me to have any strong historical claims upon the stranger's notice. With respect, however, to the church itself, I have visited few out of Venice which, in its own peculiar way, seemed to me more worthy of examination. It is in the Byzantine style, with circular arches, and richly inlaid with mosaics; while the different shrines, though not so gorgeous as those in the cathedral at Prague, are still perfectly bedizened with gold and silver, from which the light of the lamps that burn continually come back upon you, multiplied to a very remarkable degree. Nor must I omit to make mention of a circumstance which, as it had recently occurred, gave, in our eyes, a frightful degree of interest to the gloomy mass of masonry in the centre of which we were standing. It is this:

A short time previous to our arrival in the place, a woman having gone to evening prayer in the cathedral, lingered among its aisles so long, that the shadows of night began to gather round her. She looked up, and beheld that all the other worshippers were gone. Monks, canons, sacristans, doorkeepers, all were departed; and when she proceeded to try, first one gate and then another, all resisted her efforts. In a word, she was locked in; and neither by beating upon the huge oak panels, nor by screaming, could she make her unpleasant situation known to any body. She accordingly described herself as gathering some of the choristers' robes together, and making of them a sort of couch, on which she lay down; and she further stated, that not being troubled by any superstitious misgivings, she committed herself to the protection of the Virgin, and fell asleep.

From that deep slumber she was at length awakened by the grating of hinges near the spot which she had selected as her lair. She opened her eyes, and seeing the pale light of the morning stream down from the lancet windows that were over her, a sort of persuasion, took possession of her mind that she was under the influence of a dream. She did not, therefore, move; and being screened by one of the large pillars, behind which she had established herself, she was enabled to watch, unnoticed by the actors in the strange scene, the progress of a little drama, which caused the blood to curdle in her veins. There en-

tered, by a small side-door, two of the canons of the church, one of whom she recognised as her own confessor. They carried between them a sack, filled with some heavy substance; and having carefully locked the door behind them, they dragged it into the chancel. There they threw it down; after which they passed a crowbar through the ring in one of the flagstones of the pavement, and with some exertion of strength, heaved it up.

"She will lie snug enough there," said the one to the other, as he proceeded to untie the sack's mouth, and to drag from it the body of a female, whose throat appeared to have been just cut.

"The sleepers in that vault are all quiet enough, and she will not come back to tell more tales than they."

As this was spoken, the priests cast the body into the tomb—let down the stone over it, and made a movement as if to depart. But before they could execute their purpose, the grating of a key in another lock was heard, and they stared at one another as if in alarm.

"Hide the sack—quick—quick, behind the grand altar!" said one, "and now let us robe, and be ready to celebrate mass."

It was done with the rapidity of thought. The bloody sack was thrust behind the altar; the two priests withdrew into one of the vestries; and in five minutes afterwards, were leading the devotions of a congregation, which had all but surprised them in the act of burying their victim.

In ordinary cases, an Italian woman is very slow indeed to denounce a priest. Much wrong he may perpetrate of which she becomes cognizant, ere she will betray him; but there is a voice in human blood which causes the ears of the most obdurate to tingle, and loosens the tongue of the dumb to cry aloud for vengeance. The woman who had witnessed the horrible scene, rose, and went out pale and agitated, yet bent upon her purpose, to the head of the police. She demanded and obtained an audience; and told him how, if he acted with promptitude, the crime might be brought home to its perpetrators. There is no respect of persons throughout the Austrian empire, when the laws are outraged, or crime committed; and the officer proceeded without delay to the cathedral, and seized the two priests before the altar. There very hands were soiled with blood; the bloody sack was found where the informant had stated; and the flat stone being rolled back again, the mangled corpse was dragged to light before the eyes of the astonished worshippers. And then it came out that the unfortunate creature having ministered to the brutal passions of these bad men, was in a state which would have rendered concealment for any length of time impossible; wherefore, to screen themselves, they had murdered her, and believed that the eye of Heaven would behold the deed, yet suffer it to go unpunished!

The priests were cast into prison, there to await the decision of the court, to which, after some necessary preliminaries should have been gone through, their case would be referred. While we were in Trieste, these had not yet been completed; but there seemed to be but one opinion among all with whom we conversed, that their sacred calling would not be pleaded in bar of the punishment, which guilt so atrocious had merited: and I have no doubt that they have long since followed their victim to the land where all things are forgotten.

(To be continued.)

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

LADY BLESSINGTON'S AXIOMS.*

LADY BLESSINGTON must really have mercy upon us of the harder sex, or we shall grow intensely critical, and institute an inquiry whether or not she really *has* any literary faults or deficiencies whatsoever: a question which has hitherto been allowed to pass in the negative, as if by acclamation. That she writes the most graceful and feminine of verses, the most lively, and by turns the most touching of brief tales, the most piquant and entertaining of novels, and the most pleasant of travelling diaries,—all this we could not only generously admit, but magnanimously applaud: seeing, that if we refused to do so, the rest of the world would refuse to keep us in countenance. Nay—we could even forgive this gifted and accomplished lady for having placed on record by far the most solid, comprehensive, and acute estimate that has hitherto been made, of the most extraordinary and at the same time the most perplexing intellect that has illustrated our own day: for undoubtedly Lady Blessington's "*Conversations of Lord Byron*," do more to explain and illustrate his mental and moral character than all the "*Lives*" of him put together—including his own, if what we have heard of that ill-used work be true. All these literary doings of Lady Blessington, trenching as some of them do on our high prerogatives, we could, nevertheless have applauded or forgiven—or at least have seemed to do so. But when she fairly presents herself before our critical tribunal in a character which has never yet been assumed with success by mortal woman—when, in a word, to the varied attributes of the Muses and the Graces she adds the piercing spear, and the protecting helmet and breastplate of the Goddess of Wisdom herself—what shall we say?—It is really too much; and we shall try to find what is the prevailing error—for it *must* have one—in the book of Axioms which this lady has just added to the manifold list of her literary deeds. It is this, then—that their wisdom is, for the most part, the wisdom of *the heart* not of the head. The great and only *fault* of these concentrated apophthegms is, that their writer is *not* a female Rochefaucault, and that many of her aphorisms will therefore be questioned by that numerous class—"the world's true worldlings"—who hold that there is nothing else but selfishness in the human heart, and (a still greater libel on our common nature), that "*self-love and social are the same*." We would fain offer some examples in proof that the wisdom of this little volume springs from precisely the opposite source which generated that of the bitter and false Frenchman—that it consists of the fair flowers of a healthful heart (that true source of "*Les grandes pensées*") rather than the foul weeds of a world-distempered brain. But our space—not to mention our critical pride—forbids. All we can do is, to recommend this elegant little manual in an especial manner to that sex to whom its authorship does so much honour.

* Desultory Thoughts and Reflections. By the Countess of Blessington.

THE SPIRIT OF THE EAST.*

It is no very flattering praise of this work to say that it is by far the most liberal, as well as the most intellectual, that has hitherto made its appearance, on the subject of the country to whose institutions it chiefly refers—namely, Turkey. Nothing can be more meagre, vague, and unsatisfactory—where they are not absolutely false—than most of the *general* impressions that have been attempted to be conveyed to European inquirers, and especially to English ones, relative to the “*Spirit of the East*,” and of the Turkish portion of it in particular. In fact, it may be stated, without fear of contradiction, that the only general impressions, even verging on the truth, that have been conveyed to us on Turkish manners and habits, as connected with and dependant on the Turkish character, have emanated from female pens; and in one of those instances (that of Lady Mary Wortley Montague), the impressions relate to almost a century and a half ago; while in the other (that of Miss Pardoe’s “*City of the Sultan*”), they are true only in the light in which a good romance is true; moreover, they are the truth seen through the distorting medium of educational prejudices, and the colouring medium of an imagination more oriental than that of the orientals themselves. Nor is it singular that we should have so long remained without an adequate work on the “*Spirit of the East*,” since no attempt has hitherto been made to investigate and illustrate that spirit, except under circumstances which were more than unfavourable, which were necessarily fatal to the truth. Our best travellers in Greece and Turkey have been individuals who have made passing visits—almost flying ones—to those countries—visits in which it was utterly impossible to catch even a vestige of that spirit, which lies much deeper than is generally supposed; while those who had resided in the East for a sufficient time to enable them to catch glimpses of its prevailing character have had their attention directed or devoted to other and more personal pursuits. It remained therefore for Mr. Urquhart to perform the difficult, delicate, and most important office, of throwing what may be deemed a perfectly new light on many of the features of Turkish life and character—a task for which he had qualified himself by studies and investigations which few other Europeans have ever had an opportunity of making, and which we verily believe none but himself ever before turned to so valuable an account. That the value of his work, and the interest and importance of its subject matter, have hitherto been duly appreciated, we will not assert, until we find a more just impression prevailing in regard to both. But that very considerable interest and curiosity have been attracted to the topic, is proved by the fact of a new edition of Mr. Urquhart’s work being before us. Not till this work has penetrated to every portion of the empire, will just views be entertained as to “*The Spirit of the East*,” and the mode in which that spirit should be dealt with in reference to English interests, and the duties which arise out of them. While we feel towards the Turks as barbarians, and treat them as such, we are exercising a barbarism of which they themselves would be ashamed.

It would be injustice to Mr. Urquhart’s book to close our notice

* “*The Spirit of the East*.” By D. Urquhart, Esq., 2 vols. Second Edition.

of it without referring to the large fund of entertainment and instruction which it contains, apart from and in addition to that which appertains to its title. It is, in fact, as a mere book of travels, one of the most pregnant and amusing that has been produced for many years.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF MRS. HEMANS.*

ALTHOUGH the necessarily brief space allotted to our literary notices affords us poor scope for the expression of our opinions and feelings, touching the poetry of Mrs. Hemans, we must not allow such an excuse to stand in the way of our assisting to disseminate that high and pure fame which belongs, and will ultimately be assigned, to this exquisite writer, whom we hold to have been, in some respects, without an equal, either in ancient or modern times. There is in much of the verse of Mrs. Hemans—indeed in almost all her short lyrical pieces—a degree of holy fervour, and a depth of poetic feeling, united with an almost superhuman grace and elegance, and an harmonious sweetness and richness of style, which are not to be found in an equal proportion in any other productions of the pen in any language; and which, we verily believe, none but a female intellect and heart ever did, or ever will generate. In opening the highly-interesting volume now before us, which consists almost wholly of a memoir of Mrs. Hemans, by her sister, we fell at the first glance on a passage which illustrates in a very remarkable manner our opinion about this writer's shorter pieces, as above expressed. It is as follows:

“You speak ‘high words’ to me, dear friend! I gratefully feel them, and own their power. They remind me of Wordsworth’s beautiful expression—

‘To teach us how divine a thing,
A woman may be made.’

“And I, too, have high views, doubt it not. My very suffering proves it;—for how much of this is occasioned by quenchless aspirations after intellectual and moral beauty, never to be found on earth! they seem to sever me from others, and make my lot more lonely than life has made it. Can you think that my fervent and aspiring mind ever passed through this world without suffering from that void which has been the complaint of all? ‘*Les âmes dont l’imagination tient à la puissance d’aimer et de souffrir, ne sont ils pas les bannis d’une autre région?*’ I know that it must be so—that nothing earthly can fill it, and that it cannot be filled with the infinite, until infinity shall have opened upon it: for these intense affections are human;—they were given to us to meet and answer human love; and though they may be raised and solemnized even here, yet I do believe it is only in the ‘better land’ that they ever did, or ever will approximate to the divine.”

It is the depth of her modesty and simplicity that says all this. If ever the human affections did “approximate to what is divine”—if ever the “quenchless aspirations after intellectual and moral beauty,” of which she speaks, did find their appropriate food on earth, it was in the breast and in the intellect of this half-divine woman: for such it is

* The Works of Mrs. Hemans, with a Memoir of her Life. By her Sister. Vol. I.

no extravagance to call her, when in those moods of mind and of heart which dictated and executed the lyrical pieces to which we have referred above. She adds, beautifully and truly, in the same letter,

“ Fear not for me any danger in the adulation which surrounds me. A moment’s transient entertainment—scarcely even that at times—is the utmost I derive from things that ‘ come like shadows so depart.’ Of all things, never may I become that despicable thing, a woman living upon admiration !”

We shall return to the life and works of Mrs. Hemans in the course of their periodical appearance. In the mean time, we earnestly recommend them to the love and admiration of our poetical readers.

CRANMER.*

THERE is a novelty and originality, both in the style and the construction of this work, which will attract towards it a certain degree of attention, even among those classes of readers who do not usually addict themselves to productions of this nature. The writer, whoever he may be, is evidently *a character*; and such persons, when they adopt the pen as a vehicle for setting forth their opinions and sentiments, whether on men, on books, or on “ things in general,” never fail to communicate to their style an impress of themselves. The author of “ Cranmer” has done this at every page of his work; and the result is a raciness and freshness which enhance the interest and value of all the pictures of real life which he takes upon himself to illustrate:—for much of the work is evidently “ founded on fact,” and some of the characters have their prototypes in the society of our own day. The chief source of the amusement to be derived from this novel will be found in the variety of characters and grades of life which it offers to the reader’s notice, and the off-hand and informal manner in which it introduces them—the author never heeding the epic propriety of their introduction, and their effect on the thread of his narrative, provided they contain the elements of entertainment, or offer food for reflection. This no doubt has an ill effect on the consecutive interest of his plot; but the life and variety which it communicates more than compensate for this drawback. There is also not wanting a strong dash of romance in the fortunes of the hero, Reginald Cranmer; a quantum sufficient of love and mystery; a tinge of satire—always, however, of a good-humoured cast; and finally, a profuse sprinkling (if we may use such a phrase) of that peculiar species of book-learning which rendered the Roxburghians so famous in their day. But after all, we must repeat, the main attraction of these volumes will be found in the wild and wilful way in which the writer throws the reins on the neck of his somewhat crotchety imagination, and allows it fairly to run away with him, up and down all manner of highways and by-ways—now starting off helter-skelter upon a metaphysical steeple-chase—now plunging its wilful head eye-deep into some profound well-spring of dark learning—now kicking up its heels at some passing straw or shadow—now dashing fetlock-deep into some newly-ploughed

* Cranmer; a Novel. By a Member of the Roxburgh Club, 3 vols., 1839.

field of modern discovery or improvement—now fairly unseating its rider, and leaving him (and to say truth sometimes the reader too) to “toil after it in vain,” while it rushes headlong into the limitless fields of “Church and State,” episcopacy and reform, dining and duelling, love and murder, and the *unlike*. In short, the writer of “Cranmer,” and what is more to the purpose, “Cranmer” itself, is an entertaining oddity; and if he and it sometimes take flights that are beyond the ordinary reader’s comprehension (not to mention that of every body else—writer included)—we can at all events promise a fund of amusement to those who affect this sort of desultory and gossiping style. We will only add, that the numerous dialogues of this work will not be the less acceptable for reminding the lovers of books of those of the celebrated *Bibliomania*.

THIRTY YEARS IN INDIA.*

THE title of this book is sufficient guarantee that its pages include no small share of interest. That a man of intelligence and information, be he who he may, can have passed “thirty years in India,” without having much to tell that home-keeping Europeans must desire to know, can scarcely be doubted; and the promise is strengthened when (as in the present case) the party so circumstanced is a soldier. The author of these volumes entered the Madras service in 1809, and his subsequent career, up to the year 1838 (when, in consequence of the most melancholy family bereavements, he retired suddenly from the service, and returned to England), brought him into connexion with a vast range of circumstances, and led him to the examination and knowledge of many districts of India and its varied population, which few Europeans have had the opportunities of becoming acquainted with; and the whole of the knowledge thus acquired, he has here laid before the reader, in a simple and unpretending manner, without any elaborate attempt at literary composition, but with a result that deserves our thanks and commendation. Nor will Major Bevan’s volumes be the less acceptable, because they look at the favourable side of the native character; since his long, intimate, and unbroken experience of that character, added to the highly favourable circumstances under which he was called upon to observe it, do not decrease the interest of the narrative or detract from its value. Perhaps the most popular portion of this work will be the numerous anecdotes and illustrations of the field sports of India, in which the tastes of the writer led him largely to participate. Next in interest to these, in a merely popular point of view, will be the Hindoo legends which are introduced; since there is nothing more calculated than stories of this nature, to illustrate and explain the intellectual, moral, and social character of the people to which they relate. But after all, the real and permanent value of this work, will be found in the insight it furnishes into the actual social condition of both the

* *Thirty Years in India; or, a Soldier’s Reminiscences of Native and European Life in the Presidencies.* By Major H. Bevan.

native and European population of India. In this point of view, it is an acceptable addition to the numerous and valuable works of a similar kind that have preceded it; with this special advantage, that it brings down its information to the latest and most important and interesting period in the history and condition of the most singular empire that an enlightened people ever held over a semi-barbarous one.

TOURING IN WALES.*

Now that the touring season is so close at hand, and the happy idlers of the world are enjoying themselves by anticipation, in considering what particular course they shall take, we may perchance be doing an acceptable service by pointing attention to the exquisite country of which we have before us two most pleasant and efficient guides and travelling companions; one of them in the form of a "*Pedestrian Tour*," by Mr. Bennett, of Covent Garden Theatre—a gentleman favourably known to literature for his tasteful verses; and the other entitled "*Excursions in North Wales*." The first-named of these works assumes a less dry and formal character than that of a *guide*; it is, in fact, a very pleasant personal narrative, which takes the reader, familiarly as it were, by the arm, and makes him the companion and *confidant* of the writer in all his varied wanderings, and in all the personal feelings and reflections which arise out of them. But it does this in a manner which serves all the *good* purposes of a guide, and avoids all the bad ones. At the same time it contrives to aid in a very happy manner the sluggish imaginations of those readers who cannot make *impromptu* pictures for themselves, by placing before them very pretty etchings of no less than twenty of the chief objects of interest encountered in the tour; and it also notes down for them some of the native melodies that they may chance to hear on their way—not forgetting a few original verses suggested by the scenes and circumstances of the tour. Liveliness, good sense, and good-humour, are the characteristics of Mr. Bennett's book: and what can be better then these in a travelling companion?

Mr. Bingley's work is of a rather more formal character, and consequently more dry; but it has the merit of being more comprehensive perhaps, and more adapted to the utilitarian principle, which is the fashion of the day. It is, in fact, a guide, and nothing else: an excellent thing to keep in the pocket of one's travelling carriage for advice and reference, but somewhat too soporiferous in its qualities to act the part of a friend and companion. The volume before us is a new edition, prepared by the son of the deceased writer, and completed up to the present time, by means of a lengthened tour and residence made for that express purpose. Both of the works are good and efficient of their kind, and we recommend our readers to glance at one or other of

* A *Pedestrian Tour through North Wales*. By G. J. Bennett, Esq. *Excursions in North Wales*. By the Rev. W. Bingley.

them before they make up their travelling minds and portmanteaus for the ensuing season.

Mr. Bennett's book has, besides its twenty pretty etchings, a useful *table* of the distances, inns, objects of interest, fishing stations, &c., but no map. Mr. Bingley's, has a map, but no etchings. Let the reader choose (if he can) between the two: unless he prefer the better course, of compassing both.

SIX YEARS' RESIDENCE IN ALGIERS.*

It must be a barren pen indeed that could not extract the materials for much instructive entertainment out of a "Six Years' Residence in Algiers;" and such a pen is not that of the Diarist whose pleasant volume is now before us. In fact, the only serious deficiency of the work is the circumstance of the state of things to which it relates having become in almost all respects a matter rather of history than observation: the Diary from which these pages are extracts having been written between thirty and forty years ago, and Algiers having during that period assumed an entirely new aspect, in every point of view, except precisely those physical ones to which the record here set down does *not* relate. With this one drawback, which is however a serious one, the Diary was written under very favourable circumstances,—the writer being the wife of the British Consul-general at Algiers, and the dates of it comprising a period full of political interest, and presenting many events, both public and social, which are highly illustrative of the state of manners prevailing at the time. The great attraction of a work of this nature is the realizing effect produced by the mode in which the information is noted down, at the very moment as it were of its occurrence, and the consequent certainty one feels that no art or labour has been used in dressing it up for our use or approval. The result of this mode of composition (if such it can be called) is, that the most immaterial circumstances acquire a present and immediate interest which, under any other form whatever, they would wholly want, except in the eyes of the individuals to whom they more immediately relate. Among the public events included in this family record are two several revolutions, by which the reigning Dey was deposed, and another substituted in his place. It appears that the mode of death offered to the Dey in the last case, presented itself in the shape of a cup of coffee sweetened with ground diamonds instead of sugar,—as an especial *compliment* to his doomed highness,—who it appears preferred the ordinary and vulgar mode, of strangling. The method of managing these matters is (or was) very characteristic, and at the same time consoling to all the parties (but one) that are concerned in it. The revolution, and consequent execution which preceded (by a few months only) that referred to above, is thus notified in the Diary. "7th. Our Janissary returned from town in great consternation, and came into the drawing-room,

* *Six Years' Residence in Algiers.* By Mrs. Broughton. 1 vol.

saying that the Turks had risen, and were going to kill the Dey." "Further accounts, about eleven o'clock, were sent to us from town, saying that Pacha Achmet (the reigning Dey) was shot, &c.—they cut off his head, and carried it to show the new Dey, his successor, who is called Ali Pacha." "In the evening we heard that every thing was quite quiet, and the usual order was restored in town." Here is a miniature epic—the Beginning, the Middle, and the End, in as many periods,

"To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from Dey to Dey.
&c."

The Diary of the Consul-general's lady occupies about two-thirds of the work; the remaining portion is made up of recollections by her daughter, who was with her parents during the whole of their residence in Algiers. The latter is by no means the least amusing portion of the work, and the whole forms a pleasant and readable volume.

THE DUKES OF NORMANDY.*

THE very laudable and useful object of this volume is, to supply an obvious deficiency in our historical literature—namely, a distinct and comprehensive sketch of the lives and deeds of the Norman princes, from the period at which the sagacity and courage of Rollo first raised and established the independent Duchy of Normandy (in 912), to that of the expulsion of John of England, twelfth duke, by Philip Augustus of France, in 1204. The intimate connexion of this subject with the more immediate history of our own country, gives it a commanding interest with all students of English History; while the comparative independence of the rule of the Norman dukes has hitherto dis severed their history too much from that with which it is so intimately blended.

This volume is one among the few of an historical character, in which the materials are not either injuriously condensed, or needlessly and fruitlessly spun out. It preserves the happy medium which is so extremely desirable, but so singularly rare, in works of this nature; and it is altogether executed in a very creditable and satisfactory manner. An extensive examination of the old and obsolete writers (chiefly of France), both in prose and verse; a careful and judicious estimate of their various testimonies, and of the due balance between them where they disagree; and lastly, a copious use of M. Thierry's excellent "*Histoire de la Conquête de l'Angleterre, par les Normands*;"—these have enabled Mr. Duncan to produce a work of real interest and of permanent value to all students of history, but especially to that large majority of them who cannot or will not penetrate to its original springs.

* *The Dukes of Normandy, from the time of Rollo, &c.* By J. Duncan, Esq., B.A.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE last month attracted the attention of our readers to the extraordinary changes which have taken place in the "Public Amusements" of the metropolis, during the last century. In our present number, our object is to direct their notice to the still more extraordinary changes which have occurred in the "Public Buildings" of the metropolis, within half that period.

In a city so extensive as London, filled as it is by tens and hundreds of thousands of persons, all more or less occupied in the various pursuits of business or pleasure, these alterations take place almost imperceptibly. Public buildings are destroyed, and new ones succeed them without exciting particular notice, and almost without the knowledge of any portion of the public except that, which happens to be in any way particularly affected by the alteration.

Any body who will take the trouble to read the newspaper accounts of the movements of "illustrious foreigners" during a short stay in town, will speedily be convinced that a stranger—especially if he be a great man and well attended to—sees more of London in a week, than any one of its "natives" manages to see in the whole course of his life. Their serene highnesses leave their hotel immediately after breakfast, visit the exhibition of the Royal Academy, go to St. Paul's, hear the service, mount the dome, are enraptured with the prospect, thence proceed to the Bank, where they are received by the governor, and his court, are shown the wonders of that Golconda, partake of a splendid cold collation in the parlour, composed of every delicacy of the season, and continue their progress to the East-India House, which they inspect under the tutelage of the chairman and sundry directors, by whom a magnificent luncheon has been prepared, of which their serene highnesses condescend to partake; they then visit the Tower and thence drive to the Mint, where all the interesting machinery is set in motion for their serene highnesses' edification. From the Mint they go to the West-India Docks, examine the warehouses and other objects of importance; cross over in the Admiralty barge (which is in waiting at Blackwall) to Greenwich, visit the hall and chapel, conducted by the governor; see the pensioners at supper, and then take their departure for London—visiting *en route* the Tunnel. Their serene highnesses

then entertain a select party at dinner at their hotel, go to the opera immediately after, and after the opera, wind up at the Duchess of Somebody's ball, whence, after partaking of a splendid supper at half-past one, they return about half-past four to the hotel whence they started some nineteen hours and a half before.

As this activity of research is not indigenous, and as we go "rubbing on," as the saying is, without considering the wonderful mutations which are daily and hourly taking place in the character, condition, and appearance of our native city, the reader will, we think, be surprised, when he sees set down before him, a catalogue *raisonnée* of the instances in which changes have occurred within the last fifty years, changes, which as we have already said, have gone on progressively—have been considered mere matters of course, and if observed upon, only talked of, to afford an opportunity of finding fault; which to many persons—perhaps the majority of our fellow-countrymen—seems to be one of the greatest pleasures and luxuries of life. It is with a view to the illustration of this subject that the following facts have been collated.

Let us begin, as in duty bound, with the royal residences.

St. James's Palace within the last fifty years has been partly destroyed by fire—the whole external appearance of the eastern side has been changed—the German chapel insulated, and a new entrance made from Pall-Mall. On the western side, a new royal residence has been erected; two courts have been thrown into one, and the Chapel Royal has been entirely rebuilt.

Buckingham House, the dowry house of Queen Charlotte, at the west end of St. James's Park, stood on the site of Arlington House, belonging to Benet, Earl of Arlington. That house was purchased by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who, in the year 1703, rebuilt it, having obtained an additional grant of land from the crown.

On the death of the Duke of Buckingham, it became the residence of his widow, and on the death of the young Duke, the title becoming extinct, the house with some other estates devolved upon her grace. At *her* death, she bequeathed Buckingham House to her grandson, by her first marriage, Constantine Phipps, subsequently first Lord Mulgrave, grandfather to the present Marquis of Normanby; but disputes arising as to the legality of the bequest, Sir Charles Sheffield, next of kin, collaterally to the Duke, recovered the estate at law, and by him it was sold in the year 1762, to King George III.

This house *has ceased to exist*. On its site—chosen not by the architect, but to which he was limited, and which even now is a favourable and advantageous site for a London royal residence—has risen the Palace, inhabited by our present Queen, and which has been subjected to the most illiberal criticisms, founded not only upon bad taste, but upon ignorance of facts and circumstances, which rendered some of its alleged defects inevitable. With various tastes it is useless to quarrel—and lucky is it for us in every relation of life, that tastes *do* vary—when party feelings having subsided, and personal prejudices have died away, the beauties and merits of this new Palace will be appreciated and admitted.

The next royal residence to notice, is Carlton House. In the year 1732, Frederick Prince of Wales, father of George III., purchase

Carlton House of the Earl of Burlington, and in the following year took up his residence there. In 1734 Kent and Flateroff made some designs for improvements in it, and in 1735 a saloon was built, paved with marble brought from Italy, by Lord Bingley and Mr. Doddington; and Rysbrach executed statues of Alfred and Edward the Black Prince, which were placed in the garden the same year.

When George IV. came of age, as Prince of Wales, his royal father fixed upon Carlton House for the residence of the heir apparent, and in 1788 it was modernized and almost rebuilt, by the late Mr. Holland. It continued the favourite residence of its illustrious possessor to the last. Carlton House *has ceased to exist*.—On its site have risen splendid terraces, superb club-houses—of which more presently—and a triumphal column to the memory of the late Duke of York, whence looking upwards, opens to the eye a view of the first compartment of perhaps the finest street to be found in an European city—traced through some of the worst parts of the town, and raised upon the ruins of huts and hovels of the lowest description.

Then come we to another royal residence, the ancient palace of Westminster—containing the splendid Hall, and the Houses of Parliament. In Westminster Hall were erected, facing its entrance, two modern Gothic wooden buildings, enlightened by windows of the “book-case” order of architecture, known and used as the Courts of Chancery and King’s Bench—they *have ceased to exist*. On the sides of the Hall were the Courts of Common Pleas and Exchequer—they *have ceased to exist*. Upon the site of the Exchequer and of sundry coffee-houses, now stands the Court of King’s Bench; while the Court of Chancery occupies a space on the right-hand side of the Hall, communicating with the court of the Vice-chancellor, which modern improvement *did not exist* at the time to which we refer.

Ascending the staircase at the end of the Hall, which separated the Courts of King’s Bench and Chancery, and which was most inconveniently crowded during term time, by suitors and solicitors, plaintiffs and defendants, students, witnesses, and spectators, a lobby led, directly on the left, to the House of Commons; midway in this lobby a door on the right opened into passages leading to the House of Lords. The Houses of Lords and Commons *have ceased to exist*.

In communication with the House of Commons was the Speaker’s house, which formerly had been a small court of the old palace, but which was modernized with strict regard to the style of its external architecture, by Mr. Wyatt,—that house *has ceased to exist*. A few of its remaining apartments have been adapted to the purposes of committee-rooms, and two or three slight staircases have been erected to facilitate a communication between them; but in a very few years all trace even of these ruins will disappear. The Houses of Parliament were burned (accidentally it is still said) on the 16th of October, 1834.

Somerset House was another royal residence, which, although it exists, has undergone certain transitions and mutations which bring it within the scope of our observations—it would fill our whole number to describe, imperfectly, its former state. The present building was erected in 1774, and appropriated to the use of various public offices. In this building, the Royal Academy, founded by George III. had apartments provided for them. The ceiling of the library was painted by Sir

Joshua Reynolds and Cipriani; that of the council-room by Angelica Kaufman and Rebecca. On the ground floor was the exhibition of sculpture, in a room used as the life academy; and at the top of the building the large exhibition-room—all these have *ceased to exist*. The apartments and exhibition rooms of the Royal Academy are now placed in a moiety of a new building, equally devoted to the purposes of the national gallery built by Mr. Wilkins, whose design has, like all other designs, excited a considerable degree of that kind of conversation in society, which we have characterized in an earlier part of this paper.

Somerset House, however, has undergone another alteration in the way of addition, which completes the original design (as far as the elevation goes) of Sir William Chambers. This addition is King's College, which occupies one wing of the building, while the removal of the Royal Academy involves another change, as being built on the site of the old King's-mews.

The royal stables at Lomesbury, now called Bloomsbury, having been burnt in 1537, Henry VIII. removed the hawks from the mews, and had them fitted up as stables. In 1732 George II. rebuilt the principal part of them in a magnificent manner. This building *has ceased to exist*.*

Another public and royal building which stood on the side of St. James's-park, was the Cockpit; not that in which the lords of the council met, but the last royal cockpit, in which, nearly to the close of its endurance, the leading sporting characters (as they are called) of the day, might be seen, excited to the highest degree by the fortunes of the ignoble warfare carried on under its roof. This building *has ceased to exist*.

The Cockpit of the old Whitehall Palace, afterwards used as a place of meeting for the Privy Council, has also *ceased to exist*. On its site, and that of several other apartments, has arisen a building from the design of the late Sir John Soane, which contains the council-office, board-room, &c., and which was intended as part of a vast building to include additions to the Treasury as well as the Home-office, and other government departments. But its progress has been interrupted and delayed by the discovery that if the projected range of buildings were to be continued to its proposed extent upon the line of frontage now selected, the wing corresponding with that already *planted*, would find itself in the middle of the street, somewhere opposite to the Banqueting-house. How this little oversight in the outset is eventually to be remedied we know not.

Continuing our view of public buildings connected with the government, we come to the Custom-house. The Custom-house was a handsome brick building, 190 feet in length, the centre being twenty-seven feet in depth, and the wings considerably more; it was built in the year 1718: this building *has ceased to exist*.—It was completely destroyed by fire, on the 12th of February, 1814. The present Custom-house is a splendid building, and the "Long room" certainly one of the finest rooms in the world.

On the site of the Victualling-office, and of other public buildings, near Tower-hill, which have *ceased to exist*, has risen the new Mint, after the beautiful design of Sir Robert Smirke. The erection of this noble

* It is curious to remark that in consequence of this adaptation of the mews of King Henry's hawks to the purposes of stables for his horses, the name for a collection of coach-houses and stables, now universally adopted, is the word *mews*, in the singular.

building, with its appurtenances, has swept away all the houses which stood on the left-hand side of East Smithfield : a change most beneficial to the neighbourhood.

Close to this spot stood the Church and Hospital of St. Katharine, founded in 1148, by Matilda, consort of King Stephen. The patronage of which remains in the hands of our Queens-consort to the present day. The church was repaired in 1621, and was a beautiful edifice containing some curious monuments, and a pulpit of extraordinary beauty. It is collegiate, with a master, three brethren, and three sisters, ten beadswomen, and six poor scholars. This church and college, have *ceased to exist*. Upon this site, and under it, have been formed the St. Katharine's Docks, the change having been accomplished by the erection of a new chapel and college and master's house, in the Regent's-park, to which all the ancient relics which adorned the earlier building have been carefully transferred.

We next come to the East-India House. The East-India House was built in 1726, and continued as it was built till 1799, when being found too small, and not sufficiently commodious for the increasing business and importance of the company, it *ceased to exist*. The present building is after the design of a Mr. Jupp, and has, like all other works of a similar nature, been most severely criticised : all *we* have to do with is the *change* which has occurred.

Proceed we next to the Royal Exchange. The history of its foundation by Sir Thomas Gresham, and of its subsequent destruction in the great fire of London, need no repetition here, unless perhaps as far as quoting the following striking passage from a rhapsody, called "*God's Voice in the City*," by the Rev. T. Vincent.

"The Royal Exchange itself," says he, "the glory of merchants, is now invaded with much violence. When the fire was entered, how quickly did it run round the galleries, filling them with flames, then descending the stairs, compasseth the walks, giving forth flaming volleys, and filling the court with sheets of fire ; by and by, the kings fell all down upon their faces, and the greatest part of the building after them, (*the founder's statue only remaining*), with such a noise as was dreadful and astounding."

On the 2d of October, 1667, Charles II. laid the first stone of a new Exchange. On the 31st the Duke of York laid the first stone of the eastern side ; and on the 18th of November, Prince Rupert laid the first stone of the southern entrance. It was a splendid structure, and within a few years had been repaired ; great alterations having been made in the tower. It contained within its walls, besides numerous shops, the great quadrangle, surrounded by its broad and commodious piazza, Lloyd's Coffee-house, the Royal-Exchange Assurance Office, the Gresham Lecture Rooms, the Merchant Seaman's Office, Lloyd's Committee Rooms, the River Dee Office, the Pepper Offices, besides numerous counting-houses for merchants and underwriters. This building has *ceased to exist*.—It was totally destroyed by fire on the 10th of January, 1838.

Near to Cornhill, the site of the Exchange in Lombard-street, stood the Post Office, an extensive straggling building, containing several courts and alleys, surrounded by, and giving access to the numerous

departments of the establishment. In Abchurch-lane stood the residence of the secretary, the superintending president's office, and the ship-letter office. In Sherborne-lane was the money-order office. The whole of this establishment *has ceased to exist*. The New Post-Office, from designs by Sir Robert Smirke, occupies a great portion of St. Martin's-le-grand, is in itself an exceedingly handsome building, and admirably adapted for official purposes. This change has involved other alterations, greatly advantageous to the neighbourhood.

Behind the Post Office, and we are sorry it is behind it, another change has taken place, Goldsmith's Hall, after it had been destroyed in the great fire, was rebuilt in 1670. It was a brick building surrounding a square court, with a large arched entrance, the pediment of which was supported by Doric columns. The hall was a lofty and spacious apartment, paved with black and white marble. Its staircase was elegant, its court-room richly wainscoted and profusely decorated. This building *has ceased to exist*. On its site has risen one of the most splendid public buildings of this or any other age. The new hall is unique in beauty, and the court and other rooms, together with the entrance and staircase, do the highest honour to the taste, genius, and judgment of the architect, Mr. Philip Hardwicke. This change has afforded increased facility for the maintenance of the splendid hospitality so constantly and liberally exhibited by the honourable and loyal company to which the magnificent edifice belongs.

Looking across into St. Paul's Churchyard, we find opposite the west-end of the church, St. Paul's School, founded and endowed by Dr. John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, on the site of a more ancient seminary that had been subordinate to the cathedral establishment; it was founded by the dean in 1509. The school was burned in the great fire, and rebuilt in 1670, and was, although a singular building, a handsome one, consisting of a centre, which formed the school, and two wings. This building *has ceased to exist*. It was pulled down and a new structure raised—a few years since.

Next come we to that noble monument of royal munificence Christ's Hospital. The old hospital, founded by Edward VI., was, with the exception of the cloisters part of the old monastery, destroyed in the great fire; it was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren. The great hall, a noble room, was built at the sole charge of Alderman Sir John Frederick; it was one hundred and thirty feet long, thirty-four feet wide, and forty-four feet high. In the hall was an exceedingly large picture by Verrio, representing King James II., surrounded by his court, giving audience to the president and governors, and numerous children of the establishment. The curious part of the history of this picture is, that it was originally intended to have exhibited King Charles II. as the benefactor, who was so graciously receiving the members of the institution, that monarch having actually founded the mathematical school; but King Charles, dying while the picture was in progress, James II., who never had done, and never did any good whatever to the hospital, commanded that he should occupy the place intended for his predecessor, in company with the mild and much-esteemed Jefferies, at that time Lord Chancellor.

This building *has ceased to exist*. On its site an exceedingly spacious hall, one of the finest specimens of modern Gothic in England, has been

erected by Mr. Shaw, now deceased; this *change* has also involved numerous improvements; not the least of which is, opening the building and the hospital altogether, to Newgate-street.

On the opposite side of Newgate-street, in Warwick-lane, stood the College of Physicians—a description and history of which we leave to Garth, to Foote, and to others, whose wit and satire have immortalized the “field of battle,” not unaptly surrounded by slaughter-houses. The College of Physicians, as the College of Physicians in Warwick-lane, *has ceased to exist*. It has been converted into a manufactory and warehouses, the college now being a splendid building in Pall-mall East—a *change* which will be further noticed in our concluding remarks upon the general improvements of the metropolis, which have taken place within the period of fifty years to which we strictly limit ourselves.

Next come we in professional order to the College of Surgeons. The old “Surgeons’ Theatre,” or as it was called then, “Surgeons’ Hall,” stood near the Sessions-house in the Old Bailey—that building *has ceased to exist*, and not a vestige of it remains. The college was chartered in 1800, and its members built a fine hall and theatre in Lincoln’s-inn-fields, in the centre of that side of the square known as Portugal-row, one of the most elegant structures in the metropolis, of the Ionic order, with a noble colonnade and portico. That building *has ceased to exist*—and the *change* has involved the addition of great space obtained by the demolition of some adjoining houses, and the total alteration of the *façade*.

The change of site of the College of Surgeons, caused a change in the arrangements of the Sessions-house in the Old Bailey—the changes there effected have again been improved upon; new courts have been erected to accommodate new judges, involving, moreover, a variety of alterations in the jurisdiction of the court itself, commensurate with the increase of population, the march of intellect, and the consequent increase of crime.

Before we leave the City, the Bank deserves notice. Within the period to which we limit our inquiries, it has been nearly rebuilt; and, as far as external appearance goes, entirely *changed* from the designs of Sir John Soane.

And here we may draw the attention of the reader to the magnificent improvements which have taken place in this part of the metropolis; for the perfection of which, the citizens of London are greatly indebted to the energy and zeal of the Duke of Wellington. London-bridge, first built of wood in 1016, ceased to exist in 1136, having been destroyed by fire; it was rebuilt in 1163, with timber; and in 1209, was completed in stone. The houses on it were pulled down in 1758, on the 11th of April, in which year the temporary bridge, erected during the alterations, was burned down. That London-bridge *has ceased to exist*. The first cofre-dam for the new bridge was commenced in 1824, and the splendid work was opened by King William IV. and Queen Adelaide, on the 1st of August, 1830.

This *change* has been the primary cause of the improvements to which we allude—the narrow street of Fish-street-hill remains, but unfrequented. The Monument, the splendid and permanent record of Popish treachery, has been opened out to view. The Hall of the Company

of Fishmongers, a respectable red-brick building, which stood near the old bridge, has *ceased to exist*.—In its place, appears an exceedingly handsome structure, which, if not equal in architectural merit or internal splendour to the Hall of the Goldsmiths' Company, has surprisingly the advantage in point of situation; than which there can scarcely be a better in London for a display of the beauty of a building, or the talent of the architect.

These improvements have secured a fine wide street of houses of good architectural pretensions, from the bridge to the Mansion-house, which greatly shortens the distance between the two points: and connected as it is with a new street of equal dimensions and similar character, leading from Lothbury to Finsbury-square, exhibits, as we have just said, one of the greatest possible improvements in the city. It is at the point where these streets meet, and in the centre of an area bounded by the Mansion-house, the Bank, and the Exchange (when rebuilt), that the grateful citizens of London have resolved to place the statue of the Duke, from the hands of the first of British Sculptors, Chantry.

It is impossible in looking at these great improvements, not to remark upon the wonderful *change* which within even a quarter of a century has imperceptibly stolen upon us, in the character of our street architecture. There can be no question but this change has had its origin in the formation of Regent-street. Varied as the character of the elevations in that street are,—varied according to the different tastes of the different architects from whose designs they were built, and with which Mr. Nash, the projector and creator of that street, and the park to which it leads, never interfered,—their appearance, taken altogether, inspired the smaller fry of architects and builders to adopt a style, even in humbler houses, by which the dull monotony of brick walls, pierced with a certain number of square holes for windows, might be gotten rid of. Nowhere now is a shop built, which does not present something like an architectural design. Nor ought we to omit to notice the sweeping curves at the corners of our streets, which are now every where obtaining; and which, while they relieve the eye, afford both accommodation and security to the passengers who may chance to be driving or riding.

For improvements, however, not in some degree consequent upon the demolition of other public buildings, we reserve ourselves for our “summing up”—we must, as yet, continue our inquiry as to changes and substitutions.

Let us now proceed to the metropolitan theatres, which deserve to be put in a separate class altogether, from the singularity of the circumstance, that *not one theatre in London is in existence, which was in existence fifty years since*.

The first we come to is the Opera-house. The old Opera-house was built by Sir John Vanbrugh, in 1705; but neither the building, nor the object for which it was erected, was much approved of, and in 1720 a subscription of 50,000*l.* was raised, to which George I. contributed the fiftieth part, for the encouragement of the Italian Opera. From that time operas were regularly performed there, until the 18th of June, 1789, when a fire broke out in the roof, during a night rehearsal, which burnt with such rapidity, that even while the terrified performers were hurrying off the stage, a burning beam fell amongst them.

The destruction of the edifice was complete and entire. The fire was supposed to be the work of an incendiary, as no light had been used in the part of the building where it broke out.

In April, 1790, the first stone of the new Opera-house was laid. It was opened in September, 1791, as a playhouse for the reception of the actors of Drury-lane Theatre, which was pulled down in that year.

The Opera-house of fifty years since has therefore *ceased to exist*, and of the present one, although the alterations which have taken place are principally confined to its exterior, they have been complete. At the time the Opera-house was rebuilt, it was shut out from the eye on three sides by houses and stables, and on the fourth, in the Haymarket, presented to the view a naked, unfinished brick front. On its western side was Market-lane, a wretched place, inhabited by persons of the worst description and character, into which the stage-door, and chair-door opened. All this by the completion of Mr. Nash's designs has *ceased to exist*, and is succeeded by an elegant and commodious colonnade, by which the theatre is now insulated, while its principal front presents a beautiful elevation. Since these improvements have taken place, the Haymarket, whence the street in which the Opera-house stands takes its name *has ceased to exist* in this part of the town.

Covent-garden Theatre, comes next in order of succession. In October, 1808, it was totally destroyed by fire—the playhouse which *ceased to exist* at that period, has been succeeded by the present theatre, perhaps one of the most beautiful and commodious in the world.

Drury-lane Theatre was pulled down in 1791, and the new Drury-lane, built by Holland, was opened in 1794; on the 2d of February, 1808, it *ceased to exist*—it was totally destroyed by fire. The present house was opened on the 10th of October, 1812.

The little theatre in the Haymarket, which from the time of Foote till the last days of its endurance, was celebrated by all play-goers as the Temple of Mirth, *ceased to exist* in the year 1820. The present house is not exactly on the site of the old one, it being an object to have the façade as a terminus to Charles-street.

The Lyceum Theatre was pulled down in 1815, and an English Opera-house built on its site by Mr. Arnold—it *has ceased to exist*—it was burned down on the 15th of February, 1830. A new Opera-house, from a beautiful design by Mr. Beazley, now occupies its site.

The theatre in Goodman's-fields, in which Garrick appeared in 1741, was pulled down and the Royalty Theatre built on its site—the Royalty Theatre *has ceased to exist*. On its site was raised the Brunswick Theatre—*this has ceased to exist*—it fell to the ground, while a rehearsal was going on, three days after its opening, on Feb. 28, 1828.

Astley's Theatre has twice been burned down, and the Circus—on the site of which stands the Surrey Theatre—once.

The St. James's Theatre; the Colosseum; the Olympic Theatre; the Lyceum; the Strand Theatre; the Whitechapel Pavilion; the Coburg Theatre; the Garrick Theatre; and the Standard Theatre in Norton-Falgate, are new creations.

The Queen's Theatre in Tottenham-street, is built on the site of the King's Ancient Music Concert-room, which has of course *ceased to exist*.

The Argyll-rooms and theatre, enlarged and beautified upon the building of Regent-street, *have ceased to exist*. These were burned down on February 5, 1830. The Concert-room in Panton-street, and the large Exhibition-room in Spring-gardens have also *ceased to exist*.

The Pantheon, in Oxford-street, was burned down Jan. 1792. It was rebuilt, and subsequently converted into an opposition Opera-house, which, although supported by first-rate talent, and what, perhaps, in such a case is of more consequence, first-rate patronage, it did not succeed; it was subsequently used for masquerades and exhibitions—it *has ceased to exist*. Upon its site has been raised the beautiful bazaar which bears its name.

Ranelagh, as we last month noticed, *has ceased to exist*, and on its site stand water-works and a seminary for young ladies. Of all the places of public amusement (save Vauxhall), which have *not ceased to exist* within the last half-century, is Sadler's Wells. The only changes to be found in *that* arise from the circumstance that the town has been good enough to walk out to Islington, and make that which was a rural place of entertainment, a London theatre—its rurality *has ceased to exist*.

From theatres come we to markets. Covent-garden market, as immortalized by Hogarth, and celebrated by Rowlandson—*has ceased to exist*; in lieu of the straggling shabby sheds, scattered promiscuously and inconveniently about the square, a quadrangular classic stone building, with arcades and colonnades has been erected by the Duke of Bedford—to whose ancestors this valuable church-land was granted by Henry VIII. It is now an ornament to Westminster, and does honour to his grace's taste and liberality, while its improved accommodations considerably increase the value of its rent.

The church of this parish, built by Inigo Jones, *has ceased to exist*—it was burned in September, 1795, rebuilt and opened for divine service in 1798.

Fleet-market, *has ceased to exist*—its site is now occupied by the broad pavement of Farringdon-street. The market built as its substitute is called Farringdon-market, and is so situated as to be with some difficulty found out; it is well designed and well built, but we fear its reputation and success have *ceased to exist*.

St. James's-market *has ceased to exist*; it has merged in the splendid improvements of that quarter, and with difficulty an old *habitué* can now trace the shop of a royal purveyor as a remaining bit of the old establishment.

Hungerford-market, the old, the dirty, and disgraceful, with its cinder-heaps, slaughter-houses, fading cabbages, and yawning cellars, *has ceased to exist*. This market derived its name from the family of Hungerford of Farleigh, in Wiltshire. Sir Edward Hungerford, who was created a Knight of the Bath at the coronation of Charles II., had a fine house here, which he afterwards converted into tenements and a market; and over the market-house, which was adorned with a bust of the merry monarch, was a large room called the French Church; it was afterwards the charity-school of St. Martin's-in-the-fields; but, eventually fell into decay. On the site of this filthy place has risen a pile of magnificent buildings, with every accommodation of the highest quality for those who have to transact business in it, or to pass through

its arcades, which have of late become greater thoroughfares than, perhaps, was ever contemplated even by its projectors, in consequence of the establishment on its broad and handsome quay, of the western metropolitan station for steam-boats, which are every minute departing and arriving; and which, by a combination of their powers up and down the river, convey passengers from the steps of Hungerford-market, to any part of the known world.

Carnaby-market, in St. James's parish, has *ceased to exist*. The site is covered partly with small houses, and principally by a large chapel. That the Hay-market, *par excellence*, has *ceased to exist*, we have elsewhere incidentally noticed. Its operations have been removed to a square in the neighbourhood of the Regent's canal, on the opposite side to the barracks, a part of the town in which smiles of beauty seem equally to reward the toils of the agriculturist and the valour of the soldier.

Another great mart, which for a number of years shared a considerable portion of public attention, was Exeter 'Change. This emporium had been part of Burleigh or Cecil House, in which Lord Burleigh died in 1598; his son becoming Earl of Exeter, gave his name to the residence. After the fire of London, and up to the year 1672, the courts of admiralty, arches, &c., were held in it; subsequently the lower part (like that of the Palais Royal, at Paris) was converted into shops of various descriptions, and the upper rooms into a menagery, the most celebrated in London. All this has *ceased to exist*. The lions and tigers have been removed to a new territory in Walworth, now very advantageously known as the Surrey Zoological Gardens, and on the site of their ancient and den-smelling residence has been raised a stupendous building, called Exeter Hall, built by a joint-stock company, and appropriated to exhibitions of various kinds, and especially to meetings of a religious and charitable character.

From theatres come we to the great public hospitals; and first, for Bedlam, or Bethlehem Hospital. This hospital was founded by Simon Fitzmary, Sheriff of London, as a priory in 1247; but the brethren were not long afterwards alienated, and at length the master himself renounced the Habit of the Order. In 1548, the hospital having been appropriated to the use of lunatics, was given by the king to the City of London, and in 1675, Bethlehem hospital was built upon its site. This hospital was four hundred and forty feet in length and forty in breadth, its turret was adorned with a clock and three dials, surmounted by a ball and vane—this vast structure *has ceased to exist*—all that remains of it are old Cibber's statues, Colley's "brainless brothers," which are preserved in the hall of the magnificent building in St. George's-fields, which has superseded the "mad mansions of Moorfields."

St. George's Hospital at the corner of Grosvenor-place, is another striking illustration of our details. This hospital was projected and instituted in the year 1733, and in the year following, was opened for the reception of patients. The centre of the building appropriated to this charitable purpose had been the residence of Lord Lanesborough (celebrated by Pope), who died there in 1724. Two wings were added to the house, when it was converted to the public use. This hospital *has ceased to exist*, and on its site has been erected a much more extensive building, after the designs

of Mr. Wilkins—the style is plain, yet handsome in a particular taste, but it is understood that the internal arrangements are not commensurate in convenience with the expectations excited by its external appearance.

In the Strand, immediately opposite to Exeter 'Change—which now *ceases to exist*—stood the Savoy Hospital. The site of the hospital was the seat of Peter, Earl of Savoy, uncle to Elinor, Henry III.'s queen, who gave it to her second son, Edmund, afterwards Earl of Lancaster.

The palace built in 1245, was converted into an hospital in 1549—in 1772, the greater part of the old palace was burned down, the front contained two rows of trellised windows—to the northward was the Friary, and at the west-end of the hospital was a guard-house, for the confinement of deserters, with quarters for thirty men and non-commissioned officers. This building has entirely *ceased to exist*—the improvements consequent upon the erection of Waterloo-bridge, to which we shall refer in another portion of our paper, involved its destruction—a modern chapel has been built upon part of its site, and the rest is occupied by a street of warehouses leading to the river, and the fine row of houses, now known as Lancaster-place.

Let us now look for a moment at the London residences of the nobility, and we shall see some extraordinary changes during our period of examination of which two-thirds of the population are wholly unconscious.

The Duke of Richmond's house, in Privy-gardens, overlooking the river, the brilliant scene of former fashionable gaieties—has *ceased to exist*—it was destroyed by fire in 1791. On its site has risen Richmond-terrace. The long red brick wall, which was entirely covered with ballads for sale, has been razed to the ground. The house of the Duke of Buccleugh opened to the street, and upon the site of some old ruinous sheds and tenements, has arisen a row of handsome modern residences, of which, that of Sir Robert Peel is the most striking.

In Bloomsbury-square, and occupying one entire side of it, stood Bedford House, the residence of the Dukes of Bedford. It was built after designs by Inigo Jones, and in the north wing was a magnificent gallery, in which were copies by Sir James Thornhill of the cartoons of Raffael, the same size as the originals. This house *has ceased to exist*—it was pulled down in 1800, and on its site, and that of its gardens and adjoining meadows, have arisen Russell and Tavistock squares, with all their connecting streets.

Proceed we now to look at the British Museum. Every body knows that the house was originally built by Louis XIV., from designs by Pouget, for Ralph, Duke of Montague, in 1678.

In the year 1753 the British Museum was established in this house—the north and south wings being appropriated for the residences of its various officers—but within *our* space of time spacious and magnificent galleries have been erected for the Elgin marbles, and above all, a splendid room for the reception of the King's library, the munificent gift of that munificent monarch, King George IV., to the nation. These buildings, although only yet in progress, have entirely *changed* the building, and we perceive new alterations are proposed, which will totally alter the face and character of its erection.

Burlington House, built *par excellence*, because nobody would build beyond it, remains—not exactly as it did—its lofty walls towards the street, were in other days, strung with ballads, like those to which we have referred at Whitehall. Screens like that which protect Burlington House, and the Museum just noticed, and the Duke of Portland's House, in Cavendish-square, we think, however disagreeable to the mobocracy, both agreeable and convenient to the occupant of the house. The *change* in Burlington House, is the separation of a slip of ground, from its court-yard upon which has been built the Burlington Arcade—a most agreeable row of shops, over which are pleasant rooms, hat-box size, in which the occupants never can comprehend the difference between wet and dry, or cold and hot weather.

Foley House, lastly the residence of Lord Rendlesham, has *ceased to exist*. Upon its site and gardens have been raised the handsome buildings of Langham-place, which forms the link of communication between Regent-street and Portland-place.

Belgrave House, the town residence of former Earls of Grosvenor on Milbank, Westminster, has ceased to exist; and although nothing has succeeded it on the same spot, its demolition has contributed to the *changes* which we shall presently notice under another head.

Opposite the north angle of the *front* garden of Chelsea Hospital stood Cadogan House, formerly the residence of the Earls of Cadogan; its last possessor was the late Sir Walter Farquhar,—it has *ceased to exist*. On its site has been erected the Royal Military Asylum. It was the "Soldier's true friend," the late Duke of York, who first suggested this noble institution and laid the first stone of its foundation, on the 19th of June, 1801.

The Inns of Court require a word or two:—the Inner Temple has undergone a striking change, by the erection of new buildings on the terrace facing the river. Of Paper-buildings, the greater part has *ceased to exist*—forty sets of chambers were destroyed by a fire, which broke out in the morning of the 6th of March, 1838.

Gray's Inn has undergone vast alterations, within the period to which our remarks are confined; two extensive rows of chambers have risen on the east and west sides of the garden, called Verulam-buildings and Raymond-buildings. The old approach to the inn from Bedford-row has been closed, but new entrances from the same vicinity and from the street called the King's-road have been opened.

In Lincoln's Inn, the principal change is perceptible in the erection of a court for the vice-chancellor.

Furnival's Inn, in Holborn, had an extensive front of brick, from designs by Inigo Jones. This building *has ceased to exist*. The Inn has been rebuilt in the modern taste, and contains, amongst other conveniences, an *imperium in imperio*, in the shape of an inn—in the the common acceptation of the word—within itself.

We now come to look at the positive increase of public buildings, and to enumerate such as were not in existence fifty years since. We might almost venture to name half that period. We have already noticed the rebuilding of London-bridge—besides this act of "restitution," the beautiful iron bridge at the end of Queen-street, Cheapside, the splendid Waterloo-bridge, and the convenient Vauxhall-bridge,

have been added to our new public buildings. In Finsbury-circus—a new erection itself on the site of Bedlam—we find the house of the London Institution—in Guildhall-yard new Courts of Bankruptcy—on Milbank the Penitentiary—in St. George's-fields the noble buildings belonging to the School for the Indigent Blind, and the Deaf and Dumb;—the Asylum for Female Orphans, also newly built, except its chapel.—Farther to the eastward the vast warehouses of the West-India Docks—the East-India Docks, and the London Docks, rise in magnificent array—the Trinity House on Tower-hill—the Law Institution in Chancery-lane—St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street, and numerous others in all parts of the town. The London University in Gower-street—the extensive barracks at Knightsbridge, in St. James's-park, and in the Regent's park, itself a new creation, the formation of which, with all its accessorial improvements, is something almost miraculous.

Whether the stranger traverses the splendid line of Regent-street, the Quadrant, and Portland-place, until he reaches the Regent's-park, beautifully disposed and laid out in walks and groves, ornamented with sheets of water, dotted with elegant villas, and encircled by rows of houses of noble elevation, from classical architectural designs, or takes his way from Waterloo-place, towards Somerset House, and sees before him streets, and places, and arcades, occupying the sites of the filthiest allies and courts imaginable and finds himself in front of the splendid parish church of St. Martin's-in-the-fields, able to admire its beauties, because cleared away from the wretched dwellings by which it was surrounded; we think his first inquiry will be, to whose taste, genius, and enterprise, are these improvements owing? He will be answered by being told that they are all attributable to the genius, energy, and talent, of the Mr. Nash, to abuse and ridicule whom was the fashion of the time in which he lived. This is the best answer to the senseless cry raised against by those whose enmity arose from their jealousy of the estimation in him which he was held by the munificent monarch in whose regency and reign these wonderful changes in this part of the metropolis were effected. Mr. Nash is in his grave, and standing in the midst of the vast alterations for which we are indebted to him, we feel inclined to say, in the words of Wren's epitaph, "*Si monumentum requiris circumspice.*"

Amongst the objects which contribute to produce the general effect of metropolitan improvements are the Club-houses, and in many instances, the Fire Insurance offices; the Athenæum; the 'Travellers'; the United-Service club; the Junior University, and the Junior United-Service club; the Oxford and Cambridge; the Carlton and Arthur's, all lend their influence to the scene—all have risen from the ground within less than a quarter of a century.

The Charing-cross Hospital; the Ophthalmic Hospital; the Lowther Arcade—all are new creations. On the banks of the river have risen the frowning towers and massive walls of the gloomy Penitentiary, and the inconvenient Bridewell in Tothill-fields, has made way for a spacious and commodious prison.

In St. Margaret's-street, facing the entrance of the House of Commons, stood the Ordnance-office, a handsome stone building, behind which stood St. Margaret's Church, approached from the street by a

passage through one of the houses in the same line of tenements, which continued to the corner of Union-street, facing New Palace-yard; Union-street, leading into King-street. All this has *ceased to exist*, with the exception of the church, which by the removal of the surrounding buildings has been opened to the view. On the site of Union-street, and a narrow lane which ran parallel to it, has been laid out a garden enclosed with iron railings, called Parliament-square, on the eastern side of which stands a statue of Mr. Canning.

Beyond the western side of this square, on the site of the market, which has *ceased to exist*, have been built the Westminster Sessions-house, the Westminster Hospital, and a large quadrangle of brickwork, intended to contain coach-houses and stables, for the accommodation of the carriages and horses of the members of both houses of parliament, but which has not yet been made available for that purpose.

In Snow-hill, and in the Strand, changes have taken place of so important a nature as to render it difficult to remember the narrow lanes and steep ascents at once difficult and dangerous to passengers, which have disappeared from the sites of the present wide, airy, and handsome avenues, known as Skinner-street, and Pickett-street.

During the period to which our observations are confined, the increase of public statues has been remarkable, besides that of Mr. Canning just mentioned, a statue to Mr. Pitt has been erected in Hanover-square, one of the late Duke of Kent, in Park-crescent, one of the late Duke of Bedford, in Russell-square; one of Mr. Fox, in Bloomsbury-square; and one of His Royal Highness, the late Duke of York, surmounting the column erected in honour of him on Carlton-terrace.

The bazaars of London are of new creation. That in Soho-square was the first, and has been, perhaps, the most uniformly successful; another has been established in King-street, Portman-square; a third in Bond-street; a fourth at the Pantheon; a gigantic building for exhibitions and amusements called the Colosseum, has been raised from the designs of the talented and now eminent Mr. Decimus Burton. Repositories for carriages of high architectural pretensions have been established, and an institution called the Pantechnicon, has reared its head in the new district of Belgrave, of an extent far beyond the imagination of our more moderate ancestors.

Upon the site of what were called the Five-fields, a part of which had been long used as the exercising-ground for the household troops, have, within ten years, risen magnificent squares, handsome streets and crescents, and such is the mutability of public taste, has become the fashionable part of the town—the houses are no sooner built than they are let or sold at enormously high prices.

At Hyde Park-corner the wooden gates, and the many-lamped toll-houses, once considered splendid adornments of the best entrance to town, have *ceased to exist*. On either side of the road—one forming the entrance to the Green Park, and the other the entrance to Hyde Park, are two works, from the design of Mr. Burton. On the top of the triumphal-arch, on the Green Park side, it has been determined to place the National equestrian statue of the Duke, immediately in front of his grace's residence.

It would be impossible to quit this spot without noticing the Tribute

of the Women of England to the Duke, which, in the form of Achilles, cast by Sir Richard Westmacott, graces the mound at the back of his grace's house.

While all these increasing improvements in this part of the town have been in progress, the greatest activity and enterprise have been exerted in the extension of the town upon the northern line of the Western-road, and whole villages of deplorable huts, with all their little gardens, have made way for rows of first-rate mansions, overlooking the park and the country far beyond it. If to these we add the last and newest acquisition to our public buildings, the railroad stations which rear their stately heads near the different outlets of the capital, we shall be even more strongly impressed with the rapid extension of London, and the total alteration in the style and character of these modern buildings, from that of those in which our forefathers certainly did not think of blending the magnificent or picturesque with the useful and convenient.

Amongst those public works which claim a place in this section, are the cemeteries, which have been constructed, and are in progress of construction by joint-stock companies, in which all the solemn and awful feeling hitherto inseparable from a visit to the grave-yard, are effectually overcome by the application of fanciful tombs, serpentine walks, a profusion of flowers, and, above all, picturesque views. This is not the place to question the propriety of such decorations and ornaments or the decency of the manner in which the vaults, tombs, and catacombs are advertised for sale or hire. The fact is, that the establishment of these gardens of death—practical translations from the French of *Père la Chaise*—has effected a great alteration in the environs of the metropolis, and in that light only we notice them here.

We regret that we have not at hand a list of the churches which have been built in the metropolis during the period of our examinations. Their increase has been most creditable to the zeal and exertions of the Right Rev. Diocesan, the clergy, and the inhabitants of the different districts themselves. In fact, we are fearful that in our cursory view of this subject, we may have omitted to notice many objects which ought to have been referred to. What we have thus hastily and imperfectly put together, will, perhaps, however, serve to justify us in calling the attention of the reader to details which, although living in the midst of the scenery described, and its changes, may not have struck him as so remarkably characteristic of the alterations made, and the improvements perfected in our great capital within so short a space of time.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

"Leaving me no sign, save men's opinions and my living blood,
To shew the world I am a gentleman."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Aliena negotia curo."—HORAT.

THERE is not a term in the English language more variable in its uncertain meanings than "gentleman," nor one more in need of a strict and accurate definition; for while almost every one imagines that he knows precisely what the thing is, no two seem agreed in its application. Every one, indeed, is decided enough in setting himself down as a brilliant example of that brilliant character, and is satisfied that he is a perfect gentleman. But, if men were admitted their own witnesses in this case, "gentleman" like "*homo*," would become a common name for all mankind. Accordingly, whenever any of the humblest portion of the public is to be flattered (*i. e.* taken at its own value), it is addressed under this cognomen. The occupants of what was once the "foot-man's gallery," at the theatre, are to all intents and purposes, a *quota pars* of the "Ladies and Gentlemen" preceding every apologetical address from the stage-manager; every club of "rude mechanicals," assembled at a pot-house (let them but pay for their drink) are "gentlemen" in the mouth of honest Boniface; and "walk on gentlemen, if you please," is the customary allocution of the police, at any undue obstruction of the streets by an uproarious conglomeration of the great unwashed. Such an excessive enlargement of the term, merges all specific distinction in its generality, and is manifestly an abuse; we hesitate, therefore, not a jot in imputing the latitudinarian gentility to a prevalent absence of self-knowledge, which equally falsifies men's notions of their own wit, beauty, common sense, and other more tangible peculiarities.

If we look for the abstract notion of a gentleman in the discourses of ethical writers, and especially if we accept the descriptions of the earlier essayists as standard authorities, a gentleman must be one of those "faultless monsters that the world ne'er saw." If the Sir Charles Grandisons were made the criterion, a gentleman must be set down as a priggish formalist and a bore. Some are inclined to admit all candidates who do not work for their bread, which falls in with the Negro philosopher's *dictum* that a pig is the only gentleman in England; but the notion is obviously an error,—a gentleman being *virtute officii* not included among the swinish multitude: besides, if work excludes from gentility, what is to become of this commercial country? what of the gentility of those dignified tradesmen, who labour in their vocation so assiduously at Crockford's, and other less reputable temples of fortune?

Some one has defined a gentleman to mean a good suit of clothes, and the conceit is pleasant enough; for it is often difficult, after contemplating the unaccommodated savage without the clothes, and the clothes without the beau, to say which is the substance, and which the accident. But then what would become of a man's gentility, when his coat was absent on parole? Would it go to the pawnbroker's with the garment, or would it remain with the owner without it? Then again, logicians hold that no being can communicate what it does not possess; and in that case, the tailor who makes a gentleman, must be a gentleman himself. But if a tailor were a gentleman, your debt to him would be adebt of honour, and must be paid—which is absurd!

Since general considerations like these avail us so little, let us examine a few of the specific applications of the term, and see if they will help us to a more precise idea. Every man, it is notorious, who finds his way within the bar of the House of Commons, is not only a gentleman, but an honourable gentleman into the bargain. Here, then, if any where, we might expect to meet with distinctive qualities, so salient as to defy mistake, and to fit us with a definition to which all must bow in acquiescence. The subject, however, is ticklish, and we respect the privileges of the House too much, to probe the matter to the bottom; all we shall say is, that the quality (whatever it may be), which constitutes an honourable gentleman, is apt to come and go periodically, showing a tendency to a septennial course; but liable to disappear instantaneously, on administering the most homœopathic dose of the Chiltern Hundreds. What is thus subject to accident, cannot be inherent; and we are bound to conclude, on pain of *lèse-logique* (whatever that pain may be), that "Hon. Gent.," like its yokefellows, "Gallant Colonel," and "Learned Friend," is a mere title of courtesy, and does not stand for any real property or peculiarity, of, or belonging to the variety of the genus *homo* to which it is assigned.

So likewise, Gentleman-Pensioner seems at first sight to present a tolerably distinct idea, and threatens to throw a strong light upon the subject; but, alas! we discover upon a closer examination, that all the precision lies in the latter half of the compound; and that a simple abstraction of the pension, leaves the gentleman, as Shakspeare says, on another occasion, "poor indeed."

Gentleman-Commoner, is equally fallacious; nor would we advise any man thus qualified, to presume so far on the flattery of his mother's maids, as to deny, on his arrival at the university, that any other commoner is as good a gentleman as himself. Let him wear his distinguishing costume meekly, and make no boast of it, if he wishes to sleep in a whole skin. Observe, too, that the designation has for its equivalent at Cambridge, Fellow-Commoner; and as touching the gentility of a college Fellow, we refer the learned reader to that celebrated treatise of the *Clarissimus Byronius*, which has for its title, *de ursis sodalitatē academicā ambientibus*; and having attentively pondered it, he may draw his own conclusions.

Gentleman-soldier is another use of the word, which so far from satisfying curiosity, is altogether a most puzzling catachresis. For the very first authorities are agreed that it is a perfect and hopeless loss of caste, in a gentleman to put up with a blow; and we are credibly informed (omitting other instances) that it is a common usage in the Austrian army to preserve discipline by a liberal application of the cane, thus realizing the words of the Roman poet,

"Arma virumque cano."

Equally disappointing is the instance of gentleman-actors, the queen's servants—a class of persons who, if they exercise their lawful calling in any part of her majesty's kingdom, and the good town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, without licence, are no better than common vagrants; and who, if they do so upon any terms in France, and should happen to die in the fact, are held to go straight to old Nick without bail or mainprise. Now, whether a gentleman can or cannot be subjected to this accident, is matter of much doubt; for while the French duchess maintained that Providence thinks twice before it considers

reprobate a person of quality, Sir Godfrey Kneller held such judgments to be a special privilege of gentility, affirming that Heaven would not condescend to condemn a coal-porter.

Again, as touching the gentility of actors, the Greeks considered acting no derogation; whereas the Romans (an equally high authority) ruled the case the other way. With the hope of setting a point of so much importance at rest, we have taken considerable pains in going through the many volumes of theatrical biography, which have appeared of late years, and have more particularly consulted the amusing and instructive theatrical sketches, which, from time to time, have illustrated the pages of the *N. M. M.*; but the result has been a mere increase of our difficulties; for if some of the heroes of these works would have done honour to any position in life, we have seen ample proof, that when an actor is a scamp, he is ten times as scampish as any other sort or condition of men. This throws us back upon the great question, whether a gentleman can be a scamp, or a scamp a gentleman.

There exists also another description of gentleman—a sort of rider on the Travellers' club—known by the facetious appellation of gentleman-bagman: this person's gentility passes current undisputed, with waiters, ostlers, and chambermaids, from John a-Groat's house to the Land's End; and as they generally maintain an extensive acquaintance with all classes of society, their decisions must be taken as worth something. But though the bagman takes orders, he is not of the establishment; and though sometimes a clerk, he is never a clergyman. If he preaches, it is only over his liquor; and his books are of patterns, not of prayers. His gentility, therefore, is not of divine ordination; and on further examination, too, we discover that his gentility is local, and confined to the Queen's highways, and the inns thereof: all inferences, therefore, from the bagman must be taken with allowance, if they are not to be rejected *in toto* as altogether apocryphal.

One instance there is which promised to afford a clue to the truth, and seemed as if it might give the world assurance of a gentleman; and that is the gentleman's gentleman—a person who, in elegant dress and carriage, frequently eclipses those to whose necessities he administers; and who would scarcely fail in passing even for a lord, with any man who had never had the happiness to see one. The gentleman's gentleman, too, is commonly fastidious in his associations, and scrupulously attentive to do nothing derogatory to his *place* in society, always maintaining rigorously his right to the second table, and eschewing liveried associations. His general habits and tastes so closely resemble those of his master, that *mire sagaces fulleret hospites*; so that, were you to refuse him the character of a gentleman, it would be a plain insult to his employer. Some there are who would infer from such a resemblance, that the valet is a mere servile copy of gentility; but the question of originality in these cases, is open to dispute. In the analogous matter of master and groom, the common consent of mankind has decided in favour of the servant, who (as the French say) is in possession of regulating to a nicety, every article of his master's apparel—from his tile to his topboots. But *simile non est idem*; and with respect to the gentleman's gentleman, it would be hard to say who borrows from whom. So far, however, is this similarity from leading us out of the wood, that (instead of declaring what a gentleman is) it only throws a doubt as to the moral qualities assignable to a valet.

Next to a gentleman's gentleman, comes the metaphysical complex called a gentleman-usher. This variety of gentleman has caused us much laborious research, on account of its antiquity and dignity, no less than its intimate connexion with the most imposing feudal ceremonies and personages. After a vast expense of oil and acumen, in resolving the idea into its simple elements, we came to the conviction that a gentleman-usher is a mere unsubstantial form; and that no inference can be drawn from it to the smallest mass of real humanity, though the pigmy's weight did not exceed seven stone four. Pretty nearly the same conclusion may be drawn concerning the gentlemen of the chapel royal.

With respect to the proper characteristics of a gentleman, the world has been much led astray by a current popular fallacy, imbodyed in an expression which is heard on every turn, *viz.*, "if you're a gemman, you behave as sich;" implying, that unlike all other conditions in life, a gentleman's never permits him to indulge in a holiday; but obliges him under all circumstances, day and night, however inconvenient or troublesome, to act up to his character. Now this is singularly unjust; for even a surgeon may snore as unscientifically as he pleases, if there arises a moment when nobody wants his assistance; and the very hackney-coachmen are not tied to their number when released from the box. Although Falstaff was not to be compelled to lay aside his knighthood at the pleasure of an opponent, it does not follow that he might not do so to serve his own turn; nor can any good reason be assigned why a gentleman should be compelled ostentatiously to thrust his gentility under our noses, at all seasons, notwithstanding that it may better suit his humour, to be a *pro tem.* blackguard and scoundrel.

It is not then every occasional dereliction of the character and conduct of a gentleman, that constitutes a disqualification; neither can any very rigid line be drawn as to the number and extent of such abandonments of the part, which are to be considered as fatal. We perpetually hear of gentlemen who do not perfectly "behave as sich" on some particular contingencies, and who, nevertheless, are universally acknowledged as the true thing. The Spaniards never affirm positively on a man's bravery; but say that he fought bravely on such and such an occasion: so we should say that such a one behaved like a gentleman in such a transaction; and if a man cheats you in the sale of a horse, cogs a die, or says the thing that is not, you should not declare that he is no gentleman, but confining yourself to particulars, leave the character to speak for itself. "Once a captain, always a captain," may do very well; but if once to be a scoundrel, is always to be one—Heaven help the wicked. There arises, however, this inconvenience in the understanding, that frequent cases must occur, in which there is no distinguishing the rule from the exception, in which we cannot decide whether the scamp has deviated into the gentleman, or the gentleman into the scamp; and consequently a corresponding ambiguity must attend the definition of the one or the other character.

It was a maxim of the cynic philosophers that no action derogates from gentility which a man dare defend at the point of the pistol; the Epicureans preferred the small-sword; but the stoics, who contemned all the accidents of life as beneath the dignity of true gentility, left the choice of weapons to a toss up. From these, the notion descended to the schoolmen, who fought out their quarrels with the predicaments, and then if they were worsted, slily knocked out their

opponents' brains with the next bishop's crosier. From them, through "the judgments of heaven" of the middle ages, and "the wager of battle" of the English law courts, the idea descended to the Yankees, who prove their gentility by the rifle and the Bowey knife. These criteria of gentility, however decisive in their particular conclusions, and however necessary to the wellbeing of a civilized, and above all a Christian society, are utterly useless for our purpose; because by the strictest analogy, every thief and burglar who fairly risks the chances of the rope in the pursuit of his own object, must then be considered as mounting the scaffold a man of honour and a gentleman;—which (the rope being justly considered an infamous punishment) is impossible.

The code of honour and the code of religion are two very different stories; and though the Irish loudly assert that "St. Patrick was a gentleman," it is clear that he must have been so in virtue of his letters of naturalization, and not of his saintship; for he is the only saint we know, who set up the pretence, and did not, on the contrary, expressly repudiate the most fashionable gentlemanly practices, as leading to a certain "primrose path" to which Shakspeare has directed public attention.

We had arrived at this point of our analytical attempt, and were about to abandon the investigation in despair, when a light suddenly broke upon us, and enabled us to come to a conclusion, which, whether accepted by the reader as *conclusive*, or not, must bring the matter within a nearer view, and confer upon it a more definite shape, than it has hitherto assumed. The immediate cause of this illumination (for we like being fair and aboveboard) was the perusing in a daily paper the following mystic sentence: "The Queen *dem Doe*, v. Lawrence Latitat, GENT." This was indeed a light! a brighter light than the Drummond light, or the Bude light, or the Oxyhydrogen light of the microscope, or the new light, or the Newman light—a light which "requires no snuffing." By this sentence we are reminded that the law, which is indisputably the perversion (the perfection we meant to say) of human reason, has defined the word to our hands; and who shall presume to dispute its accuracy? A gentleman, then, is (you never would have thought it, reader)—a gentleman is (*non meus hic sermo*, but the dictum of that *abnormis sapiens* the Chief Justice)—a gentleman is neither more nor less than an attorney-at-law!! Let not any pert whipper-snapper from either of the universities interpose his schoolboy logic, and tell us that if every attorney is legally a gentleman, every gentleman is not legally an attorney! and that therefore the terms are not convertible. The law in writing it down peremptorily that an attorney is a gentleman, admits of no equivocation: a legal gentleman must, therefore, contain all the attributes of gentility; and if over and above these, he possesses certain attributes of attorneyism, not attainable without an apprentice fee and a stamp duty, these are clearly what the law calls a surplusage; which by no means damages the record. True it is, that both are so blended in the individual, that the moment he is struck off the rolls of the court he loses his gentility, as completely as if he never possessed it; but this does not prevent an ideal process of abstraction, by which we may contemplate at pleasure the gentility alone, taking no count of those parts of the attorney which are unconnected with it: and *vice versâ*. We have, then, nothing to do but to fix our eyes upon the man of law, and note his peculiarities, when we shall hardly

fail to discover, in him, what are the elements which have determined the aforesaid perfection of reason to assign him this specific place in the order of precedence.

In the popular language (and there is generally some foundation for popular opinions), we may observe that the term gentleman is opposed to tradesman; and we have already hinted at the doctrine that a gentleman is one who has nothing to do: now it is most fairly to be inferred that attorneys are pre-eminently in this predicament; since, if they had any business of their own, how could they devote themselves so assiduously to other people's affairs? Observe, too, that an attorney who gets into a scrape never carries the matter through his own office, but applies to a brother to undertake his case; or if he should fail in this respect, he will surely have the consolation of discovering that he has a fool for his client. It has however been surmised that though the attorney undertakes the causes only of his clients, he contrives to render the effects very much his own. Hence it has been too hastily concluded, that he comes really within the purview of the degentilizing distinction above mentioned; for if an attorney does condescend to furnish a bill of costs, *non constat*, that this may not be a secondary consideration only, and that his professional intervention may not, after all, be a mere matter of patrician patronage. Observe also that bills of costs are liable to be taxed; and in sound political economy luxuries alone are subjected to this process: the case is the same with cards and dice, which, like law, are the instruments of gambling (and therefore of genteel) speculations. Another token of gentility is power; but the twelve judges of the land are nothing, save only, as the attorney gives them function and consequence. For as ships are steered by their rudders, and fish propelled by their caudal extremity, so a lawsuit finds its *primum mobile* in an attorney, who is the tail of the legal hierarchy. The court, if not moved through his agency, is brought at once to a standstill; he is, therefore, the court's master. From this fact, the conclusion follows as ready as a "borrower's cap," that if the judge is a gentleman, the judge's master, *a fortiori*, must be one also. *Omne majus in se continet minus*; the attorney, therefore, contains the judge's gentility at the least, "be the same more or less." But observe, also, that the characteristic distinction of gentility, in its original purity, was the being above the law. Every baron, walled in his castle, or cased in his Milan plate, lobster-wise, had the law in his own hands, just as the attorney has now; and brought it to a dead lock every where within the length of his lance, whenever he pleased. Old father Antic was thus obliged to doff his cap, and to sing small; and notwithstanding Shakspeare's eulogium, Henry V.'s obedience to the offended Chief Justice, was a plain derogation from that gallant monarch's gentility.

Another great pretence to gentility is founded on the possession of landed property; and accordingly we find this species of possession fenced in by many valuable privileges. Nay, so far do these extend, that the junior members of the family of a landed proprietor derive gentility from the soil, though by the law of primogeniture they get from it nothing else. Let the reader now reflect how completely a large portion of the land of these kingdoms is in the hands of the attorneys; and of that part which is not absolutely mortgaged, and shut up by all sorts of cantrip legalities, the attorney can equally bring it under his control at pleasure, by finding, or making a hole in the title, a process as easy as if a

title-deed were a mere legal cullender. Nor can this be considered as a quibble, a constructional possession; for if an attorney can once put the property into the hands of a receiver, it will go hard with him if he does not make a greater income from it than the unfortunate owner. Virtually, the attorney is tenant in common with the incumbent, even when he does not obtain the lion's share of the spoil.

Writers on gentility are wont to consider punctuality and fidelity to promises as among the most signal tokens of its presence; and they coolly set it down that he who is not a man of his word is no gentleman. To this we might object that it is a mere theory, and that practice lies altogether the other way; appealing, in support of our opinion, to the whole corps of dealers in stay-tape and buckram, whose evidence, divided by nine, would prove the little reliance to be placed in such promises in any court in Christendom. But we disdain the paltry distinction; and content ourselves with showing that an attorney is the most punctual person in the world, a great observer of times and seasons, and a man who *keeps terms* with all his opponents. If ever an attorney promises, more especially "to be even with you," there is not room for a doubt,—the "*tu me lo pagarai*" of a Neapolitan, or the return of a ninety-one day's bill at the end of three months, is not more certain. It is no impeachment of this verity, to urge that attorneys sometimes promise to win your cause, and yet contrive to let it be lost. To every such promise there is a subaudition of so many ifs, that he who takes it for an absolute proposition must be an ignoramus, and a voluntary dupe. If, for instance, you have told the whole truth of your case, which not one man in a thousand has the courage to do, either to his lawyer or his physician. Again, if you can prove it, which is not always an easy matter:—there are, however, some attorneys who take this responsibility on themselves, and are ready to prove any thing and every thing that is necessary. Then, there are two other ifs: if you can get a jury to understand your case, and if you can persuade them to believe it. At the back of all these "ifs" comes the glorious uncertainty of the law, for which an attorney is by no means answerable. The most that can be expected of any one is to declare what the law was last Wednesday:—what it is to-day is hard to guess; and what it may be to-morrow Œdipus himself cannot unriddle. If then it be a fixed maxim of jurisprudence that no one is held to an impossibility, an attorney's veracity is by no means to be impeached on any such frivolous ground. On the other hand, if your attorney tells you he will send in your bill of costs, you may confidently expect that it will come; and should he have the simplicity to add that it will be a long one, it is all Lombard-street to the worst china orange in the Jew's basket, at the corner of the Mansion-house, that he does not deceive you.

There is one particularity about an attorney, against which we have heard many distinguished moralists declaim as particularly ungentlemanlike, and that is the issuing of a *latitat*, which certainly is a difficult matter to rebut. The law, however, is now much changed in respect to *latitats*; and the custom of taking such a "dirty advantage" of a creditor, much abated. We shall not, however, stand on that punctilio; but urge that the issuing a *latitat* was a decided power; and that all power (as we have said) is respectable, and therefore genteel. The odium, too, attendant on the transaction is fairly to be divided between the client who directed, and the bailiff who executed the process. Besides, the at-

torney is, as Falstaff says, only "labouring in his vocation, Hal." A *latitat* was a circumstance inherent in the law itself; and accordingly, the Hon. and Right Hon. the two houses of parliament, have very properly relieved the attorney from his embarrassment on this head, by abating the nuisance. Upon the whole, moreover, *contemni turpe est, legem donare superbum*; the attorney, therefore, who wielded the power, was any thing but to be despised,—and so much as to the gentility of an arrest.

But, perhaps, the greatest, and certainly the most convenient incident to undoubted gentility, is the not being obliged to pay one's tradesmen's bills; and whether such bills be his own or his client's, an attorney can stave off the necessity of shelling out, *à la venue des coquecigrues** (that is, to Tib's Eve), better even than a member of parliament. There is not a tougher job in the world than to extort money from an unwilling attorney.

Lastly, as to the point of honour, an attorney is here quite at home, and conducts his affairs upon the most scrupulous observance of the code for regulating the *duello*. A lawsuit is the very type of "an affair of honour;" the trial being strictly analogous to "an hostile meeting," and the pleading very like the preliminary correspondence. There is, however, this little difference between the two last, that a pleading never averts the issue, but rather seems to hurry it on; which is otherwise in the opposite case of the correspondence. An attorney is too much of a Sir Lucius O'Trigger, to interfere in "a pretty quarrel as it stands;" and would consider the accommodation of a difference as a stain on his professional character. On the other hand, what can more nearly resemble an amicable action, than a firing in the air; or what is more like getting held to bail, than a traversing *in prox.*? So likewise, while the first step to a duel, is sending a message, the first move in a lawsuit is serving a writ; and in both cases alike, a non-appearance leads to a judgment by default.

On these various accounts, although it may be difficult to decide whether the attorney was the original type of the gentleman, or the gentleman of the attorney (for that is a question of date), yet enough has been said to warrant an appeal to the characteristics of the legal gentleman, in all disputed cases of lay gentility. As to the antiquity of the matter, it would be difficult to illustrate a point, on which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary of either hypothesis. We may, however, mention as an historical fact, that our Norman and Saxon gentlemen are alike descended from a race of respectable practitioners whom Byron has illustrated under the denomination of "sea-attorneys."

We can hardly flatter ourselves, that we have succeeded in this essay in clearing up all the intricacies of the question; but we trust that we have dissipated some portion of the obscurity in which it was involved. Should our readers be still dissatisfied, and feel an anxiety to inquire further, for themselves, we shall recommend them to pursue the matter experimentally rather than logically, and more particularly to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the discipline and doctrine of the turf, the fives court, the back slums, and other fashionable courts of genteel assemblage. In the mean time, however, as they value a verdict, let them not forget in their pleadings, that an attorney-at-law is a gentleman.

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* Rabelais.

THE WIDOW MARRIED.*

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

CHAP. XI.

UNEXPECTED NEWS—MAKING VIRTUE FROM NECESSITY—A SATISFACTORY CORRESPONDENCE—PREPARATION—A MORNING VISIT—DRAMATIC EFFECTS.

A DOMESTIC-LOOKING party, consisting of a very lovely woman and two children, with another lady, who might, perhaps, be their governess, were seated upon one of the rare masses of stone, which, in default of better, are at Brighton called rocks; when the occupation of each was suspended by the approach of a gentleman, who had just descended a flight of steps, leading down the cliff. The lovely lady ceased to converse with the more homely one, who sat beside her; the youngest child suffered a whole frock-load of marine-treasures, to fall again amidst the shingles, whence she had culled them, while she darted forward to greet the intruder; and the elder one, who was too tall to be called a little girl, and too slight and juvenile in appearance to be classed as a great one, shut up the book she was reading, and joyously exclaimed, "Papa!"

"How very cool and comfortable you all look here!" said General Hubert—for he it was who drew near; "and how extremely skilful you have been in finding out the only 'coigne of vantage' that could produce sufficient shade to shelter you!"

"And it produces sufficient to shade you too, Montague," said his wife, making room for him between herself and her companion. "I am so glad you are come before the East-Indiaman is out of sight! Did you ever see a more stately creature? How beautifully one half of her canvass catches the sunshine, while the remainder is as dark as night from that little black canopy of a cloud, that so mysteriously hovers over her! This is certainly the most beautiful day for lights and shades that we have had yet."

"Oh, my poor Agnes!" said the general, heaving a deep sigh, but with so comic an expression of countenance, as only to make his wife smile.

"What means that tender sigh, my dear?" said she, looking at him with an evident expectation of hearing something that would amuse her. But General Hubert shook his head, and replied in a voice at least half serious,

"I am very much afraid, dearest, that I bring news which will vex you."

"What do you mean, Hubert?" cried Agnes, a little impatiently; "it cannot be any thing the matter about the boys, or you would not look so half-disposed to jest as you do."

"Probably not, Agnes. No, dearest, I have heard nothing about the boys. But—"

And here he stopped, turning his eyes at the same time upon the two little girls, and then with a smile upon their governess. This lady returning the smile, rose instantly, and stretching out a hand to either pupil said, "This is lazy work, young ladies; remember we have had no walk yet."

The children, or at any rate, the elder one, looked a little inclined to linger, and hear what papa was going to say; but the habit of obedience seemed too strong to be broken, and after one short questioning look that received no encouragement, she accepted the offered hand, and the trio set off together, leaving Mrs. Hubert waiting for the disclosure which her husband was evidently come on purpose to make, with a curiosity that seemed to increase in exact proportion to its delay.

"I do not like sending that dear, excellent Miss Wilmot off so cavalierly," said the general, watching the retreating party; "nevertheless I am much obliged to her for understanding my look so readily; for I should scarcely like to trust to your philosophy, Agnes, the reception of the news I bring while Elizabeth was here."

"But nobody is here now, my dear general!" she replied; "and I implore you to tell me instantly what this terrible news is."

The general put his hand into his waistcoat-pocket, and drew forth from it two visiting-cards, and a three-cornered note. Agnes stretched forth her hand—received them—and read aloud—

"MRS. A. O'DONAGOUGH.

"MISS O'DONAGOUGH.

East Cliff."

and again on the other card—

"MR. A. O'DONAGOUGH.

East Cliff."

"Montague! Are you jesting with me?" were the first words uttered by Agnes after reading these most unexpected names.

"No, truly am I not, Agnes," he replied. "I took these cards and the note you hold in your hand, which was left with them, from the hall-table, as I entered the house ten minutes ago; and, guessing whereabouts I should find you, set off again instantly to impart the news they convey. But do not look so really and truly frightened, Agnes! Aunt Barnaby is aunt Barnaby no longer."

Agnes shook her head, "Ah! Hubert, you know better than that!

'A rose by any other name—'

My dear, dear husband! How will you be able to bear it?"

"You shall see, Agnes; things are most delightfully changed with me, dear love, since the days you seem to remember so distinctly, when the Barnaby, I will not deny it, had power very considerably to shake my nerves. But pray read your note, I am a little curious, I own, to see how she introduces herself."

Mrs. Hubert opened the note, and read aloud as follows:

"You will easily believe, my beloved Agnes, that amidst all the delightful feelings produced by returning to my native country, the hope

of once more pressing you to my heart predominates. Gracious Heaven! what a moment will it be for me when I present to you my darling child! and when I receive yours in my arms!—when may this be my dearest niece? Of course neither Mr. O'Donagough, or myself, or our sweet girl have any engagements that would interfere for a moment with our ardent wish of seeing you and yours. I shall wait with the greatest impatience till I hear from you, and trust that you will fix no very distant hour, my beloved Agnes, for our meeting. Mr. O'Donagough charges me to present his respectful compliments to General Hubert; and Martha, whose young eyes beam with affection whenever your names are mentioned, murmurs gently in my ear, 'Send my kind love, mamma, to all my dear young cousins!' For some few lingering hours, then, adieu, my dear sister's own daughter! and believe me ever your devotedly attached aunt,

“MARTHA COMPTON O'DONAGOUGH.”

Having finished this epistle, Mrs. Hubert put it into the hands of her husband, as if it were impossible that he could have fully received all its terrible meaning from her delivery of it. As she did this, the expression of her fair face was so deplorably tragical, and so humbly deprecativè, that the general, though somewhat chagrined himself at this unexpected announcement, could not retain his gravity, but laughed aloud. †

“And you make a jest of it, Montague!” she exclaimed; “is that laugh genuine? or is it only feigned, to prevent my perceiving how deeply annoyed you are?”

“Not feigned, upon my word and honour, Agnes. Nor do I believe that aunt Betsy herself, though generally grave enough upon the subject of Mrs. Barnaby, could refrain from joining me were she here, to see your piteous countenance. How can you be so foolish, my dear wife? How can the elder lady, or her young daughter, or her very reverend husband, possess any real power over our happiness now? Send her word, dear, that you will call upon her at two o'clock to-morrow—I will not let you go to-day, for you look fit for nothing but a gallop over the downs. Come along, Agnes, I'll have the horses out directly.”

The gloom which had rested on her beautiful countenance, was chased by a smile as bright and sudden in its influence, as the sunbeams whose effects she had just been studying.

“Oh, my dear husband, how I do love you!” said she, gaily taking his arm, and moving towards the stairs in the cliff, with a step that seemed in unison with the recovered lightness of her heart. “I hope you do not think my dismay at receiving this unexpected news arises from my own personal distaste to aunt Barnaby's society? I do assure you, that were it not for the dread I feel lest you should be annoyed by her—somewhat in the same style as I have witnessed formerly—I should not feel the slightest displeasure at it. Perhaps, even, I might be almost able to persuade myself that I should like to see her. Her little girl I really do wish very much to see. She must be within a few months of the same age as Elizabeth, and notwithstanding all my greatness, Hubert, as your honoured wife, I have no inclination to forget how nearly they are related.”

“No more have I, sweet Agnes! and it was precisely for that reason,

I gave the look to Miss Wilmot, which made her lead away the children. I suspected that you would betray a little more wonder, and a little less joy on first receiving the intelligence, than might be easily forgotten. This would have been unfair. I should not particularly wish Elizabeth to make Mrs. A. O'Donagough her model; but I see no reason why a little girl of her own age, who must have been brought up simply at least, and without any great pretension, in the remote shades of New South Wales, should not obtain such a share of her love and good graces, as her near relationship gives her a right to expect. So torment yourself no more, Agnes, about my miseries on the subject. I could feel well inclined to laugh at the vehemence of my own feelings, in days of yore, on the subject of this poor lady, and do not, I assure you, anticipate the least danger of a relapse."

"I often think, Montague," she replied, "that you have some mystical mode of reading my heart. It so perpetually happens, that you do and say exactly the things I most wish, even when circumstances would lead me to expect something different. But shall I confess that I now feel perfectly ashamed of myself from the excess of vexation this three-cornered epistle caused me? solely, I believe, from its expressions of familiar affection. I was foolish enough to think, Hubert, that you would not like your daughter to be claimed as a relative by this obscure young cousin."

"Why, considering, Agnes, how many superlatively fine relations you have done my daughter the honour of giving her—Nesbitts and Stephensons without end—I really think it would be unreasonable to complain of her being claimed as kindred by one humble lassie who has neither learned her steps from a French opera-dancer, nor her singing from an Italian opera-singer. I am by no means certain that our simple Elizabeth may not like her best.

This conversation brought them to their own door; on reaching which a servant was despatched to the stables to order their horses, and while they were waited for, Mrs. Hubert after a little further consultation with her husband, wrote the following note:

"My dear Aunt,

"Accept my best congratulations upon your return to England after an absence of so many years, and let me fix two o'clock tomorrow for repeating these congratulations in person. I feel quite anxious to see my young cousin, who must be, if I mistake not, about the same age as my eldest girl. I hope they will be good friends and playfellows.

"General Hubert begs to join his request to mine, that Mr. O'Donagough, yourself, and Martha, would give us the pleasure of your company at dinner on Thursday at six o'clock.

"Believe me, my dear Aunt,

"Your affectionate niece,

"AGNES HUBERT."

This note approved and despatched, Mrs. Hubert, with a lightened spirit, mounted her beautiful mare, and galloped for a couple of hours over the Sussex downs with as much enjoyment as if "aunt Barnaby" had not been in existence.

Her note reached its destination safely, and was received by the

whole of the O'Donagough family in council. Mr. O'Donagough, though not exactly confessing that he remained at home on purpose, contrived to be in the drawing-room when the servant of the house entered with it; and Martha, who, from the reiterated harangues of her mamma on the subject, had conceived a very distinct idea, that most of her pleasures, and all her consequence, depended on the manner in which "the Huberts" received them, no sooner saw a smart footman, bearing a note in his hand, ring at the bell, than springing back from the station she constantly occupied at the window, she exclaimed, "Here it comes, mamma!—such a footman!—all over silver lace! I'll bet a dollar it is to ask us to come and drink tea with them."

"Be quiet, Martha! Don't scream so loud," said Mr. O'Donagough.

"Oh! how my poor heart beats!" cried his wife, forcibly compressing that part of her person wherein it was lodged. "Dearest—" Agnes! she would have added, but a feeling of doubt and caution checked her, and compressing her lips, and assuming an air of dignified composure, she suddenly resolved to express no further affection for Mrs. General Hubert till it was ascertained how she was likely to be welcomed in return.

The lively Martha gave a prodigious jump the instant the drawing-room door opened, and clutched the important note from the maid-servant's hand.

"Now who'll know the news first, I wonder?" she cried, triumphantly holding her prize above her head.

"How dare you behave so, Martha!" said Mrs. O'Donagough, hastily rising, and approaching her daughter in a manner that made it evident there would be a battle for the note if the young lady yielded it not unresistingly. But the matter was immediately decided by the authoritative voice of Mr. O'Donagough himself, who, with more anxiety than he intended should appear, sat picking his teeth, and pretending to read a newspaper.

"No nonsense, if you please, Miss Patty! Give your mother the note INSTANTLY." And instantly the note trembled beneath the agitated fingers of Mrs. O'Donagough.

"—Best congratulation!—anxious to see young cousin!—good friends!—General Hubert!—dinner on Thursday!—Oh! my dear Agnes!—my darling, darling niece!" she exclaimed, falling back in her chair in very violent emotion. "How I dote upon her!—Was there ever any thing so sweet, O'Donagough?"

This demand was addressed to her husband, in consequence of his having caught the note as it fell from her hands as she clasped them in ecstasy after the hasty perusal of it. "What a fool I have been," she continued, with something between a sob and a laugh, "to let all your nonsensical doubts bother me as they have done! Nobody, of course, but myself can possibly know what Agnes and I have been to each other! Let me have the note again, Donny!—dear darling creature! How touching—how sweet her language is! I am sure you will dote upon her, O'Donagough; and remember, my dear, that all she is, she owes to me. I formed her mind and manners; and I think when you know her better, you will confess that she does me no discredit."

"Dear me, papa," cried the young lady, "how you do spell it, and spell it! Isn't it my turn now, mamma? She's my cousin, papa, more than she is yours, you know."

"The lady is my niece, Patty, and not my cousin," replied her father, passing his hand across the lower part of his face to conceal a smile, arising probably from a greater variety of incongruous and amusing recollections than either of his companions could understand. "The note," he added, "is a very agreeable note as far as it goes—and I presume you have no engagement, Mrs. O'Donagough, that will prevent our having the pleasure of dining with General Hubert on Thursday next?"

"I rather think not," she answered in the same tone of comic gravity. "Nor do I intend to be from home at two o'clock to-morrow."

"Mayn't I see the note, mamma?" cried Patty, almost whimpering. "I do think it is the hardest thing that ever was, you two keeping it all to yourselves, and making your jokes about it, and I standing by as if I was a baby all the time."

"Give her the note, dear Donny," said Mrs. O'Donagough, "I don't wonder that she is longing for it. There, miss! read that, and rejoice—though you can't know yet one half a quarter of the difference it may make to you."

Miss O'Donagough received the precious paper from her father, and depositing herself with a good deal of vehemence in the corner of a sofa (for her temper had been chafed by the delay) began to study it. Though not testifying equal ecstasy to her mother, she perused the first few lines with a well-satisfied air; and when she came to the phrase, "I feel quite anxious to see my young cousin," she looked up with a smile, and gave a sidelong nod with her head that seemed to say, "I count for something in the business, at any rate." But when again throwing her eyes upon the note, she read the words, "I hope they will be good friends and playfellows," her colour arose to crimson, and mounted to her very eyes. For a moment she swelled in silence, and then recovering breath, exclaimed,

"Your cousin, or niece, or whatever she is, may be as great and as grand as she will—but she is a born fool, and I know I shall hate her."

"Hoity, toity! Miss Patty. Pray what is the matter now?" inquired her mother with very sincere astonishment.

"Matter, indeed! I wonder, ma'am, that you can bear to have me treated in such a way! What does she mean by saying that her girl and me may be playfellows? A precious girl she must be too, if she is as old as me, for her mother to talk in that way, as if she was an idiot, or a baby."

"It is no good for you to fluster yourself in that way, Patty, about nothing at all," replied Mrs. O'Donagough. "There are very few English girls, you must remember, as tall and womanly as you, at fourteen. And another thing is, I can tell you, that it is not every mother that chooses to bring her daughter forward as I do. Most ladies, indeed, keep their girls back as much as possible."

"What, the old ladies are jealous of 'em, I suppose?" replied Patty, with an expressive toss of the head. "Nasty unnatural old

beasts! I tell you I know I shall hate this good-for-nothing old woman, who tries to make believe that her daughter is a baby, to make herself seem young. It's downright horrid, isn't it, papa?"

"I tell you what, Patty," replied her father, laughing. "If all girls were like you, the mothers would find it pretty hard work to keep 'em back I fancy. However, you had better not put yourself in a passion about nothing. Perhaps your grandee cousin is *not* so old as you are—and her mother may have forgot all about your age, I dare say."

"Elizabeth Hubert is exactly five months younger than Patty," observed Mrs. O'Donagough; "but it is like enough she may be but a peaking little girl. Agnes was but a poor thread of a thing when she married."

"I don't care the split of a straw what she is," returned her daughter. "Old or young, little or big, it's all one to me—only I wouldn't advise 'em to set me to be her playfellow, as she calls it—I'll teach her queer plays if she does, I can tell her."

This little puff of disagreeable excitement blown away—a process greatly facilitated by Mrs. O'Donagough's judiciously alluding to the dresses it would be necessary to prepare for Thursday, nothing could be more agreeable than the strain of prophecy into which the conversation fell. All the sanguine hopes and expectations of the parents respecting the numerous advantages they contemplated, from an intercourse so auspiciously begun, were freely expressed before their child, who fully proved, by several intelligent remarks, that she was as competent to understand the subject, as either of them. One observation alone was muttered with conjugal mystery by Mrs. O'Donagough, into the ear of her husband; and it ran thus:

"Do you feel any misgivings, Donny, about the sharp eyes of Agnes?" To which he most satisfactorily replied by snapping his fingers with such vivacity, as to produce a sound clear as a castanet; while at the same time he returned the mutter, by pronouncing the single word, "Stuff!"

Though the toilet of the following morning did not, as Mrs. O'Donagough observed, signify a cent in comparison of that to be worn at the dinner-party, still it was not altogether neglected. At about twenty minutes before two, they all three met in the drawing-room, with eyes that seemed to challenge the examination and judgment of each other.

The first expression of applause was elicited by the smooth precision of Mr. O'Donagough's new wig; the full value of which his wife seemed to feel at that moment for the first time. "It's quite perfect, Donny," said she, "I never saw any thing equal to it in all my life. Why, your own mother—I mean that you look very nice and respectable indeed, and I like and approve it very much, Mr. O'Donagough;"—which name, with the emphasis she then gave it, as fully explained to her husband all that was passing in her mind, as if she had discoursed upon it for an hour.

He gave her a nod to show that she was understood, and then a second nod to himself, as he looked in the glass and felt conscious how perfectly well he deserved her approbation both expressed and implied.

The appearance of Patty was the next object of attention; and on

this subject Mr. O'Donagough was eloquent, cordially returning the admiration he had received.

"I hope you are contented with the looks of your girl, Mrs. O'D.?" said he. "There is no denying, ladies, that you know how to spend your money. What is this beautiful-looking stuff that her gown is made of?—Is it satin?"

"No, my dear," replied his wife. "It certainly is not satin. Twenty pounds between us, though a very pretty present, would not give us morning gowns made of satin. But it is a very beautiful manufacture, Donny, which I like exceedingly, it takes the colour so bright. It is nothing in the world but cotton, with just a few threads of silk, you see, run up and down, to catch the eye. But if it was the richest satin ever made, the colour could not be more beautifully brilliant. Darling!—She looks like a full-blown jonquil, doesn't she, my dear?"

"She looks like an uncommon fine girl," replied Mr. O'Donagough. "Her eyes are like stars—I never saw them look so bright before—and her fine long dark curls are as handsome as your own used to be, my dear, when I first met you at ——. The first time I saw you, I mean."

"You are quite right, my love, excepting that her hair curls naturally, it is exactly like mine—and I must say she does look very handsome to-day."

"Egad!" resumed the father, "I don't know what you have done to her; her complexion looks so beautiful—to be sure you have not—" and here he imitated, with his hand applied to his face, the delicate action employed to rouge a lady's cheek. "You must not do that, my dear. It is all very well, and very becoming at about twice her age—but she don't want it yet."

Mrs. O'Donagough said nothing in reply, but employed herself in settling the collar of her own embroidery that finished the dress of her daughter—while Patty turned aside her head and laughed.

"But you say nothing about *me*, my dear," said the mother, after having completed the pinchings and smoothings of Patty's dress; "tell me how you like my cap, and my gown, and my *fichu*, and my cuffs, and my bag—in short, tell me, honestly, Donny, what you think of me, all over?"

"Lor, mamma! what an odd question!" cried her lively daughter, laughing, and turning round to assist in the scrutiny. "I'll defy him to say that you ain't very nicely dressed—though perhaps, as to *all over*, he may say that you look monstrous big."

"I'll tell you what, Miss Patty, you will be half as big again before you are as old as me, take my word for it," replied Mrs. O'Donagough, a little chafed at the remark. "However," she added, with more complacency, "I am not so big as the duchess that we met this morning on the Pier—and I see so many large women here, all in their own carriages, that I am perfectly contented to be fat—I am quite sure it is the fashion."

"I am quite sure of it too, my dear," replied her husband. "Besides," he gallantly added, "when ladies are of as fine a height, and as nobly built as you are, they can carry off a great deal of fat without being at all the worse for it."

At this moment the bell of the house-door was heard to ring. Mrs.

O'Donagough put her hand to her heart. "Oh! good gracious! Here they are!—Come and stand by me, Patty, that I may present you to her directly. I hope she has not got her husband with her, Donny! I dread the sight of that man."

"Hold your tongue! Don't be such a fool! They are on the stairs."

He was right. They *were* on the stairs, they were at the door—and the next moment they were in the room. Neither Mr. or Mrs. O'Donagough would have known Agnes had they met her by chance. Her appearance was indeed most strikingly changed; yet though in a different style, she was perhaps more lovely than they had ever before seen her. She had gained at least an inch in height after her marriage, and the slight girl was now filled out, and rounded into the perfect symmetry of womanhood. "What a delicate creature!" was the exclamation she had often drawn forth as Agnes Willoughby—and "what an elegant creature!" was the phrase which invariably followed her now. The exquisite features too, though still the same in outline, were changed, and even improved as to their general contour. And the expressive eyes, which formerly seemed to covet the shelter of their own fringed lids, and to speak, as it were, but in whispers of the treasure of intellect within, now, appearing to gather courage from looking on the husband who was rarely long together absent from her, showed in every glance a sort of ingenuous confidence of mind, by which a physiognomist might read the purity, simplicity, and strength of her character.

In her hand she led a slight young thing, as thin as a greyhound, who, though tall for thirteen and a half, nevertheless looked perhaps younger than she was. Her silken brown hair hung low, in clusters of thick curls round her neck; and her peculiarly simple white dress, with its plain *pélerine*, and the seaworthy Leghorn bonnet tied closely with a ribbon of its own colour, under her chin, gave her decidedly the air of a child. Behind them followed General Hubert, who showed that a fine person, a noble expression of countenance, a military carriage, and graceful address, may altogether constitute a very handsome man, even though the lofty forehead be bald, and the thin curls that are left, sprinkled with silver.

Notwithstanding the entire absence of every species of affectation or pretension which so remarkably distinguished the manners of Mrs. Hubert, there was something in her general air and appearance which effectually checked all approaches to familiarity in those who were not privileged to use it—and, to say the truth, it would have been difficult to find any gentleman and lady whose appearance would have placed Mr. Allen O'Donagough less at his ease than those who now entered his apartment. He bowed low, as he stood behind his wife, but with a movement that caused him to retreat, rather than advance. Patty, however, fearlessly opened her large eyes upon the strangers, and having no European scale of classification in her head, felt little daunted by encountering an aspect and demeanour altogether new to her; so entirely, indeed, did she "possess her soul," as they walked up the room, as mentally to ejaculate, "Well, if that lanky thing is my fine cousin, I shan't mind her a bit. She won't put my nose out, any how. What a bonnet!—my!"

But it was not to speculations such as occupied the minds of either her husband or her child that Mrs. O'Donagough gave way.—It was, as she would have expressed it, the heart that spoke, and not the judgment, when she rushed forward, and opening her expansive arms, enclosed within them the graceful, yet embarrassed Mrs. Hubert. So long indeed did she hold her there, that the bystanders felt embarrassed too, not well knowing what to do with their eyes, or how to perform their own parts in a scene of such deep interest.

At length, however, the elder lady released the younger one from her strict embrace, and then retiring a step, stood gazing at her with clasped hands, and head advanced, as nearly as possible like a devotee offering adoration before a favourite shrine.

“Is it possible!” exclaimed Mrs. O'Donagough, “do I indeed behold my sister's child?” A very well-looking pocket-handkerchief, with its laced corner protruding, as if instinct with sympathy, from her bag, was here drawn forth, and did its duty well. “Oh! my dearest Agnes, I can hardly believe my eyes!—So lovely still, and yet so greatly altered! Oh! how my heart has longed for this dear moment! But I must not be thus selfish, thus absorbed! Mr. O'Donagough, let me present you to my dear niece.—General Hubert, forgive me, if at first I could see nothing but your charming wife!—I hope I see you well; permit me to present my husband to you—Mr. O'Donagough, General Hubert—General Hubert, Mr. O'Donagough—and this is your child, Agnes!—Dear creature!—How excessively like the general!” And then, whether tempted by the resemblance, or by the fond feelings of a great-aunt, she very nearly caught the young lady from the ground, and pressed her so closely to her bosom, as to produce an involuntary “Oh!” from the lips of the nearly “spoilt child.” This over, Mrs. O'Donagough next turned to her own daughter, though the last, not the least important of her evolutions, and taking her red young hand, placed it in the delicately-gloved palm of Mrs. Hubert. That lady, as in duty bound, kissed her cousin—but her long ringlets, and her fine colour, her large bright eyes, and her magnificent gown, altogether brought aunt Betsy, and all her peculiar notions to her mind so forcibly, that she almost trembled as she remembered that this most dear relation was expected to pay them a visit at Brighton, almost immediately.

“But mercy on me! how I let you stand!” cried Mrs. O'Donagough, perfectly satisfied that the earnest look given both by the general and his lady to her daughter, proceeded from admiring astonishment. “Let us sit down, dearest Agnes;” and marshalling her and her daughter, who still held tightly by her hand, to the sofa, placed herself on a chair before it; while the general, bowed into an arm-chair beside it by Mr. O'Donagough, found himself under the necessity of making conversation that might suit the habits and prejudices of his host, concerning whose strict conformity to the methodist persuasion, he felt not the least doubt.

“You have been long absent from this country, sir?” said the general.

A slight twitching might have been perceptible about the mouth of Mr. Allen O'Donagough, as he listened to this question, but he instantly recovered himself and replied, “It has indeed been a long absence, General Hubert.”

Without either snuffling, lisping, or in any other obvious and ordinary manner altering his voice, there was something in Mr. Allen O'Donagough's manner of saying these few words, that made his wife, notwithstanding her earnest attention to what her darling Agnes was saying, look up at him with surprise. But she was a quick-witted, intelligent woman, and half a moment's consideration enabled her to recollect why it was that he spoke now as she had never heard him speak before. It was less than half a smile that passed over her face, as cause and effect thus became perceptible to her, but this half-smile spoke a whole world of conjugal admiration.

Mrs. O'Donagough now obtained sufficient mastery over the first burst of her emotions, to look at the daughter of Agnes with some attention. From her youth upwards she had studied beauty, both male and female, too sedulously, not to perceive under the close straw bonnet a promise at least of good regular features, and something more than a promise of remarkably fine eyes. Nevertheless, on the whole, the examination awakened no maternal jealousy. She could not for a moment entertain a doubt as to which was the handsomest, her daughter, or her great-niece. There sat her charming Patty, all glow, all brightness, in the very perfection of that undeniable "*beauté de diable*" which rarely, indeed, fails to illuminate the features of a womanly girl of fourteen; while beside her sat Elizabeth Hubert, pale, and by no means particularly fair, and with a countenance unawakened to all the thousand little conscious *agaceries*, which are sure to play and sparkle about such eyes and lips as those of Martha O'Donagough. Moreover, she looked such a mere child, that any comparison between them seemed quite preposterous.

"What a poor little weasel of a girl!" thought the well-pleased Mrs. O'Donagough, as she looked at her; "and her mother reckoned such a prodigious beauty, too! Well, to be sure, it is impossible not to feel something like triumph at the difference." Such were her thoughts, but all she uttered of them was, "Is this dear child your eldest girl, my dearest Agnes?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Hubert, "she is my eldest girl—but we have two boys older."

"Oh! yes—I remember. And this dear creature, then, is your Elizabeth, for whom you told me General Hubert's aunt, Lady Elizabeth Norris, and your own great-aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Compton, stood godmothers."

"Yes; this is Elizabeth."

"Is she in good health, my dearest Agnes?"

"Perfectly so."

"She is so *very* pale and thin! isn't she?"

"Nothing can be thinner, certainly—but we do not reckon her particularly pale. None of our children are fresh-coloured—but they have all excellent health."

"Then, my dear love, you must be contented with that—which after all is the first of blessings, and of infinitely more real importance, you know, than all the beauty in the world. But, to be sure, she is the youngest-looking creature of her age that I ever saw. Who would believe, Agnes, that there was not more than five months difference in age between your girl and mine?"

"No one, certainly," replied Mrs. Hubert, with a smile.

"Is it possible!" said General Hubert, who found it rather difficult to keep up a conversation with his sanctified-looking host; "is it possible, that Miss O'Donagough is not more than five months older than Elizabeth?"

"That is all, general, I assure you," replied Mrs. O'Donagough. "But the air of Sydney, you know, is counted the finest in the world, and I think that is likely to have a great deal to do with the improvement of children. But your dear girl, is not very short neither—only she looks so little and childish-like compared to Patty. However, that is a fault that will mend every day—won't it, dear?"

Elizabeth on being thus addressed, smiled, though without speaking, and the beauty of that sweet smile perfectly startled the critical Mrs. O'Donagough.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed with very blunt sincerity, "how pretty she is when she smiles! Oh, dear! that is so like poor Sophy!"

"Is she indeed like my mother, aunt?" said Mrs. Hubert, with some emotion.

"The smile is exactly like her," replied Mrs. O'Donagough. "And your mother was very slight, too; but nothing like so little as Elizabeth, at her age."

"We never reckoned Elizabeth so very little," said the general, laughing; "but rather the contrary. Do let the young ladies stand up together—I know that is a very regular and orthodox ceremony, which always ought to be performed when cousins meet for the first time; and, moreover, I doubt if the English lass be not the taller of the two."

"Stand up, Martha!" said Mr. Allen O'Donagough with much solemnity.

The young lady obeyed; but there was a little toss of the head, and a little curl of the lip, that spoke, involuntarily perhaps, the scorn which the idea of any sort of measurement or comparison between herself and her cousin created.

"Come, Elizabeth!" cried the general.

Elizabeth stood up, and yielded herself smiling and blushing to the hands of her father, who having himself untied her bonnet and laid it aside, placed her back to back with her cousin.

Mrs. O'Donagough looked at her again, as she thus stood with her head uncovered, and something very nearly approaching to a frown, contracted her brow. She said not a word more about her departed sister, or the beauty of her smiles; but after a disagreeable sort of struggle with her own judgment, she inwardly ejaculated, "If that girl was *my* daughter, I should make something of her."

The military eye of General Hubert had not deceived him. There was but little difference in the height of the young ladies, but that little was decidedly in favour of Miss Hubert.

"You see I am right, ladies," said he; "I have been used to measuring recruits by my eye."

"Am I *shortest*, mamma?" said Patty, in a tone that expressed both vexation and incredulity.

"Why, yes you are, my dear," replied her mother; "I am sure I don't know how it can be—you look so very much bigger and older."

"Oh! what a maypole I must be!" said the still blushing Elizabeth replacing her bonnet, and thereby again eclipsing one, of certainly the least *ordinary* faces, that ever was looked upon. The rounded contour of the oval, indeed, that might be hoped for hereafter, was not yet there; and, excepting when excited, the delicate cheek was pale. But the forehead, eyes, nose, and beyond all else, the finely-cut full lips, with that rare Grecian wavy line, which gives a power of expression possessed by few, were all pre-eminently handsome; and had it not been for the conviction that her niece Agnes never did, nor never would know how to make the most of beauty, the last state of Mrs. O'Donagough's mind, respecting the parallel inevitably drawn between their two daughters, would have been considerably worse than the first. As it was, however, when Elizabeth again sat down with her close bonnet, and her quiet look of perfect childishness,—while Martha, after a momentary arrangement of her curls before the glass, turned round upon her with a throat as white as ivory, cheeks like a cabbage rose, and eyes that darted liquid beams of youthful sauciness, with all the airs and graces of conscious beauty,—it was utterly impossible she should feel otherwise than well contented with her.

The visit lasted about twenty minutes longer, which, to say the truth, seemed quite long enough to all parties; yet, when Mrs. Hubert rose to take leave, her fond aunt was almost clamorous that she should stay a little longer.

"Oh, dearest Agnes! Must I lose you already! Think what a time it is since last we met! It is *such* a treat to see you:" *et cetera et cetera*.

"We shall have the pleasure of seeing you to-morrow, aunt," replied Agnes kindly, "and of course my cousin will come with you—unless, indeed, she would like to come earlier," she added, recollecting herself, "and share Elizabeth's two o'clock dinner? Perhaps this would be the best way, as it would enable them to take a walk by the sea together, afterwards."

The operations of thought are proverbially rapid with us all; but Mrs. O'Donagough was a particularly quick person, and even before her niece had ceased to speak, the pros and cons for this nursery sort of invitation to Martha had passed through her mind. But, notwithstanding all this quickness, it was really not very easy to decide. She was perfectly aware that it would make her daughter, what the young lady herself called "as mad as fire;" but on the other hand, it would probably lead to much greater intimacy. Against it, was the obvious fact, that the beautiful dress projected, and already prepared for the occasion, could not possibly be worn; but then all the people in Brighton, would have an opportunity of seeing the young people together on the beach, exactly as if they were one family.

In this dilemma, Mrs. O'Donagough wisely took the course which could most easily admit of retreat, and with a countenance beaming with affection and pleasure replied, "There is nothing in the world she would like so well, my dear Agnes! At what time shall she be with you?"

"A little before two if you please." And then the final adieus were exchanged, and the visitors departed.

CHAP. XII.

JUDGMENTS FORMED, AND SENTIMENTS GENERATED—AN ANIMATED DISCUSSION—FOLLOWED BY A REASONABLE RESULT—SOME FOLKS WISER IN THEIR GENERATION THAN OTHER FOLKS—THE COUSINS —“A DELIGHTFUL DAY”—AND ITS CONCLUSION.

THE O'Donagough family remained perfectly silent till the door of the house was distinctly heard to close after their departing guests ; and even then, Mr. O'Donagough, who had stepped to the window, and so placed his eyes as to obtain a sidelong glance after them, continued to hold his finger to his nose, in token that no word was to be spoken till they had passed beyond the possibility of hearing it.

Perhaps this extreme caution arose from a sort of prophetic consciousness on the part of Mr. O'Donagough, that when his daughter did speak it was likely to be with considerable energy. Nor, if this were the case, did he at all miscalculate. No sooner did his finger quit his nose, and his eyes direct themselves into the room, instead of out of it, than his wife and daughter both

“Cried ‘Havock !’ and let slip the dogs of war !”

In plain prose, they both burst forth into the most vehement and unsparing abuse of Miss Hubert's dress, manner, and general appearance.

Isn't it a most extraordinary and unaccountable thing,” exclaimed Mrs. O'Donagough, “that such a really elegant-looking woman as my niece Agnes, should choose to let her daughter go such a fright ? Did any one ever see such an object ? It is a perfect mystery to me ; and that is the truth.”

“And pray how is she to help it ?” replied Patty. “Her mother did not make her, I suppose ?”

“If she did not make her, she made her bonnet,” rejoined her mother, “or at any rate she made her put it on ; and I am sure that if it had been an old extinguisher it could not have answered better for turning her into an object and a fright.”

“Lor ! mamma ! what does the bonnet signify ? It only looks as if they hadn't a penny in the world. But you won't pretend to tell me that if that lanky monster of a girl was to have as beautiful a bonnet as my pink one on, it would make her look like any thing else but what she is ? and that's as ugly as sin, and you know it.”

“Well, Patty,” said her father, “and if she is, it's all the better for you, my dear ; so I don't see why you should look so put out about it. If what your mother says is to come true, and you are to be taken to court, and every where, along with her, it is a great deal better that you should outdo her, than that she should outdo you.”

These judicious remarks considerably softened the aspect of Miss O'Donagough. She no longer looked like a hedgehog in an attitude of declared hostility to all comers, nay she almost smiled as she replied,

“Lor a-mercy, papa ! you don't think I'm going to cry because my cousin isn't a beauty, do you ?”

"I am sure I can't say what may happen about the taking Patty to court, Mr. O'Donagough," observed Mrs. O'Donagough, with rather an anxious look. "That, you know, must depend altogether on the degree of intimacy that grows between us, and of course it will depend in a very great measure upon Patty herself."

"Oh, my gracious!" cried the young lady, "I am sure I shan't do any thing to get intimate with that scaramouch of a girl, so you need not reckon upon it,—mind that. I'd see the queen, and the king too, if there was one, and all the princes and princesses upon the face of the earth at the bottom of the Red Sea before I'd demean myself to lick the feet of such a nasty, vulgar, ugly, beast of a girl as that!"

"Now Patty, I think you go rather too far," said her father. "Not that I want you to lick any body's feet—that's not the best way to get on in the world. But though your cousin is not to be compared with you as a fine handsome bouncing girl of her age, I don't think she is too ugly to speak to either. Do you know, I should not wonder if some people were to think her quite pretty."

The quills rose again in the eyes, and on the lips of the susceptible Patty. "How can you stand there talking such nonsense, papa!" said she sharply, "as if I cared whether she was pretty or ugly. But when mamma talks of our getting intimate with her, or of our ever being such friends as Becky Sheepshanks and I was, it is altogether provoking, and I would advise you both to give up the notion at once,—for it never will, and it never shall be. Nasty, stiff, great baby!"

"I tell you what, Patty," said Mrs. O'Donagough stoutly, though secretly trembling at the reception her unpalatable invitation to the nursery dinner was likely to receive,—“I tell you what, miss, if you choose to set up your back at my relations in this way, I'll never try to make one of them take notice of you, and I should like to see where you would be then, and what good all the nice clothes I have been getting together would prove, without a single soul to look at them? Don't keep knitting your brows that way, Patty. You don't look much handsomer than your cousin now, I can tell you. I only wish you could see yourself!"

"Well, ma'am! I can see myself easy enough, if that's all," replied Miss Patty, turning to the looking-glass, arranging her hair, and then flashing round again upon her admiring mother. "I am not at all ashamed to look at my own face."

"It would be rather odd if you were, Patty, I won't deny that," said Mrs. O'Donagough smiling with a look of very undisguised admiration. "But that's neither here nor there, my dear, we won't talk of your beauty before your face, because that's very bad manners; and into the bargain it is a great deal more to the purpose to determine what it will be the best to do about the time of your going to-morrow, my dear. My niece Agnes, who I must say seems inclined to do every thing in her power to make you and Elizabeth as intimate as possible, has desired, as the greatest favour in the world, that you would spend the whole day with her. That is to say, go quite early, Patty, and not ceremoniously like your papa and me, you know, at six o'clock, but between one and two, that you may take a long chatty ramble with her,

by the sea-side, after an early dinner. I hope you will like that, my dear? I am sure it is paying you a monstrous compliment."

"Like it?" replied Patty, raising her voice to a very shrill tone, "I like playing at being a baby all day long with that stupid oaf of a girl! —I can't and I won't, and that's flat."

"Nonsense, Patty," said Mr. O'Donagough, "*that's* not the way to get on, I promise you. I won't have you quarrel with your bread and butter in that style. Go? To be sure you will, and be thankful too, if you know what's what."

"And pray what am I to do about my beautiful striped gauze dress, and my blue satin shoes? Am I to walk out with Miss Gawky in that fashion?"

"No, my dear, that is quite impossible. No! you cannot go full dressed, as we intended, that is entirely out of the question, for this time," said her mother; "you must just wear your new *mousseline de laine*, Patty. It is an elegant thing, and yet quite good style for a morning. And your pink bonnet, you know, and the scarf; so that you will be perfectly first-rate in appearance, and enjoy besides the enormous advantage of letting every body in Brighton see that you are considered as one of the Hubert family."

"I wish with all my soul," cried Patty, "that every one of the Hubert family had been packed off for Botany Bay the day we left it! I see as plain as daylight that you and papa both mean to lead me the life of a dog about 'em. You will make me run away if you do, I'll tell you that, for I know I can't bear it."

"Don't put yourself in such a fuss, Patty, for Heaven's sake!" said her mother, but more coaxingly than scoldingly, for she still stood in very considerable dread of a final and positive refusal. "Think, my dear girl, before you say so, of the beautiful fine parties, and the beaux, and the dances you'll be sure to come in for in Berkeley-square, if you do but play your cards well now! Think of all this, Patty, and do your very best to get thick with Elizabeth Hubert."

"Patty! your mother's right this time," said Mr. O'Donagough, "so go at the time fixed, and say no more about it. I'll take you into a box at the playhouse the night after, if you'll be a good girl."

Miss O'Donagough had a phrase which will explain the effect these words produced upon her, namely,

"When papa's in earnest he *is* in earnest." The promised play, too, undoubtedly helped her decision; and altogether she was induced, after distorting her much-admired beauty by more than one grimace, to reply, "Well, if I must, I must. But it is as bad as being whipped, I can tell you that."

The subject was then judiciously permitted to drop, and the far future of next winter in London, with all the joys it *might* bring, took its place; effectually arming the mind of Patty for the endurance of whatever present annoyance might arise, which, acting like Catholic penances, should lead to such a paradise!

Meanwhile General Hubert, his lady and daughter, pursued their way homeward. It was probably not altogether from lack of a subject that they walked on so silently; but instead of words Mrs. Hubert only pressed her husband's arm, to which he replied by somewhat of a

more caressing pressure in return, and the quietly-smiling pronunciation of the word "Well?" Neither did their daughter say much, continuing to hold her mother's hand in silence till the door-bell of their own mansion had been rung; and then smiling a little, and colouring a good deal, she said, "Is not my cousin older than I am, mamma?"

"She looks a vast deal older, certainly," was the reply.

"Do you think she will like to play at looking for shells among the shingles, with Emily and me?"

"Perhaps not, my dear. You must endeavour to entertain her by rational conversation," said Mrs. Hubert, entering the house, and not sorry, perhaps, to interrupt the discussion, by desiring her daughter immediately to get ready for the dinner, which was waiting for her. It was *tête-à-tête*, therefore, that General Hubert and his wife entered the drawing-room, and there was something whimsical enough in the manner in which their eyes encountered after silently seating themselves in two arm-chairs, which faced each other.

Agnes pursed up her beautiful mouth, and endeavoured to look grave; but the moment her eyes met those of her husband, they both laughed. This movement of the muscles, however, was quite involuntary on the part of the lady, and speedily mastering it she said, "Pray don't, General Hubert, pray don't laugh at it! What *can* we do?"

"I cannot choose but laugh, Agnes," replied her husband, "if you look so comically dismayed. And after all, my dear, I cannot say that we have seen any thing that ought greatly to surprise us. Your aunt Barnaby is as little altered as it is possible she could be in the time, I think. Of Mr. O'Donagough I have no remembrance, but he appears to me quite as well-looking and respectable a personage as we could reasonably hope for. Rather evangelical, I suspect; but under the circumstances, I see no reason to object to this. And as for their daughter, I cannot but think that she is as precisely what Mrs. Barnaby's daughter might be expected to be, as it is possible to imagine. Wherefore, dear wife, look not so despondingly, but thank the gods that matters are no worse."

All this was said lightly and gaily, but Mrs. Hubert seemed to have lost all inclination to laugh.

"I would not be ungrateful to the gods, Montague," said she, "but I must own I feel the arrival of the O'Donagough's to be a very great misfortune."

"No, no, not so," returned her husband; "not a very great misfortune, Agnes. You must not class it so. Aunt Betsy will be a little outrageous, perhaps, but we must contrive to sooth her; and for the rest, be quite sure that a little good management to prevent our meeting often, and a little quiet patient civility when we do meet, will suffice to prevent any very serious annoyance."

"But our girl, Hubert? You take the thing so admirably *en philosophe*, that I will cease to torment myself about you. But is it not grievous that Elizabeth should —"

"Find a cousin more bright and blooming than herself? We must bear this, Agnes," said the general; "but this is all. Miss O'Donagough will do Elizabeth no harm, you may depend upon it."

Soothed, if not satisfied, Mrs. Hubert indulged in no more repinings for the present; and feeling something like self-reproach at having experienced so much more vehement a distaste for her relations than her noble husband appeared to do, she determined as far as possible to conquer, or at any rate to conceal it. To Elizabeth she said little more on the subject; but to Miss Wilmot, the daughter of her own early friend and instructress, she ventured to speak with entire freedom. The peculiarities of her "aunt Barnaby," were already perfectly well known to this lady; and therefore, without scruple of any kind, she ventured to confess to her, that although she wished every possible attention and kindness to be shown to Miss O'Donagough, she did not wish the intercourse between the young ladies to grow into intimacy.

"Elizabeth is so childish, Miss Wilmot," continued Mrs. Hubert, "that though I do not greatly fear her catching the singular manners of this poor girl, I think she may not be capable of — of disliking them, I believe is the only honest word, as much as I wish her to do."

"Not having yet seen the young lady," replied Miss Wilmot, smiling, "I can give no opinion upon this—but—if Miss O'Donagough be like what Mrs. Compton describes her mother to have been, Elizabeth will not like her too well."

Very punctually at two o'clock Mr. O'Donagough himself conducted his young daughter to the door of General Hubert, and there took leave of her till the evening—his parting words being, "Now Patty, mind your p's and q's. I know your mother often plagues you with a monstrous deal of preaching about one thing and another, and you know I never scold you for laughing at it. But she's right this time about making the very best of yourself with those stiff disagreeable people—mind that, Patty."

"Don't you trouble yourself about my turning 'em all to good account, if any thing's to be got out of 'em," replied the young lady, with an expressive wink of the left eye; "and if I mind my hits that way, I expect you'll let me hate 'em as much as I please. That is fair, isn't it?"

The house-door opened as she finished the sentence, and her father departed, replying to it only by an acquiescent nod.

Miss O'Donagough was immediately ushered into the back-parlour, where the table was already spread for dinner, and her two cousins seated on either side of their governess, who was reading to them Miss Edgeworth's tale of the Prussian Vase. All three rose to receive her. The little Emily, as well as Miss Wilmot, was properly introduced by Elizabeth, and the necessary quantity of hand-shaking performed, while Miss Wilmot, laying aside the splendid pink bonnet and scarf of the gaily-dressed visiter, smiled furtively aside, as she remembered Mrs. Hubert's anxiety, lest her pupil should be incapable of judging fitly of the peculiar graces she displayed.

There was, however, in Elizabeth's behaviour to her cousin, no symptom of her having as yet formed any judgment of her at all, for her manner spoke only the most perfect good-humour and civility, a little blended with embarrassment.

"Do you like the sea, cousin Martha?" was the first attempt at the "rational conversation" her mother had recommended.

"What, sailing upon it?" rejoined Miss Martha.

"No, I meant walking near it, and looking at it," replied Elizabeth. "But I should like you to tell me all about sailing too. You have sailed a great way, have you not? And I have never been on the sea at all, except between Dover and Calais; and even that, you know, is not sailing. Did you like your voyage?"

"Like it?—yes, to be sure I did. It's monstrous good fun."

"I think I should like it too," said Elizabeth. "I never see any fine large ship passing up and down the channel, without wishing to be aboard her."

"I don't know about *your* liking it," replied Miss Martha. "I think you seem too young to take such pleasure in it as I did. And besides, I don't believe — There's no fun I mean on board ship—at least I should think so—unless people are nearly grown up. I don't think children would be taken so much notice of."

"Do you think so?" said Elizabeth, innocently. "I should fancy children might be very much amused. Don't you think, Emily, that you should like very much to run up and down the deck of a great large ship?"

"Yes, I should," said the little one, stoutly; "and I should not care if any body noticed me or not."

"I suppose not, indeed, you little thing!" said Martha, laughing.

"Did the sea disagree with you at all, Miss O'Donagough?" inquired, Miss Wilmot.

"Oh, lor, yes! I was as sick as a cat for the first week," replied the young lady. "You never saw any thing like it in your life. No sooner did I swallow any thing— You understood? (with an appropriate grimace). But I had a good friend on board who took capital care of me, and always showed me which side of the ship to walk, and helped me up and down, and all that sort of thing, you know; and so by degrees it went off, and then I was as jolly as a tinker, and such an appetite! Oh, my! How I did eat! And then we got to famous fun with ship-billiards; and all the rest of the time, till we got to Sheerness I liked it better than any thing else in the whole world."

"And after Sheerness, I suppose you felt impatient to get to land?" said Elizabeth.

"Yes, I did," succinctly replied Miss O'Donagough.

"I do not wonder at that. I think you must have been so impatient to see England!"

"Oh! no, not I. I did not care a straw about England just then. But we lost one of our best friends at Sheerness, and that spoilt every thing."

"Had you many passengers on board?"

"I am sure I hardly know any thing about 'em. They were all nasty people."

"All nasty people!" exclaimed little Emily.

"Yes, little one—all nasty people," replied Martha, laughing. "I suppose she thinks I mean all dirty people. What a funny little soul!"

When you are as old as me, Miss Emmy, you'll know what ladies mean when they call people nasty. We don't mean dirty clothes, nor dirty faces—neither—but just every body we don't like."

"If you don't like me, will you say I am nasty?" demanded the little girl, looking at her rather reproachfully.

"To be sure I shall—but I won't dislike you if you'll give me a kiss, for I think you are very pretty."

"But if I was not very pretty, should you call me nasty?" persisted the child.

"Yes, I dare say I should; for I hate every body that is not pretty," replied Martha, at the same time making one of her father's peculiar grimaces in such a manner, as to indicate that Miss Wilmot was in her thoughts. Without making any reply respecting the offered salute, the little Emily turned towards her governess, and after leaning against her knee for a minute or two, took an opportunity when she bent her head, of putting her arms round her neck, and giving her a kiss.

"Well now! if she isn't kept in good order, I'll wonder," said Martha, chuckling. "She knows what a whipping is, or I'm much mistaken." This was addressed in rather a low confidential voice to Elizabeth; but before she could reply to it, the door opened, and the dinner entered.

"That's no bad sight, early as it is for dining. I am as hungry as a horse, Miss Elizabeth. Where am I to sit? What, here?—next to the old lady? Let me sit at the bottom and carve, shall I? You shall see if I don't do it fit to be a married woman. La! what a nice dinner! What a pity it is we have got no beaux!"

No opposition being made to Miss O'Donagough's placing herself at the bottom of the table, she sat down, and began vigorously to attack a leg of lamb, intended as the *pièce de résistance* of the entertainment.

"Will you not take some fish, Miss O'Donagough?" demanded Miss Wilmot.

"Yes, if there is butter and sauce with it," replied Martha: "but some of you must have mutton, 'cause I've cut this piece off. Here, little one, you shall have it."

Emily looked into the face of her governess, but said nothing.

"Send it to me, my dear, if you please," said Miss Wilmot; "but do not cut any more yet. The young ladies both take fish." The dinner, sauce and all, being greatly to Miss O'Donagough's satisfaction, her spirits rose as it proceeded, and she went on in a sort of *crescendo* movement, eating and talking, till she had got into the highest possible good-humour.

"Well, after all, I think we shall be monstrous good friends, Elizabeth!" said she, pulling a third glass of custard into her plate; "and I don't know but what it may be better fun dining in this way, and eating as much as I like, then if I *had* come in my gauze frock, and sat up doing grand with the old foghorns in the dining-room. I do hate old people like poison—don't you?"

To this appeal, Elizabeth answered nothing; but almost involuntarily gave such a look to her governess, as friends are apt to exchange when something striking occurs, upon which, for the moment, they can make



Miss Paddy makes herself quite at home at the General's

no other commentary. Martha saw this look, and interpreting it her own way, shook her curls, gave a slight laugh, and said no more, persuaded that her cousin had intended to caution her against being too open-hearted in the presence of that first and foremost of fogrums, her governess.

But although this persuasion silenced her for the moment, it rather added to her good-humour: and, on setting out for the promised walk by the sea-side, she took the arm of Miss Hubert with very cousinly familiarity, and drew her forward with a rapid step, in the hope of out-walking the governess and Emily, and thereby ensuring "a little fun," and a great deal of confidential communication.

Miss Wilmot, who knew her pupil well, and feared not any injury to her from the association beyond its present annoyance, made no effort to overtake them; and contented herself by answering as sedately and discreetly as she could, the speculations of the little Emily on their guest, which partook largely of that peculiar vein of observation in which children sometimes remark on what appears ridiculous to them, with a freshness and keenness of quizzing that might be sought for in vain, in the sallies of the most practised proficient in the art.

On reaching the steps in the cliff, Miss O'Donagough had the extreme delight of perceiving that two gay-looking youths in regimentals, had just descended them, and were walking slowly onward the way they were about to go.

"Make haste, Elizabeth! ain't we lucky?" she exclaimed, on perceiving them, and setting the example of the speed she recommended, she placed her hand on the rail and ran down with extraordinary rapidity to the bottom of the flight. Though the light movements of her young companion hardly permitted her being very slow, Martha chid her delay, and ere she had fairly reached the last step, seized on her arm, and by a vigorous pull, obliged her to clear it by a jump.

"What a slow fool you are, Elizabeth!" she exclaimed, again taking her arm, and drawing her rapidly forward; "let us pass them directly, and I'll bet a guinea that before we have made five steps, they will pass us."

"Why do you wish them to pass us, Martha?" said her companion with perfect simplicity.

Miss O'Donagough, looked back, thinking from these words that the governess must be within hearing; but, on the contrary, perceiving that she had stopped to fasten Emily's shoe, she began laughing in a tone so loud, that the young men both turned round to reconnoitre.

The moment their eyes fell upon the young ladies, they stepped aside, and permitted them to pass, raising their hats at the same time in salutation. Miss Hubert bowed, and walked on.

"Well done you, Elizabeth!" said her companion, strongly compressing her arm, and tittering very audibly. "How beautiful they look! don't they? But they are only ensigns, both of them—I can tell you that. I wish to goodness I knew their names."

"Do not speak so loud, cousin Martha, or they will hear you," said Elizabeth, innocently. "It is Lord William Southwood and Mr. Templeton."

"A lord!" cried the startled Martha, instantly turning round her head to look at them. "You don't say so? And he bowing to us so politely! Don't you think we had better sit down upon that stone? They must pass by it, you see, 'cause of the water coming in so. Isn't this capital fun?"

Miss Hubert was by no means a stupid girl, but she no more comprehended her cousin's exclamations, than if they had been uttered in Hebrew, and replied very simply, "No, don't sit there, Martha, there is a much better place a little farther on, where Miss Wilmot almost always lets us sit down, and if you *did* like looking for shells, you would find plenty there, such as they are."

"Looking for shells!" exclaimed Martha, bursting into loud laughter. "Oh, my! what a fool you are! or is it only put on, Elizabeth? That's it—I see through it, I'll be hanged if I don't. You are a deep one, with your bowings, and knowing so well what their names are, and all."

"What *do* you mean, cousin Martha? How can I help knowing the names of those two gentlemen, if it is of them you are speaking?" replied Miss Hubert. "They both dined at our house, yesterday."

"Gracious goodness! Is that true, Elizabeth? Dined at your house?—and one of them a lord! Will they come there again to-day?"

"I do not know," replied Elizabeth, laughing in her turn; "but I am afraid not—they do not come every day."

"Why didn't you speak to them, you stupid girl, if you know them so well?" demanded Martha, reproachfully.

"I don't know them well," replied her cousin; "I never see them, except for a very little while after dinner in the drawing-room."

"Have they been there more than once?" inquired Martha.

"Yes, several times, I think—at least Lord William has. I don't remember seeing the other so often."

"Oh! how I wish!—I do think it was very—" But both sentences, warmly as they flowed from her heart, were cut short ere completed by the prudent Martha, who at that moment recalled her mother's words concerning the importance of an intimate intercourse with the Hubert family. Never did the admonition of a parent come more forcibly upon the heart of a child.

"I must keep in with 'em, if I die for it!" was the mental exclamation, which followed the remembrance of this maternal warning; and, perceiving, on once more turning round her head, that the officers had changed the direction of their walk, she again took the arm of her cousin, who had quitted her side for a moment to examine a choice morsel of sea weed, and began a direct and deliberate attack upon her affections, by praising her eyes, and the handkerchief that was tied round her neck; hinting, that she thought her mamma kept her a great deal too back, and that her governess was already afraid of her; concluding with an assurance that she never liked any girl so well before in all her life, and that she hoped to her heart they should be very *very* intimate, and stick together like very near relations, as they really were. To all this, Elizabeth answered gently and civilly, but reached home at last



My's Betty's first sight of a live Lord

with a feeling of self-reproach for being so very tired of her cousin's company.

Their tea-table awaited their return, and, notwithstanding the sublime speculations for the future, which filled the heart and head of Miss O'Donagough, the cherries and the cakes spread before her were sufficiently attractive to keep her tranquilly in the school-room, till the ladies had left the dinner-parlour.

"Now we will go up stairs, and see your mamma, shall we?" said Miss Hubert.

"Oh, yes! if you will—I'm quite ready when I've done eating this one queen-cake more. And you really don't know if there's any officers or not dining here?" replied her cousin.

"No, indeed I do not," was the unsatisfactory reply.

It is very probable that neither the aunt nor the niece were very sorry to have their *tête-à-tête* interrupted by the entrance of Miss Wilmot and the young ladies. Mrs. O'Donagough had already obtained all particulars respecting the present residence and manner of life of her "dear brother-in-law," Mr. Willoughby, and of the number of grandchildren bestowed upon him by his daughter Nora—had expressed the most "heartfelt delight," at hearing that she would be sure to see them all during the ensuing season in London, and was by that time quite ready to scrutinize the countenance of her daughter, in order to ascertain how the *long day* had answered.

Great was the contentment which attended this examination of a countenance exceedingly capable of showing whether its owner were pleased or the contrary. It was immediately evident to Mrs. O'Donagough that her daughter was in one of her most amiable moods; and though there had been no party at dinner, and consequently but little opportunity of displaying the studied elegance of her own appearance, still "the style of every thing about her *darling Agnes*," was such as to make her feel more sensibly than ever the immense importance of being united to her by the tenderest ties of affection. It could not, therefore, fail of being very delightful to her to perceive that Martha, whom, as she had told her husband, "she greatly feared she should find in the dumps" was radiant in smiles and good-humour, and apparently on the best possible terms with that "stupid shy-looking thing," her cousin.

Not only, indeed, had the dinner, the servants, and the plate of her beloved Agnes, excited all the warm affections of Mrs. O'Donagough's heart, but the observations she had made on her husband during the repast, tended to convince her very forcibly, that he, too, cautiously as he had hitherto expressed his feelings on the subject, attached great importance to the connexion. Never had she before seen him as he appeared to her on this important day. Quiet, reserved, respectful, rather religious in his language, but with amiable humility abstaining from giving too serious a tone to the conversation, his wife gazed and listened with equal admiration and astonishment, while he developed a degree of talent, for which she, even in her fondest days, had never given him credit.

"It shall not be my fault," said she internally, "if he is not rewarded for all this cleverness. He knows what he is about as well as

most men, and he shan't be stopped for want of a helping hand from me."

Accordingly Mrs. O'Donagough was enchanted, beyond the power of language to express, with her "little great-niece Emily," declared Elizabeth "by far the loveliest creature she had ever seen," and was obliged to pull out her pocket-handkerchief when speaking of their dear grandmother, and the astonishing likeness which they both bore her.

Mrs. Hubert listened to it all with great sweetness, but suffered no great time to elapse between the coffee and the tea, and hinted to Miss Wilmot that she did not wish Emily to be kept up beyond her usual hour.

Very soon after her departure, Mr. O'Donagough broke off his mild discussion with the general on the importance of enforcing a pure morality throughout the army, and rising said,

"I am afraid it is getting very late, my dear, you know my habits, and must not suffer even the happiness of this blessed reunion to interfere with what we know to be our duty."

On this Mrs. O'Donagough rose too, with a look of meekness that really seemed quite angelic, saying, "Oh! no—not for the world!" and, as if moved by the most perfect family sympathy, Martha slapped to the volume of engravings she was examining at the same moment, so that the leave-taking was sudden and prompt, and in less than two minutes after it began, the Allen O'Donagough family found themselves enjoying the sea-breeze on the broad flag-stones of the Marine Parade.

"Thank God, that's over!" cried Mr. Allen O'Donagough as soon as they had fairly cleared the premises.

"I shall not be sorry to get home and have a draught of porter, it has been so dreadfully hot all day," observed his lady. "But to be sure, nothing *could* be kinder or more flattering!"

"Oh, lor! I am as tired as a dog," exclaimed Martha, stretching out her arms, and yawning vehemently; "but I don't care a straw—I know what I know about the people that visit there, and I'll be hanged if I don't take care to be one of them."

"You are your father's own child, Patty!" said Mr. O'Donagough, recovering his usual tone; "we shall make something of 'em between us."

"Well! to be sure it is a pleasure to introduce you both to my relations! and depend upon it, you will never repent being civil to them," said his wife, with rather a mysterious nodding of the head, made visible as they reached their own door, by the light of the lamp that hung over it.

(*To be continued.*)

ODE TO BRUNEL, THE ARCH-EXCAVATOR.

" Thus far into the bowels of the land.
Have we arched on, despite impediment !"

SHAKESPEARE occasionalized.

GIGANTIC human mole !
Live *Auger* with a piercing soul !
Determined delver, perforator shrewd,
Great miner, scooper curious and profound,
That digg'st a darksome way to glory's goal,
And findest thy best laurels thickly strew'd
Under the ground !
Thou Penetration's self personified !
Born through the earth to reach the skies,
Pattern for all who stoop to rise,
Enthusiast, who hast
In obstacles thy pride !
Hail, O Brunel ! to thy hard-working worth,
Whether this present greeting
To thee, whose merits far outrun a sonnet,
Shall find thee some contrivance bold completing
In thy new berth
Beneath the earth,
Or of thy ponderous project pondering, *on* it.
Since human skill began
Its ardent course within achievement's field,
Few marvels to renown have more appeal'd
Than thy grand scheme
(Which Envy sighs at, e'en while she condemns)
To throw a subterraqueous span
'Neath the *cross-current* of that mighty stream,
Old *Thames* !
Vainly that auncient river-god,
Scowling and leering 'neath his fishy locks,
Rolleth indignant all his liquid tons
Over thy tunnel. List ! Methinks he mocks,
And scolds alternate, with transition odd,
And makes a fuss,
As thus :
" Who is the man, colleagued with Labour's sons,
That stirs this hubbub underneath my bed ?
Ods flounders !
Depart, intrusive crew, fly, terror-spel'd,
Or ere you're dead—
Who copes with me, inevitably founders !
Thus undermining me,
This delving Diggory,
To what doth he aspire ?
Dares he to hope to *set the Thames on fire* ?
Or is't the purpose of his plaguy pranks
To cause an extra *run upon my banks* ?*
He thinks to stop me, eh ? to stop me out,
No doubt,
But I can tell him, spite of all his vaunt,
Dam me he shan't !

* This effect, in the shape of a daily concourse of pressing customers on either bank of Father Thames, is likely to be now soon realized : but in that case, the satisfaction of all demands is not a thing to be doubted of.

Pooh! bricks and mortar,
 And clay, and sand-bags, and what not besides,
 Can these one rush, avail against my water?
 I'll spoil your play—
 I'll with perpetual *dripping* baste your hides,
 And, for this crime,
 I'll make your time
 One long St. Swithin's day.
 Madman, thy grave, thy watery-grave endeavour
 Pursue: thou soon shalt come to a *dead* halt,
 And in this enterprise thou shalt
 Be *thine own undertaker*, once for ever;
 And thine offensive, most repulsive "shield,"
 Shall find my bed a second *Buckler's-bury*!
 Then, to glut well my wishes,
 My vengeance o'er thy corse to wield,
 And with thy finish to make merry,
 I'll cast thee up, and give thee to my fishes!
 Yet, wherefore with *such* laurels should I wreathe me?
 'This "civil engineer,"
 Uncivil, and the rabble he brings here,
 Are they not all—and after all—*beneath me*?"
 Thus angry flouting Thames would seem to exclaim;
 But what car'st thou, my trump?
 For when his envious waters rude
 Dare to intrude,
 Thou, to thy purpose ever "game,"
 Dost quietly compel them back to jump
 With thy good pump!*
 Nay, for a deluge mustered, when they go a-
 Head, they but find in thee a ready Noah.†
 Water and earth shall yield to thy mind's fire,
 Excellent Excavator! Thy brave will
 No damps shall chill,
 No toils out-tire.
 Some have called Waterton "a pretty rider;"
 Whose boast it is to have crocodiles bestridden,
 'Spite of their teeth; but thy bold wits
 Make his in the comparison seem hidden,
 Or poorer than to Burgundy is cider—
 For thou mak'st Opposition's self thy hack,
 And rid'st on Difficulty *pick-a-back*,
 Mast'ring it by hard bits!
 Hail, hail then to thy plan! which shall,
 From neighbours discommunion lopping,
 Make Rotherhithe shake hands with Wapping,
 And each tow'rd each become transitional.
 If action be the food of hope, bore on!
 Drive thy cross purpose forward to the end on't:
 Soon shall thy cares be gone:

* The dismissal thus alluded to, is commonly effected at the rate of two hundred and forty gallons per minute.

† The great inundation of the tunnel (that which occurred in 1828), would undoubtedly have served, not only an immediate ejectment, but a "*nolle prosequi*," upon any adversary less determined than the subject of these rhymes. His courage, however, admitted of no dilution; he was waterproof to the back-bone; and he only suspended his operations to return to the attack with vigour renewed.

Soon shall that bugbear dark,
 Low-water mark,
 Surpassed, confess thee lord of the ascendant.
 Commercial millions bless thy steady track :
 All Europe, curiously upon the rack
 Until the prize be won,
 And its rich course of usefulness begun,
 Doth clap thee (figuratively) on the back,
 And with one voice doth say,
 "Cut away!"
 Enamoured of thy merits rare
 And genius fine,
 Methinks I hear Britannia's self declare
 (Shaking her spear, and Shakspeare semi-quoting)
 "Brunel !
 I love thee well,
 And evermore be officer of mine !"
 Oh ! haste thee (would *I* say) thou wizard doting,
 Thou of the hour-glass and scythe,
 How tardy thou appearest !
 Drag on the hoped-for day of strange delights
 That shall see *London* wights
 Proceed by *Hollow-way* to *Rotherhithe*,
 And find it nearest !
 The cockney then his under-water walk
 Shall take secure, and, as his rolling eyes
 Uprise
 To scan each well-compacted part,
 Shall, in his "London particular" twang of talk,
 Extol, Brunel, thy "vonder-vorking hart."
 Descending beaux dry-shod their course shall urge,
 And diving belles, untouched with wet, emerge :
 But most the sons of science
 Shall dwell, enraptured, on each vast appliance—
 The skill, the thought, the energy combined,
 The touching triumph of a struggling mind !

 Fixed then in brilliance thy renown
 Shall be—not meteoric :
 Honours thy name shall crown ;
 The *Page*, too, that assists to hand thee down
 Unto posterity, shall be *historic* !*
 Thy lustre forth to shed,
 Glory shall gird thy head,
 While Fame prepares her laurels for thy *feat* :
 And if some *title*, fit and neat,
 Be wanting for thee, when thy work's complete,
 The muse would whisper a convenient one,
 (Allow her, in her joy, a little fun)—
 Lord *Boring-done* !

G. D.

* This declaration would seem *prima facie* to be no more than a superfluity—a mere truism—were there not reason to believe that the muse covertly intends here a passing tribute to the rising talent of Mr. Thomas Page, the acting engineer, whose steadiness and mental resources in the arduous post he fills, have been found invaluable by Mr. Brunel, and afford the fairest warrant for his own future eminence.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PETER PRIGGINS.*

COLLEGE SCOUT AND BEDMAKER.

PART IV.

WHEN Dr. Puffs, of —, discovered by the information of a “d—d kind friend,” as Sheridan says, that I had ventured to describe the little interview which we had near St. John’s-terrace, with its causes and effects, his rage knew no bounds. He read my No. III. to the end, and stormed and grinned, and would have stamped and sworn, had not a twinge of gout prevented the former, and a sense of decency the latter. He would have doubtless burnt the *N. M. M.* in his anger, if it had not cost him three shillings and sixpence, and fires were *out*—of season. He displayed, too, a degree of weakness, at which, in so old an Oxford man, I must confess I am surprised. Instead of keeping quiet and allowing his friends to talk *of* him, and not *to* him, upon a subject, which he felt to be disagreeable in the extreme, he gave positive orders to his scout to lay the object of his detestation on the table, within his reach, for he is still confined to his easy chair (as he calls the seat in which he sits when he is uneasy), that he may compel every one, who calls upon him to condole with him on his ailments, to read the article aloud to him; the consequence of this injudicious conduct is, that the Dr. is much more talked about than he otherwise would have been. It seems that he does not so much care about being thought an angry man, or one prone to excesses in the arts of eating and drinking, as the being *misrepresented*—so he has the courage to call it—as a person so incommoded with fat, as to be unable to rub his gouty toe.

He was foolish enough to send to the Bursar of St. Peter’s College—the best friend I have, and request him to call upon him; alleging, in excuse for giving him that trouble, that he was suffering from a slight attack of rheumatism, brought on by the excessive heat of the weather.

Our Bursar accordingly went, not in the least anticipating the warm reception he met with—much warmer than the weather—the doctor’s *causa mali*—but thinking to have a little chat about the commemoration concerts and other matters, with perhaps a little scandal about the young ladies, to which old gentlemen are generally addicted, particularly old bachelors.

Upon giving a masonic rap at the door to let him know he was not a dun—a voice unusually sharp and loud bade him “come in,” which he obeyed as usual, and found Dr. Puffs seated, with an expression of face consonant with his voice—his injured foot carefully pillowed on a leg-rester, and the memorable crutch-headed cane in his hand—by his side stood a small round table, with a bottle of sherry, and a very large wine-glass upon it—for he had had an early light dinner of green-pea soup, salmon, lamb, and young potatoes, two little *entremets*, a lobster salad, and some *fromage de Neufchatel*, and was just taking advantage of his physician’s permission to take four glasses of white wine—but to prolong the enjoyment, meant to take them in eight *half* glasses; he

* Continued from No. ccxxiii., page 366.

had drunk a bottle of Dublin *porter* with his dinner, as the medical man had only forbidden *beer*. "Be seated, sir," said he to our Bursar, who was walking up to shake hands with him. "Be seated, sir;" at the same time bowing in a very dignified and distant manner, as low as he could, which was not very low—for his double chin and prominent protuberance of middle, rendered the operation difficult, and made him feel choky.

"I have sent for you, sir, to complain of the infamous treatment I have experienced at the pen of that old twaddle, Peter Priggins, he has exposed himself and me too;" and the crutch descended emphatically upon the rug. "Really," replied our Bursar, "I don't see—"

"Don't see—you *won't* see, sir; have you read his stupid, dull, foolish, disreputable, ill-concocted stuff?"

"Certainly, and I think—"

"Ay—*think*—that's more than he does—there is not a *thought* in him, except of annoying me—I don't care a—a—a farthing, sir, about his falsehoods as to my being gouty and greedy, proud and passionate, but to say that I am fat!—obese!—unwieldy! when I always button my own gaiters—except during an attack of rheumatism (which was always), is such an outrageous example of mendacity, that I'll—I'll—"

Our Bursar benevolently interrupted him, to give him time to recover his breath, by inquiring what he would do?

"Why, sir, I'll *not* have him rusticated! I'll *not* have him expelled! I'll *not* have him discommoded—but I'll have him excommunicated! I'll have him fined! put into the pillory! I'll have him transported! Nay, I'll be—blessed! if I don't have him hanged!"

The peculiar apoplectic hue to which I alluded in my last Number spread rapidly over his face, the foam rushed from his mouth, like a pig's in a passion; he raised his crutch higher and higher, as he grew more loud and energetic, and at the climax threw it from his hand (to enable him to point to his gullet with his finger, as he laid his head over his left shoulder, to mimic my last moments), and knocked down the bottle of sherry, the large glass, and the table on which they stood. Nor did the mischief end there. His favourite tom-cat, that was sleeping on the rug, received the weight of his master's displeasure, and, in order to extricate himself from the superincumbent mahogany, fastened his talons in the gaiterless calf of the angry gentleman's healthy leg—his temper—I mean Tom's—not being so serene as usual, from the fact of one of the undergraduates having paid him off for the annoyances his guttural amours caused him nightly, by pouring half a pint of turpentine on his back and setting light to it. The doctor's scream of agony, in the key of A sharp in alt, brought the Bursar to his assistance; who only made matters worse, for not knowing the mechanism of a T rest, he tripped up that ticklish bit of furniture, and the gouty foot fell *flap* to the ground.

The screams in alt were now changed for groans in the base, and so intense was the agony depicted on his face that it shocked our Bursar, and called forth the sympathies of Tom, who "withdrew his claws," as they say in parliament, and showed his sensibility by rubbing his sore back against his master's pimply nose—walking backwards and forwards over his stomach, to prolong the pleasing pastime.

"Rub my leg! rub my leg!" cried the doctor, when he had recovered strength enough to throw Tom out of window, and wind enough to speak, "rub my leg, my dear sir! Peter Priggins is right, I can not stoop so low!"

Fortunately his scout, who saw Tom flying out of the window, suspected his master was in one of his tantarums, and coming up released him from his distressing situation, and our Bursar left him, promising for me that I did not mean to annoy him or any body else.

Kickum too, the hackman, was indignant because I exposed the kicking and biting propensities of Woodpecker and old Peter, "two osses as had yarn'd him more money nor any two in Hoxford. Was their characters to be taken away as hif they was hanimals hof ha hinferior horder? I'll write to Priggins hall habout hit."

So he did, and here is a copy of his very polite communication.

"To Mr. P. Priggins,
"St. Peter's College-lane.

"Mr. Kickum the livery-stable kipper's very respekfull kumpliments to Mr. Priggins, and if you venters to take away any more of my horses kracters, and injer my trade, He's blest if he won't stick a pitchfork into yor hinde quarters, and larrup your thick head with the besum,

"Your humble servant,

"CALEB KICKUM.

"*Jewly 3.*"

Those who know me will readily conceive that I treated this vulgar production of the hackman with the contempt it deserved; for although Kickum may be a good judge of horseflesh (a *bonus judex carnis equi* as one of my former masters turned it in his spectator exercise) his note will show that he has no right to interfere in *litter-ary* matters, out of his own stables.

I am compensated for these little annoyances to which all great writers are exposed, by the approbation of persons whom I consider superior to any other class of men in the world—the members of the university of Oxford. I am also inclined to think, allowing for the envy they feel at my so totally eclipsing them, that my fellow scouts are highly pleased that one of their body should throw a lustre on the rest; at least Dusterly says, that "the hopinions at the Shirt hand Shotbag hare hunanimous hin hasserting that Hi ham han honour to hus hall, hand that my harticles himprove hevery time," which is very flattering.

I generally go into college once or twice a day—to the buttery;—not that I have any actual business there; but it seems so natural to me after so many years of service to leave my hat in the porter's lodge, have a gossip, and taste the tap, that I cannot resist it. I feel an interest in the college that none but an old servant can feel—though I leave my own *interest*—my weekly one pound one—entirely to our *Principal*. I cannot say that I associate with undergraduates so willingly as I had used to do. A race has arisen that know not Peter, and my suggestions and expostulations are not listened to with the respectful attention they were wont to be. It was only the other day as I was

kindly informing a young gentleman, whose allowance from his father, a country clergyman with a large family, is 200*l.* per annum, that twelve pair of buckskins, and six of top-boots, was rather too large an order for a man of his income, when instead of receiving the hint as it was meant, he threatened to "knock a hole right through me," and called me a "meddling old ass." I have even been subjected to the disagreeable operation of having the beer I have been drinking jerked violently over my face and white tie, and pins stuck into the calves of my legs, which are decidedly large for so old a man, to ascertain that they were not *sham*.

On this account I do not visit the undergraduates' rooms so often as formerly; but I still frequent the common-room, where my son is acting as my successor, "*filius tali patre dignus*," and offer my assistance when strangers assemble thickly; though, like all young men, he fancies he can do very well without me.

By the senior members I am received with the same benignity as ever, though there is a very great difference to be found in the common room now to what it was formerly—less sociability and an assumption of superior sanctity by men who—but I never did split, and I won't do so now—only I *could* show that some very bad saints are manufactured out of very good sinners, and I often smile as I stand behind the screen in the common room (very handy things those screens are) and hear some of the hardest drinkers in their undergraduate days speaking with pious enthusiasm of the decrease of inebriety, and attributing it to their precepts and example, instead of to the introduction of light French and Rhenish wines, and late dinners. In my time the men used to dine at three o'clock, and had little or nothing to do but drink until six o'clock, and then sally out to the coffee-house, kick up a row in the streets, and home to broiled bones and mushrooms at nine; ending the night with bishop, cardinal, and egg-flip.

Coffee-houses are now annihilated, and six o'clock dinners and claret are seldom followed by suppers. There is also much better accommodation for evening walks round Oxford than there had used to be, which will account for less drinking; but the members of the hand-in-hand club, as the *supersancti* have been properly denominated, are very much mistaken if they fancy that there are not men now, as gay and jovial as they were once themselves.

Great allowances are to be made for young men in the heyday of their youth, and just freed from the restraint of school, with the command of a little ready money and unlimited credit. While boys, they fancy themselves men (for many enter at fifteen), and rush into indulgences and extravagances, which they would not do if they were a little older; and the system of cramming them too much at schools, so as to leave little or nothing to be done at college (except they read for a class, which not one in fifty does if he be a man of property in *prospectu*), gives them a great deal of spare time which must be filled up somehow; and how it is filled up, those who have known Oxford longest, know best.

One of the many humorous scenes of by-gone days, which crowd my memory, now occurs to me. I shall describe it and call it,

MR. SINGLETON SLIPSLOP'S GREAT-GO PARTY.

"The hero of my tale, Mr. Singleton Slipslop, was of that species usually called "nice young men"—exceedingly effeminate in person, and over-particular in dress—showing a decided *penchant* for jewellery and fine clothes, with an inordinate taste for perfumery. He would have made a capital *drag* across country—even with the wind due north, and a cloudless sky.

"There is an old adage, that when there is but one child, there are sure to be three fools, and the truth of it was fully proved in the family of the Slipslop's of Slop Hall, in the moist part of the county of Lincoln. Slipslop *père* was a man of very retired habits, and of a studious turn of mind; seldom wishing to go out into society; which was fortunate, as the fens were not in his days remarkable for the practicability of their roads. He had never thought of a woman since his mother's death, much less of marrying one; but the idea of taking unto himself a wife, was suggested to him by one of two circumstances—the reading of a treatise on "Polygamy among the Turks," in which were some lusciously-drawn descriptions of a harem, or a hint from his lawyer, Mr. Cute, that it was a pity so fine a landed property, though it was mostly under water, should go out of the male branch of the Slipslop family.

"Mr. Cute saw that the hint had been partly taken, and invited his wealthy client to visit him, and talk the matter over after a quiet dinner and glass of wine. They dined alone, and the subject of conversation was renewed; the lawyer giving several very glowing descriptions of the joys and delights of wedlock, which he was fully justified in doing, as he had been married for fifteen years, and his wife was dead. Though Slipslop's imagination was one of the damp gunpowder species, the match was so perseveringly applied by the lawyer, that it began to ignite; and when once alight, blazed away like the devil—a gunpowder devil I mean.

"At this interesting moment, the tea and coffee were introduced, and with them Miss Catherine Cute, a young lady having sixteen years, with a pink and white face, and frock, and an irresistible inclination to piety in her pretty blue eyes. The bait was thrown at a judicious moment; Slipslop nibbled, and finally bit—though some said he was bitten. When young men or women marry persons older than themselves—for money, they are generally applauded for their prudence; whereas their aged partners are called old fools for their pains. This I think wrong. A young man may find courage enough for a wife of any age; but for an old man to marry an old woman, is as bad as eating a boiled sucking-pig without salt. A man on the further side of fifty, requires a condiment of some sort.

Great were the rejoicings at Slop Hall amongst the guests who could *wade* thither, when Miss C. Cute became Mrs. Slipslop; but still greater when Mr. Epicene, the man-midwife announced the birth of, and Parson Prattle, vicar of Slippery-cum-Sloppery (the parish in which Slop Hall was located), baptized, the hero of my tale, and the heir of the entail, Mr. Singleton Slipslop.

"Whether it was the surprise at finding himself a real father, or the unwonted quantity of wine he drank to celebrate the event, which affected his health, I cannot say; but the melancholy fact is, that he died soon after, leaving Mrs. S. a widow, young, but not disconsolate, with 4000*l.* per annum, and Master Singleton a baby in long, an orphan.

"Although the widow might, by the conditions of the will, properly drawn up by her father, have married again without any diminution of her income, until her son came of age, she did not do so; being, probably, doubtful whether a second marital would make his exit as speedily, or treat her as indulgently as her first had done.

"It was not likely that a young gentleman, situated as Master Singleton was—an only child of his mother, and she a widow, and heir to four thousand a year, would easily escape being spoiled, crammed, and physicked. The tame rabbit-keeping and nursery-governess system, was successfully persevered in until he reached his fourteenth year; when old lawyer Cute thinking it a very swell thing to talk of "my grandson at Eton," resolutely insisted on sending him to that royal establishment, to the joy of the son, who had visions of noble playfellows before his eyes, and the consternation of his mother, who had some doubts in her mind as to improvement of his morals resulting from such associations.

"Grandpère was inflexible, and away went poor Singleton in a carriage and four with the old butler and mamma's blessing, his pockets full of money, his eyes of tears, his boxes of nice new clothes, cakes, toys, jams, and jellies. A week had scarcely elapsed, when his anxious mother received a letter sealed with a bit of chewed bread, bearing upon it the mark of the Eton post, and some very dirty fingers. She opened it hastily and easily, and the contents were very satisfactory as the reader will see.

" 'My dear Mamma,

" 'I can't stay here, and I won't stay here, and if you don't fetch me away, I'll run away. As soon as old Corkscrew, the butler, had left me at the dame's house, I was shoved into a field among five hundred of the rudest and naughtiest boys you ever saw; they called me spoony, and green, and all sorts of names, and knocked me about, and kicked me till I cried, and then they kicked me for crying; *that* I should not care so much about, but they got and eat all my cakes and sweetmeats, broke all my toys, burnt a great hole in my best white jean trousers, with a red-hot poker, pulled all the basket-buttons off my sky-blue jacket, and chucked my new hat up into a high elm, where it is still. I have to get up at 5 o'clock every morning, clean my master's shoes and boots, knives and forks, make his breakfast, and go without my own. I have not had a mouthful of dinner since I came. My linen is all torn, and I've got two black eyes and a swelled nose, and I would have run home before now, only I've got no money left—the ten guineas you gave me being spent to pay for my footing at the Christopher, and a new barber's pole which another boy stole, and swore it was me. If you don't send for me to-morrow I shall drown myself—I've looked out a nice deep hole on purpose. How are my rabbits?

" 'Your affectionate unhappy son,

" 'SINGLETON SLIPSLOP.

“ ‘ P.S. I have not got a wafer, nor a halfpenny to buy one with; I must therefore use the Etonian succedaneum.’

“ ‘ Mrs. Slipslop,
Slop Hall,
Lincolnshire.’

“ The receipt of this affecting epistle threw Mrs. Slipslop into violent hysterics, which were succeeded by a fixed determination to prevent the ‘horrid suicide’ of her son, by sending Mr. Corkscrew off to fetch him home at a minute’s notice. When he arrived at Eton, he found his young master, but could scarcely recognise him; for, in addition to the ill-treatment indicated in his letter, he had been soundly thrashed for daring to write home to his mother—a fact which his most intimate friend had under a promise of secrecy disclosed to the whole school—and his countenance was a *fac simile* of a map of England with the counties distinguished by different colours, his tears doing for the rivers.

“ Grandpère was vexed and indignant at the failure of his favourite project, but withdrew his opposition to his removal from Eton, upon hearing his grandson describe, without exaggeration or embellishment, the benefits of the fagging system, and the judicious means adopted for rendering gentlemen’s sons fully capable of judging of the qualities of their valets, by making them practically acquainted with the duties expected of gentlemen in that ‘situation.’

Singleton’s education, however, was not to be neglected; as the future master of Slipslop Hall, if not an M.P., would of course be a J.P.—an office which *requires* a great deal of learning and much study, as any one who frequents the courts of quarter sessions will readily allow. A private tutor, or as they call such things in Oxford—a *private coach* (I presume from the fact of their having a *drag* upon them in their journey through life) was adopted as a *pis aller*, and the rector was requested by Mr. Cute, to come and play a game of cribbage and recommend a proper person as a tutor.

“ The invitation was accepted of course, for the cellars of Slipslop Hall were well filled, and the contents of the respective bins well known to the worthy clerical. The cards and cribbage-board were produced, and a strangely-mingled discourse ensued, on the subject of tricks and trumps, tutors and testimonials, pegs and proficiency.

“ ‘ My deal,’ cried the rector, lifting the pack with one hand, and his glass of old East-India with the other, “ and I’ll bet a shilling on the rubber; but as I was saying, my young friend, Mr. Shanks of Corpus, is just the man to suit you; he is of high standing—fifteen two—where’s my peg?—in his college, and has taken honours—there’s the king—in the university; he will get Singleton on very fast—two for his heels—and they will agree admirably—two for that pair—and I am sure Mrs. Slipslop will not hesitate to reward his services, for she has—a flush of diamonds—sense enough to appreciate—my crib—his merits; so I’ll write to him on that head—two for his nob—and I’ve no doubt he’ll see that—it’s my game—he can’t do better than take—the odds on the rubber, five to two—our offer.’

The result of this strange mixture of pasteboard and classical honours was, that the Reverend Nathan Shanks of Corpus, condescended

to exchange the dulness of his college rooms, and the precarious income arising from cramming undergraduates, for a suite of cheerful rooms at the Hall, and four hundred a year with the prospect of succeeding the present incumbent in the rectory of Slippery-cum-Sloppery. A sacrifice on his part that merited the laudations he did not fail daily to utter in the hearing of the lady-mother.

“ Mr. Shanks, in addition to a considerable portion of talent and great application, which had ensured him one prize and a ‘double first,’ was possessed of more cunning—worldly wisdom is the more elegant term—than is generally discoverable in gentlemen who ‘waste the midnight oil’ in searching for deeply-buried Greek roots, and assigning doubtful dates to still more doubtful historical events. He did not, therefore, irritate his pupil by working him too hard, nor his mother, by bringing the ‘lily-hue of study’ on her son, by much confinement—the consequence was he became a favourite with both, and enjoyed more licence and more comforts than generally fall to the lot of that enviable and useful class of men.

“ Envidable? cries out some one in amazement, what can you mean? Just let him try the ‘situation of private tutor in a nobleman or gentleman’s family’ for one month, and he will readily discover my meaning. I, Peter Priggins, have known many a high spirit crushed, and many a noble heart broken by the experiment—but this is in a parenthesis.

“ When his seventeenth birthday arrived, Mr. Singleton was pronounced by his tutor as quite fitted by age and accomplishments to enter and reside at Oxford. He could, by the help of cribs, translate three or four Latin and Greek books into very intelligible (to his tutor) English—do a copy of Hexameter verses by the aid of his gradus, and turn the psalms into elegant Elegiacs, though the phrase *omnipotente manu* occurred in every other line, varied now and then, to prevent the cutting off of the initial vowel by its fraternal expression *cælipotente*. He had also encouraged his talent for English poetry, and received praise and a ten pound note from his grandfather for a poem on the death of General Wolfe, which commenced thus :

‘ Brave General Wolfe ! uncommon brave ! ! particular ! ! !
Who for our sakes climb’d rocks quite perpendicular !’

How it ended I don’t recollect—but in a style quite as deserving of the notes of admiration as of the note of the Bank of England with which his effort was rewarded.

“ Mr. Shanks established his pupil as a gentleman commoner in comfortable rooms at St. Peter’s, and himself in snug lodgings conveniently adjacent ; and Mr. Singleton proceeded to show his taste by furnishing his apartments in such a style as a man of 500*l.* per annum ought to do—if he *has* any taste. His predecessor was a rackety man, and had left the furniture rather rickety ;—there were tables with broken flaps and bandy legs ; some chairs with backs, and no seats ; others with seats and no backs. Sofas supported by the walls, their hind legs having been amputated for bonfires, with other articles to match. These were kindly taken to by Mr. Bidby, the upholsterer, at his own valuation of one pound ten, and when repaired, supplied to some unfortunate freshman as a bargain, at ninety-four pound fifteen ; the odd four

pound fifteen being given to the duped man's scout for persuading him not to be so extravagant as to order *new* furniture when such *very* good second-hand articles could be had so *very* cheap.

“The renovation of his rooms afforded great delight and satisfaction to Mr. Slipslop, and more to Mr. Biddy. The walls were covered with scarlet and gold flock paper, at seven shillings per yard, and gold beading at three shillings per foot. The floors carpeted with best Brussels at eleven shillings per yard, of a pattern just suited to college rooms, being an enormous pink peony on a delicate cream-coloured ground. The room was strewed with all sorts of reading-chairs and reading-tables, though he never read at them, or in them, for fear of injuring them. Bronze and or-molu lamps were set upon those tables, but never used lest the oil should spoil the carpet.

“The mantel-shelf was heavily laden with articles of *vertu*, and elegantly-cut scent-bottles. The flock paper was nearly obscured by a collection of paintings and prints; the choice of which being wisely left to the vender, he had displayed his good taste by selecting from his store the most expensive, without any regard to congruity—so that angels were mixed with opera-dancers, saints with prize-fighters, heathen goddesses with dead game, and luscious women in lascivious postures, mingled with a group of “portraits of political characters.” Then there were Meerchaum and Turkish pipes,—though he never smoked,—gold, silver, and all sorts of snuffboxes, filled with Fribourg's best sorts,—though he never took any snuff,—foils, sticks, and boxing-gloves,—though he never “risked his life in any dread encounter,”—a splendid double gun, in a splendid mahogany case—a pair of duelling pistols in ditto,—though he never shot bestials or humans,—and a vast variety of other articles, equally expensive and equally useless to him.

“But his pride was his bedroom, with its dressing-table, on which were displayed all the perfumes, soaps, brushes, &c. &c., which Messrs. Price and Gosnell had succeeded in convincing him “no gentleman ought to be without.” Here Mr. Slipslop passed many an happy hour, in viewing his own person in the various coats, waistcoats, &c. &c., with which his mahogany wardrobe was crammed.

“I need scarcely say that he kept a tiger, and that the tiger was a perfect model of a brute. He wore a sky-blue coat with silver buttons, a pink-striped waistcoat, green plush sit-upons, and flesh-coloured silks in-doors; out of doors the lower garments were exchanged for immaculate white doeskins, and top-boots—virgin Woodstocks on his hands, and a glazed hat with forty-two yards of silver thread to loop up the brims to two silver buttons. In this dress he attended his master daily, from two to four, in his drive along the Woodstock-road, in an exceedingly neat buggy—for cabs were not yet imported—and was expected to devote the hour before dinner-time to the decoration and perfumery of his person, as his master strongly objected to the natural perfume of humanity.

“Mr. Singleton also kept two hunters, though he never hunted, and sporting dogs, though he never, as he expressed it, “let a piece off in his life, or saw a pointed dog perform a point.” Nor were these the only animals he kept because it was a “swell thing” to do so,—more for the benefit of his friends than himself.

“ It was not at all likely that a gentleman commoner, with 500*l.* per annum, a private tiger and a private tutor, would be in want of friends and acquaintances, even if Mr. Shanks had not taken care to introduce him to the best men of the ‘ reading set,’ which he did—but they did not suit Singleton, nor Singleton them. They were constantly worrying themselves and him about the peculiar force of some particular Greek particle, or bothering him about the men of the year who had taken a ‘ first and a second,’ or a ‘ second and a first,’ though he cared for none of those things; the consequence was a mutual coolness succeeded by a mutual cut. The set he sought and succeeded with were the idlers—men of fashion—that is, Oxford fashion: beings who never read, because it was a bore; never hunted, because they wanted pluck for it; never rowed, because it spoiled their hands; and never fished, because it spoiled their complexions. Their mornings were passed in dressing, lounging to each other’s rooms, and indulging in talk—it could not be called conversation—about music of which they did not know a note.—Green-rooms, the interiors of which they had never seen—and women whom they only knew by name, though they let fall sundry hints of the expensiveness of their favours. They strolled down the High-street once or twice, to show their coats, took a quiet drive or ride, and then dressed for dinner, vying with each other in stocks, waistcoats, and silk stockings; dined quietly, and talked of the merits of their respective tailors and bootmakers, sipped a few glasses of light wine with their dinner, a little claret afterwards, and after an early cup of coffee, with its accompanying *chasse*, lounged again, and talked again of the virtues of their tailors and their women, and fondly fancied they had passed a ‘ gentlemanly, quiet day.’ Such was the emasculated set of whom Mr. Slipslop made one; but his most intimate friend, though he hated him cordially, was the Honourable Mr. Spunge, son of the Lord Viscount Spendall, Baron Drypurse, of Starveline, in the county of Chester. He was entered as a gentleman commoner, with a very limited supply of pewter—150*l.* per annum, and the prospect of the family living of Starveline as soon as he could get ordained, or as he called it, *japan’d*. Upon his 150*l.* he not only contrived to live, but to live well, without running into debt; he was very gentlemanly, very clever, and very insinuating in his manners and address. He easily ascertained from Mr. Slipslop’s tiger, the amount of his master’s income, and the nature of his habits and disposition, and when he found that he was disgusted with the reading men, to whom he had been introduced by his tutor, he called upon him, and made him happy, by establishing him among the fashionables who arrogated to themselves the title of *nulli secundi*.

“ These *nulli secundi*, were the willing victims of Mr. Spunge. He not only rode their horses for them, but bought, sold, and exchanged them; drew plans, and made models of new dennets and stanhopes; selected milliner’s apprentices, and looked out lodgings for them; recommended Schneiders and bootmakers, and directed them in the choice of their tigers’ liveries. From all these services he added largely to his income, and the only recompence he looked for or received beyond their grateful thanks, was that he breakfasted with one, dined with another, wine with a third, and borrowed a few sovereigns now and then from all. But to Mr. Slipslop he adhered most perseveringly, and gained so great an ascendancy over him, by making himself master of all his

secrets, that he not only lived upon him in college, but kindly condescended to pass his vacations with him at the hall. Slipslop *mère* being too highly gratified at her son's intimacy with an honourable to offer the least opposition to a plan so vastly convenient, and Mr. Shanks too idle and careless to think any thing about the matter.

"Mr. Spunge made himself at home. He shot in the well-filled preserves, fished in the well-stored lakes, hunted with the Lincolnshire fox-hounds, and invited the members thereof to breakfast or dine at the Hall, as the 'meet,' or the end of the run suggested; he invited the ladies to archery meetings, and gipsying parties—ordered the *dé-jéunées*—emptied and replenished the bins—in short, did all that the heir ought to have done himself.

"Did Singleton like all this?—Decidedly not; but he was so completely in Mr. Spunge's power, that he dared not object. He tried once, and only once, to rid himself of his tormentor, by resolutely insisting that six dozen of champagne was too much to be iced at once for a party of sixteen; and was proceeding to ring the bell to tell Corkscrew, the butler, to ice only half the quantity, when Mr. Spunge quietly informed him that any interference with his plans would be attended with the disclosure to his mother, of all Mr. Singleton's correspondence with Miss Pauline Pincushion, the straw-bonnet-maker in St. Clement's. It is needless to say, the six dozen was iced.

"Such was the power acquired by Mr. Spunge over his friend, that when the period arrived for the examinations, and Mr. Singleton, by the aid of his private coach, and a little interest with the examiners, got his *testamur*, or certificate of having given satisfaction in *litteris humanioribus*, he told him coolly and plainly, that he must give a great-go party, and not confine it to the *nulli secundi*—undertaking to relieve him of the trouble of writing the invites, by doing it for him.

"'Singleton,' said he, emphatically, 'you *must* give a party—it is usual—I *must* be there—you cannot do without me. We *must* have the fast men—your set is too slow. I will invite them; give me some plain cards.'

"'But,' interferred Singleton, 'who will you invite? I think I ought to know that; I'm not going to sit down to feed with every body. I don't know a man out of our own set.'

"'Pray, my dear Singleton, sit down, and don't be fussy—I know every body. The reading men are greater spoonies than yourself, and won't come; the saints will hypocricize for a while, but will all come eventually, and get *very* drunk; the reprobates will not hesitate a moment.'

"'So then,' cried Slipslop, 'I shall be expected to *exceed* myself—get tipsy overnight, and be very sick and ill in the morning. I would rather—'

"'My dear fellow,' said Spunge, 'pray do not go on so, you have made me spell Smythe's name with an *i*, an offence he never forgives.'

"The cards were written, and thirty men invited in this form:—
'Wine with me, Thursday, at 6.—Singleton Slipslop.' And the inviter finding all opposition useless, called to me with his usual '*Petarrh*.' To which in a rage, at his nasty effeminate way of pronouncing my name, I replied '*Sarrh*!'

"'I am going to have a few friends on Thursday, lay for thirty. Port and sherry—plain dessert—no ices—no champagne—no claret—coffee at eight, and no supper.'

“ ‘ Bishop or cardinal—egg-flip or punch ?’

“ ‘ Neither *Petarrh* ; we shall retire early.’

“ ‘ Leave all that to me, Peter,’ said Mr. Spunge, ‘ Mr. Slipslop is unused to such parties.’

“ ‘ But I insist—’

“ ‘ On having a good party, and doing the correct thing. Now take a quiet turn in your buggy, and Peter and I will settle all in a few seconds,’ observed Mr. Spunge, as he deliberately turned the donor of the feast out of his own rooms, and turning round to me with perfect *nonchalance*, said, ‘ Peter, I mean to have a lark. Take these cards and see they are delivered. Go to Mr. Pastiface, the confectioner, and order a good dessert for thirty, with lots of ices, to be sent in regularly every half-hour, all the evening ; then to Mr. Crusty, the wine-merchant—the Slipslop wine is too good to waste on every body, and order one dozen sherry, four dozen port, strong and hot, and two six-dozen cases of claret, well brandied—I mean every man to be drunk. Take care that the cook has an exceedingly nice supper ready at nine.—Broiled chickens, bones of all sorts, lobster salads, devilled kidneys—every thing in short that he can get. You, yourself, Peter, will make with your usual skill, ten jugs of bishop, ten of cardinal, ten of egg-flip or punch—let there be plenty of cigars, and plenty of malt at supper—I mean the men to be drunk. Order no wheelbarrows from the Star, as I limit the invites to in-college men.’

“ I willingly obeyed, as I liked a little mischief, and foresaw a few perquisites.

“ The memorable Thursday arrived, and with it all the guests ; some of whom had never been introduced or spoken to their entertainer in their lives. Mr. Slipslop was of course the president, and Mr. Spunge, by self-election, his vice, who took care that the *nulli secundi* should be mixed up heterogeneously with the company, and not, as they intended, packed up by themselves.

“ Knock after knock, and ‘ come in’ after ‘ come in,’ soon filled the tables ; and Mr. Singleton Slipslop arose, and with dignity proposed, ‘ Church and King,’ which went off very quietly, and seemed disposed to linger before he gave another toast, when an impudent dog, who had never spoken to him in his life, called out, ‘ I say, old fellow, this is cursed slow—let’s have the ‘ Rest of the Royal Family’—get rid of the nobility, and begin the evening.’

“ Mr. Slipslop looked to his vice for sympathy in his disgust, but Mr. Spunge ‘ begged to second the motion ;’ and ‘ Peter,’ said he, ‘ place a bottle of claret before every gentleman—passing the wine heats it. Those who prefer porting it, may port it ; and, gentlemen, I beg to propose that every man knocks the handle off his glass—then bumpers and no taps.’

“ ‘ Hurrah ! Bravo !’ and sundry other noises indicated assent, and ‘ *dicto citius*,’ every glass was denuded of its stand-upon by a smart rap from the handle of a knife.

“ Mr. Slipslop was the last to follow the example set him by his friend ; but seeing all opposition useless, screwed up his courage, and smashed his crystal.

“ ‘ Bumpers, gentlemen, if you please,’ called out Mr. Spunge.

‘ Now that we’ve shown our loyalty, I’ll give you a toast, ‘The Ladies,’ with nine times nine.’

“ Then commenced the usual indications of delight. Cries of all sorts—who-hoops!—hurrah! and screams—the rattling of glasses, plates, knives, forks, and spoons—the thumping of fists on the table, till every dish, plate, and jug, seemed in convulsions, and ‘one cheer more,’ made the windows and doors shake in their sockets. ‘And next, gentlemen, with permission from the chairman, I give you—(there’s wine left in your glass, Smythe—off with it), another bumper toast—fill up—(there’s daylight in your glass, Smythe—it won’t do—I’ll have no shirking). Gentlemen, I beg to propose the health of a man who has done honour to himself and the college, by inviting us all here to-day, to celebrate the passing of his great-go. (Hear! hear! hear!) Gentlemen, I’ve known him intimately all his college life; and though some of you may fancy him rather *slow*, I know enough of him to assure you, you cannot drink his wine *fast* enough. I’ll not detain you, gentlemen, from the excellent fare provided for you; but give you, Mr. Singleton Slipslop’s good health, with the due honours.’

“ This toast, of course, called forth a repetition of all the former noises; but with a prolongation of them intended to recompense the liberality of the entertainment.

“ Mr. Slipslop’s *amour propre* was gratified—his eyes sparkled as he rose and filled a bumper, and bowing gracefully to the company, said, ‘I’ve no hesitation in saying, gentlemen, that I—I—I—I—I’ve no hesitation, gentlemen, in saying—’

“ ‘What a lie!’ cried Smythe, half *sotto voce*.

“ ‘That I—I—I—I—I—am very glad to see you.’ And down he sat, having achieved more than he had ever done before in his life.

“ ‘Now,’ said Mr. Spunge, ‘we’ll have a song—who’ll begin?’

“ ‘Smythe, Smythe, Smythe!’ was the general cry.

“ ‘Really,’ replied Smythe, ‘I should be very happy, but I’ve got a bad cold.’

“ ‘From smoking a damp cigar, I suppose?’ cried little Mr. Brown. ‘*Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus.*’

“ ‘A fine! a fine!’

“ ‘Well,’ said Mr. Brown, ‘I only wish all my fines could be paid the same way—*nunc gloria claret.*’

“ ‘Another fine! another fine!’

“ ‘That’s rather too bad—but here goes.’ And Mr. Brown having absorbed two extra bumpers, sat down; and Mr. Smythe pretending to cough up something which was *not* in his throat, began with a very comic expression of face, ‘On the Banks of Allan Water,’ but was interrupted with loud cries of ‘That’s sentimental,—d—n sentimental—let’s have a comic song—All round my hat—If I had a donkey—May-day in the morning, &c. &c. &c.’

“ Poor Smythe in vain tried another sentimental—it would not do. ‘Take a little *rosin*,’ cried Brown, pouring a bumper of wine into his glass. “ ‘*Υἷος μὲν ἀπίστον*, Pindar says, but he’s a liar.’

“ Brown was fined again, and Mr. Smythe sung in excellent style something about a feminine donkey that had a masculine child, that was brought up under Mr. Martin’s act for getting up a ladder, which seemed to give great satisfaction.

“ ‘ Mr. Smythe and his song—hurrah ! hurrah ! ’ and the noise grew louder and more furious.

“ Mr. Smythe returned thanks and called on Mr. Singleton Slipslop for a song and a glass of vanilla ice.

“ With the latter request the host immediately complied, but positively declined the former.

“ ‘ Then,’ said his vice, ‘ you must tell a story, make a speech, or drink a tumbler of wine.’

“ Mr. Slipslop could only perform the last feat, and that with a very bad grace, as the wine began to get very nauseous, and the olives—which fashion had induced him to try to swallow—did not operate as a composer to his stomach ; he bolted the dose, however, with such a wry face as to produce more fun among his friends, than any song or story could have done.

“ He was informed, that like the saints he ‘ had a call,’ and he called on Mr. Spunge, by way of paying him off as he thought ; but Mr. Spunge immediately answered the call, by singing an exceedingly good song—about the adventures of three flies—exceedingly well.

“ Then Mr. Spunge’s health was drunk, and so great was the zeal displayed, that to Singleton’s horror, every man, in addition to shouting and screeching, dug his knife as deep as he could, by repeated chops, into the well-polished mahogany table.

“ Other songs succeeded, though many of the singers wanted voice and ear, and some knew tunes but no words, and others the words but no tunes. Then began some pleasant practical jokes, such as pelting each other with strawberries, nuts, and olives ; putting large dabs of ice down one man’s back, and pouring a glass of claret into another man’s white sit-upon’s pocket, with other little innocent divertimentos ; such as withdrawing his chair when a gentleman got up to make a speech and causing him to ‘ come down with a run.’ Upsetting the sofa and the four occupants, which caused the back to part company from the legs and seat ; then of course the squabs and pillows were hurled about in all directions, smashing bottles, glasses, and plates, the chandeliers, and French lamps.

“ Poor Singleton whose eyes were almost too glazy to discern what was going on, saw that his delicate carpet was ruined for ever, as rivers of wine were flowing over it, meandering between islands of crushed strawberries, squashed oranges, and rapidly-melting lumps of iced creams ; he rose with great difficulty, and holding on by both arms of his chair, begged and prayed the gentlemen to ‘ behave as sich,’ but was immediately knocked down by a well-aimed tippy-cake—the gravy and almonds with which it was besmeared and studded leaving his countenance the exact model of a ‘ chicken in white sauce and mushrooms.’

“ Just as he had scooped the liquid out of his eyes with difficulty, to ascertain by whose hands the missile had been hurled, and was about to vent his indignation at the indignity, in very strong language, Mr. Spunge stopped the flow of eloquence, by throwing himself back in his chair, and applying both feet with a sudden jerk to the end of the table. The consequence was, that Mr. Slipslop fell backwards under the grate, overwhelmed with the whole dessert, ices, and wines ; then, of course, there was a general row—tables, chairs, books, and men

were heaped in pyramids upon the fallen host—coat-tails were torn off—caps and gowns broken and torn to ribbons—one gentleman amused himself by thrusting a foil through the pictures, another by playing very much out of tune on a keyed bugle—a third accompanying him on the poker and tongs. At last, loud cries of ‘Shame! Shame! Too bad! Pull him out!’ induced Mr. Spunge to restore the table to its proper place, and to dig Mr. Slipslop out of his tumulus. He was resurrectionized more dead than alive! Some were alarmed, but Mr. Spunge untied his neckcloth, unbuttoned his shirt-collar, and with the help of two or three of the soberest carried him to his bedroom, where they peeled him and put him into bed—but not by himself—for there lay his tiger, who had been missing for some time, in a worse state than his master, in consequence of having emptied the bottoms of some five or six dozen of claret-bottles.

“In went poor Singleton with his servant, Mr. Spunge ensuring the comforts of both, by diligently cutting off the bristles of all the hair and clothes’ brushes he could find, with a razor, and strewing them in the bed, emptying the contents of two ewers of water over their heads and faces. But the unkindest cut of all, was shaving off one of Mr. Singleton’s whiskers and the corresponding eyebrow, of whose well-cultivated beauties he was deeply enamoured. The deficiency being charitably made good by the aid of burnt cork and tallow-grease. As his partiality for perfumes was well known, the counterpane was thoroughly soaked with eau-de-Cologne, esprit-de-lavande, bouquet-du-roi, and other delicate distillations.

“On his return to the party, Mr. Spunge found several men, especially the *nulli*, in a very bad way; so a procession was formed, and every drunken man was carried by four staggering half-drunken men first round the quadrangle—Brown playing ‘The Dead March in Saul,’ on the keyed bugle, accompanied, *obligato*, by Smythe on a tin trumpet—and then to their respective beds, where, of course, burnt cork and red paint were properly applied, and the position of the bedsteads changed to ensure their not knowing their own faces or their whereabouts when they awoke in the morning.

“The procession was then re-formed, and returned to the tune of ‘Oh, dear! what can the matter be?’ and, in passing under the window of the vice-principal’s rooms, was stopped to give three groans in honour of that individual, who was not a very popular character in college.

“He was a very passionate, but a very prudent person. His rage would have led him to rush from his rooms and inflict summary justice on the offenders; but his prudence induced him to send for the porter, and order him to take down their names, and inquire in whose rooms the row originated.

“‘Mr. Slipslop, sir, giving his great-go party,’ replied the college Cerberus.

“‘Then go to his rooms, and desire him to call on me to-morrow morning, and tell all the gentlemen to go to their rooms directly, and to call on me to-morrow morning also.’

“Cerberus proceeded to execute his commission; but Mr. Spunge, who suspected his errand, was hostile, sported oak, and mounting the window-sill, cut into him, through the open staircase-window, with a

tandem-whip, until he danced and bellowed with the pain, and was finally forced to beat a retreat.

“ ‘ Bravo! hurrah!’ cried all. ‘ What shall we do till supper-time?’

“ ‘ Let us go to the Star,’ said Mr. Spunge, ‘ and hear the harper.’

“ This was agreed upon; but just as they were starting, poor Mr. Brown, from his exertions in playing the bugle, and from his having been fined for talking in unknown tongues—was getting very tipsy and obstreperous. He hiccupped a positive resolution not to go to the Star, as the bar-maid had boxed his ears the night before, and hinted that he had an assassination—as he would insist on calling an assignation—with some very pretty girl somewhere or other. Mr. Spunge suggested to Mr. Smythe, whose performances on the tin horn had reduced him to much the same state as his brother musician, that the young lady in question was his, Mr. Smythe’s *chère amie*, and told him he was surprised he put up with such treatment so coolly. Upon this, Mr. Smythe got very hot, and a regular quarrel ensued, which by the judicious instigation of the bystanders, ended in a regular fight, attended by no very serious results, beyond making the principals perfectly insensible.

Mr. Spunge, therefore, took Mr. Slipslop’s best beaver, and after dipping the crown in some lamp-oil, rubbed it against the chimney-back, and then against Messrs. Smythe and Brown’s faces, preparing them for the character of Othello; he next dipped Mr. Slipslop’s silver-handled shaving-brush into an inkstand, and made a luxurious lather in the elegant silver soap-dish, with which he prepared both their heads for the process of shaving; he contented himself, however, with sawing, or chopping off the hair upon the back part of their heads only, so that when they looked in the glass they should not be able to detect the trick that had been played them. The plot succeeded, for they walked into chapel next morning, to the great amusement of the men, and horror of the dean, with their faces only half denuded of the soot and oil, and the rear of their heads resembling a worn-out hair-trunk. They were put into bed for the night, with Mr. Slipslop and his tiger, with their heads where their feet ought to have been, to give them more roomy accommodation.

“ Mr. Spunge and the rest of the party, now reduced to fourteen or fifteen, then sallied out of college, and fortunately met Mr. Pastysface, the confectioner’s man, bearing a large tray of coffee and toast to a party of reading men. The weight was so great as to require the aid of both his hands to carry it; instead, therefore, of taking off his hat as usual, he was forced to show his respect by only bowing as they passed. At this Mr. Spunge pretended to take offence, and after abusing the poor man, took his hat off *for* him, and kicked it into the gutter. Of course, in endeavouring to regain it, it was necessary the tray should be deposited on the ground, and as soon as that was done, and before he could recover from his stooping posture, a judicious application of Mr. Spunge’s foot sent him head first among the coffee-pots, and toast-dishes, the contents of the former scalding his face and hands, and the latter rendering his dirty jacket more offensively greasy than it was before.

“ The man himself did not complain, for he was used to such things, and knew that he should be well paid for his scaldings on the morrow; but the passers by expressed their indignation by cries of ‘ Shame!’

'Don't stand it!' 'Knock them down!' and one gentleman more zealous than the rest, ventured to assist the tart man to rise, but quickly found himself seated by his side in the middle of the tray and the boiling coffee.

"This of course led to a row, and the row to a fight, which would probably have terminated in a town and gown battle, as numbers were collecting at the well-known war-cry, had not the proctor, with two *bull-dogs*—as his assistants are called—and the marshal, made their appearance at the corner of the street. The effect upon the inimical parties was much the same as the entrance of a dog into a field upon a flock of sheep, they first stood still to gaze upon the common enemy, and then turned and ran away as fast as they could.

"The proctor only caught one unhappy townsman who was too busily engaged in looking about for his two front teeth to see his approach, but sent the bull-dogs and the marshal in pursuit. The latter marked out Mr. Spunge for his quarry, and away they went down High-street, Derby pace, upsetting several inoffensive pedestrians in their way. Both were swift of foot, but the marshal ran cunning, and would have caught his man, had not he slipped up in trying to turn the corner by the physic-gardens, which gave Mr. Spunge so much the advantage that he was in Christ Church meadow, and into Davis's punt and across into St. Aldate's, before the official had finished manipulating the part of his person most injured by the fall.

"The bull-dogs were completely thrown out, and my party returned in safety to college and supper at nine—by availing themselves of the sinuosities of sundry lanes and alleys, managing to collect in their passage, nine knockers, four bell-pulls, and an old lady's bonnet, something the worse for wear.

"Mr. Spunge took the president's chair, and great were the dilapidations caused to the viands, for wine always makes men hungry. Still, as the supper was laid for thirty, and only fourteen sat down to it, I managed to collect sufficient to remunerate me for my trouble.

"After supper, I put the 'nightcaps' on the table, and after some gallons had been consumed, and the same songs sung over again, I put all the men to bed except Mr. Spunge, who had absorbing qualities of so high a character as never to be what is termed 'the worse for liquor.'

"The only unpleasant incident that occurred during the consumption of my compounds, arose from an Irish gentleman breaking a bowl of punch upon a man's head, and threatening to call him out for objecting to lime-juice. Mr. Spunge put an end to his remarks, however, by throwing a glass of very hot egg-flip into his capacious mouth, and turning him out of the room, while the agony caused by the adhesive application, rendered him incapable of resistance.

"On the following morning, on my coming into college, I found Mr. Slipslop nearly naked, thrashing his tiger with a boot-jack—not for getting drunk, but for daring to sleep with him, and laughing at his absent whisker and eyebrow.

"'Petarrh,' said he, 'see this beast outside of college and a coach—pay his wages and his fare, and nonsuit him of his livery; then take my compliments to the vice-principal, and say I am going down into the country.'

" 'I beg pardon, *sarrh*,' cried I, 'but Mr. Spunge said you wasn't to move out without his leave.'

" 'Mr. Spunge be —'

" 'And the vice-principal, *sarrh*, has sent his compliments to say, you must call on him as soon as you can.'

" 'But how can I go this figure?'

" He really did look very unpresentable; but by dint of shaving off the other whisker—in attempting which, he cut his face three times, being very nervous; and putting a small green verandah over his damaged eye, he mustered courage to venture out. In passing through his room, the scene of the last night's debauch—either the sight of his damaged 'furniture and other effects,' or the odour of 'spirituous liquors and compounds,' which had not yet ceased to exist, caused him to hurry into the open air with greater agility than I had ever seen him display before.

" Mr. Spunge met him at the foot of the staircase, and after assuring him of his regret at not being able to prevent Messrs. Smythe and Brown acting as decapillaries upon his whisker and eyebrow, insisted on going to the vice-principal's with him, and taking the blame of all that had occurred, upon himself. This he did in the most gentlemanly and courageous manner, knowing that that functionary would not venture to punish the only *honourable* he had in college.

" Mr. Slipslop got off with a severe reprimand and a bilious fever; and Mr. Spunge was liberated after a short lecture, ending with 'My compliments to Lord Spendall, your honourable father, when you write home.' "

So ended Mr. Singleton Slipslop's great-go party.

P. P.

(To be continued.)

SONNET, IN AN EAST INDIAN BALL-ROOM.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

Music and mirth around! the revel calls,
And I will seek it, as th' enthusiast tries
To blunt stern memory's truths with fancy's lies;—
Yet every tone, that on my rack'd ear falls,
Reminds me of the past! *Thou* art not there,
To hail me as I enter those gay halls,
Where thou hadst wont to link thine arm with mine;
Yet thou art not far distant,—thy low lair
Is in yon silent graveyard; and for *thine*,
My spirit pants—spurning the jocund dance,
Bright beauty's graceful steps and sunny glance,
And *all*—save thee and thy neglected shrine;
Yet I will coin my features to a smile,
And laugh, though madness gnaw my heart the while!

RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.—No. IX.*

CATS.

"I come, Graymalkin!"—MACBETH.

If dogs are the friends of mankind, their companions in their walks, and their partners in the pleasures of the chase, cats may be considered as the chosen allies of womankind. Not that the sterner sex have not shown as much fondness for these luxurious quadrupeds as the ladies have exhibited, ay, even those who cradle the blind offspring of their Selimas, and adorn the pensive mother's neck with coral beads. Mahomet, Montaigne, Richelieu, and Johnson, were not exactly simpletons, though it might be difficult to make a modern dandy understand the kindness of heart that sent the lexicographer out to purchase oysters for his favourite Hodge, when he was old and sick, and fancied no other food.

When we reflect that these purring associates of the Englishman's fireside are so closely connected with the untranslatable word "comfort"—a word that has neither name nor representation out of this "nook-shotten isle," and its snuggeries of sea-coal and hearthrugs with which their satisfactory song harmonizes so soothingly; that they are the guardians of the store-room, the larder, the dairy, and the granary; that they

"Watch o'er the weal of Rhedycinian cheese;
And melting marble of collegiate brawn
For heads of houses guard, and lords in lawn;"

we are led to inquire the cause of the hatred, even where no antipathy exists, which rages against this maligned and persecuted race. The gardener and the gamekeeper, the latter especially, have some grounds for their deadly enmity; the schoolboy, too often looks upon them as having been brought into the world for the express purpose of being shod with walnut-shells, thrown off the church tower with blown bladders tied to their necks, sent to navigate the horsepond in a bowl, there to withstand the attacks of a fleet of water-dogs, and, finally, killed by his terrier;† whilst the murderous brute of a cat-skinner only

* Continued from No. ccxxi., page 72.

† We cannot resist the temptation of laying before our patrons a case of tempered schoolboy vengeance. Some few years ago, horticulture was the fashion, not to say passion, at a certain school; and the master thinking, wisely enough, that the boys might have worse pursuits, encouraged the zeal with which they cultivated their little gardens. Whether any of these horticulturists afterwards belonged to the agricultural society of a celebrated college in one of our universities, whose members, in their zeal for improvement, one fine night ploughed up the lawn in the middle of the quad with sofas, and planted the Principal out of his own chapel, with shrubs and trees transplanted from his own garden, does not appear; the schoolboys, at all events, dibbled, and dived, and sowed, and weeded, and were kept out of mischief. But who shall reckon upon happiness? There was a tremendous bluff-visaged, dark-coloured tabby cat, belonging to a little spiteful tailor, who lived hard by: this provoking beast nightly tore up their crocuses, polyanthuses, and hyacinths, and laid low whole rows of mustard and cress; nor was there not a suspicion that in the destruction of the last-mentioned articles puss was assisted by his master; for though the flowers were prostrate, the esculents for the most part vanished altogether. The boys went up in a body with a complaint to him of the shears, reciting the damage done, and warning

sees in them subjects appointed to be flayed alive. These are their open and avowed foes: their secret enemies are scarcely less numerous. Why is this?

The answer may be, perhaps, found in a dark and disgraceful portion of the criminal annals of this country, of which more anon.

But we must first say a word or two, touching the natural history of this familiar beast: no easy task; for the origin of the house cat, like that of many other of our domestic animals, has puzzled the learned; and the stock from whence it sprung, is still, in the opinion of some, a problem for the zoologist to solve.

That the cat was domesticated among the Egyptians, we have pregnant evidence, not only in their custom of shaving their brows when their cats died a natural death, but also in the mummies found in their catacombs* (no pun meant), and in the figures of these animals on the monuments of that ancient country, —perched on the top of the Sistrum, for instance, and supposed to represent the moon—probably from the following mythological legends:

Jove, tired of state affairs and Juno's tongue, sought, one day, a little relaxation in the company of his pretty Latona twins, Apollo and Hecate. To amuse them, he bade them try their hand at creation, and do something towards filling the empty globule, now called earth. Apollo set his wits to work, and produced MAN. No one likes to be outdone; so, as Diana saw at a glance that there was no going beyond her brother's handiwork, she tried to turn the laugh against him, and concocted a sort of H.B. of her brother's production, in the form

him that he should keep his cat at home at night. Their just indignation was treated with derision by the little tailor, who received the remonstrance seated at his door, pipe in mouth. Two or three of the strongest of the youths were for executing summary justice on the irritating schneider, and quenching him and his pipe together at the pump; but they were restrained by a sage among them, who, looking unutterable things at the smoker, informed him that he had better look out, or he would not know his cat again when he saw it, and left him in no very comfortable state of mind.

After the exhibition of much ingenuity and many failures, the trespasser was, at last, caught, bagged, and carried into a room, where a convention of outraged gardeners immediately proceeded to consult upon his doom. Two or three of the greatest sufferers loudly gave their voices for death: others were for sparing his life, but curtailing his tail of its fair proportions, and otherwise maltreating him so that he should never be the same cat again. At length the sage, who was merciful but determined, begged to be heard. He said that the tailor was in fault more than the cat, which did, but after its kind in frequenting gardens, if suffered to go abroad at night; and as he had by him some of the best *fyn zegellak* (*wel brand en vast houd*) for electrical experiments, he proposed to make the unhappy bagster a warning to all tailors to keep their cats from wandering. He explained his plan, which was adopted *nem. con.*, and having dissolved sealingwax *quant. suff.* in spirit of wine, dipped a brush therein; and while two assistants, who were bit and scratched worse than Hogarth's actress in the barn, held the victim, painted the struggling Tommy all over of a bright vermillion, with a masterly hand. The *tableau vivant* was then set down, and home he bolted in the gloaming. How the cat entered the tailor's house, and what the tailor thought of the advent, no one knew; but it was observed that the tailor's hair became rather suddenly gray. For two days nobody saw either him or his cat. On the third, he, remembering the threat of the philosophic gardener, walked into the school-room, at high school-time, with his vermillion quadruped under his arm, held him up before the master, and asked, with a solemn voice and manner, "if that was the way a cat ought to be treated?" The master who was taken by surprise, burst out into a fit of laughter, in which he was, of course, joined by the boys. The crest-fallen tailor, without staying further question, turned round, and with the port of a much-injured man, walked out with his rubicund cat under his arm, as he had walked in.

* Herod. ii., c. 66, 67.

of an ape. No one likes to be laughed at : so Pol cut his sister's fun rather short, by turning up a ramping lion. Di, however, was not to be frightened, and played another card of ridicule in the shape of a cat. Apollo, upon this, got into good humour, and, determined to beat his lively antagonist at her own weapons, made a mouse, which Hecate's cat immediately ate up. The lovely sex always have it hollow in matters of finesse.

Her success at this game seems to have pleased the Goddess of Wisdom : for when Typhon and his giant host pressed the gods so hard, that they were compelled to flee into Egypt, and save themselves from his fury, by shooting their souls into the bodies of quadrupeds and birds, she chose the form of a cat for her metamorphosis, whilst her brother was glad to escape into the person of a crow, and her papa into the woolly carcass of a ram.

No, say others, *that* is a fable ; but the reason why the cat was sacred to Hecate is this : The triple night consequent on Jupiter's visit to Alcmena, set all Olympus a wondering : and it was not long before Juno, whose acuteness was not suffered to become dull for want of exercise, soon discovered the *liaison*. The months rolled on. The Queen of Heaven sent for the Parcæ, and gave them her imperial orders, which they sternly obeyed, and poor Alcmena had a weary time of it. Her gossip, Galinthias, after scolding, beseeching, and saying and doing all that a kind woman, almost at her wit's end, from witnessing the agonies of her bosom friend, could, to make an impression on their stony hearts, had recourse to a little deception. She persuaded the Fates and Lucina, that it was the will of Jove that Hercules should be born. They believed her, dissolved the spell,

"And made that lady light of her son."

A fine bouncing boy he was. The good Galinthias, however, paid dearly for her friendly *ruse* : she had provoked the fiercest of all vengeance—that of a deceived Queen, and was turned into a cat. Hecate, though a bit of a prude, was so struck with commiseration, that she chose the metamorphosed dame as her consecrated attendant. Accordingly it was said, that the number of the cat's offspring was a gradual progression—one, two, three, four, and so on, always augmenting, till a litter of seven was produced, and the total amounted to twenty-eight, the days of a lunation, and that the pupil of the cat's luminous eye dilated and diminished as the moon waxed or waned.

Leaving the mythologists to settle the question how Hecate and the cat became associated—a connexion, which, at one dismal period, many were made to rue, we must return to Egypt, where, without doubt, the cat was domesticated. Thence it may have come to the Greeks, and from them to the Romans, and from the Romans to the rest of the world, as far as their empire extended.

But why seek so far, when in your indigenous wild-cat, you may find the ancestor of the playful house-kitten that now chases the straw which you draw before it ?

So thought Linnæus, Pennant, and Cuvier.

In opposition to this high authority, are arranged the following reasons, historical and zoological :

By the laws of *Howel dda* (Howel the Good) who died in the year 948, after a reign of thirty-three years over South Wales, and

eight years over the whole of the principality, the price of a kitling before it could see, was to be a penny; till it caught a mouse, twopence; and when it commenced mouser, fourpence; but then it was a *sine quâ non* that it should be perfect in its senses of hearing and seeing, be a good mouser, a good nurse, and have the claws whole. If it failed in these essentials, the vender was to forfeit a third of its value to the vendee. Again; he who stole or killed the cat that guarded the prince's granary, was to forfeit a milch ewe, its fleece and lamb; or as much wheat as when poured on the cat suspended by its tail (the head touching the floor), would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of the tail.*

Pennant, who quotes these laws in his *British Zoology* (1777), observes justly, that this evidence almost proves to a demonstration, that cats were not *aborigines* of these islands, nor known to the earliest inhabitants; and yet in his *Synopsis of Quadrupeds* (1771), and in his *History of Quadrupeds* (3d edition, 1793), he makes the wild cat of these islands, and of the woods of most parts of Europe, the stock of the domestic variety, and, in the very same work that contains the observation above quoted, says, speaking of the wild cat, "This animal does not differ specifically from the tame cat; the latter being originally of the same kind, but altered in colour and in some other trifling accidents, as are common to animals reclaimed from the woods and domesticated."

Now, though domestication will do a great deal in modifying form and colour, there are some points of difference between the true wild cat and tame cats, which are well worthy of notice.

The wild cat is described by Pennant, as being three or four times as large as the house cat. The teeth and claws are, to use his expression, "tremendous," and the animal is altogether more robust. Domestication does not, generally, diminish the size of animals; on the contrary, it is the experience of every day that the tendency is of an opposite quality, unless the care of the breeder be directed to secure a comparatively minute race; as, for example, in the case of Bantam fowls and lap-dogs. The tail of the wild cat is stout and as large at the extremity, as it is in the middle and at its insertion, if not larger: that of the house cat tapers from the base to the tip. Though colour is but a treacherous guide, it should not pass unnoticed that the tail of the wild cat always terminates in a black tuft.

Well; but the house cat will breed with the wild cat, and the offspring will be fruitful. Even if this were satisfactorily proved, it would not, in our opinion, be entirely conclusive: most of the so-called wild cats, however, are merely house cats, which have left their homes, or whose homes have left them, and which have taken to a vagabond and marauding life. Place one of these vagrant cats by the side of a real Scottish wild cat, and you will soon perceive the difference. The latter looks like a stout dwarf tiger; and his trenchant teeth, broad foot, and powerful claws, well justify the motto of the Clan Chattan, "Touch not the cat butt the glove."

Dr. Rüppell discovered in Nubia a cat (*Felis maniculata*), and M. Temminck agrees with the doctor in thinking that this is the stock from

* Leges Wallicæ.

† Without.

which the Egyptian and our domestic cats sprang. It is one-third smaller than the European wild cat, and the proportions of the limbs are more delicate; indeed, Dr. Rüppell calls it *kleinpfötige katze*, but its tail is longer. Its stature is about that of a middle-sized house-cat. He found it in the craggy and bushy country near Ambukol, west of the Nile, and, on comparing a specimen with the skeleton of a cat's mummy, the latter agreed with the former in the size of the body, the shape of the head, and the length of the tail. On this and other evidence, Dr. Rüppell comes to the conclusion that his *felis maniculata* is descended from the domestic cat of the Egyptians.

Sir William Jardine concurs with Dr. Rüppell and M. Temminck; but Mr. Bell, and his opinion is worthy of all respect, differs from them, principally upon the ground that the tail of *felis maniculata*, instead of being taper, like that of our house cat, terminates in a thickened and tufted extremity, although it is somewhat slender in the greater part of its length. The ears, too, Mr. Bell observes, are much longer and broader, and the legs are longer and more slender.

“Who shall decide when doctors disagree?”

For our poor part we give our vote for the Egyptian, till some more worthy candidate for the domestic cat's ancestry shall appear.

We have seen how the cat is associated with Hecate; and we accordingly find it acting a conspicuous part in witchcraft.

The expostulating tabby, in Gay's Fables, says to the old beldame,

“’Tis infamy to serve a hag,
Cats are thought imps, her broom a nag;
And boys against our lives combine,
Because, ’tis said, your cats have nine.”

The cat, probably owes this reputation of a ninefold vitality, not only to its extraordinary endurance of violence, and its recovery from injuries which, frequently, leave it for dead; but also to the belief that a witch was empowered to take on her a cat's body nine times.

Absurd as these fancies now appear to us, they become matter of grave and even painful interest, if considered as to their effect on the manners of the time when the belief in witchcraft was rife, and when hundreds of wretched old women, in these islands alone, were sent out of life “in a red gown” (the slang of that day for being “burnt quick” or alive), after undergoing the most excruciating tortures to make them confess the impossibilities for which they suffered. The smile that rises upon reading these absurdities is changed to the frown of horror and execration at the fate of these unhappy creatures, and the stupid zeal of their prosecutors.

Our gentle King Jamie, the great *malleus maleficarum* was, naturally enough, supposed to be the special object of the wrath of the whole sisterhood, and, accordingly, we find that on his return from Denmark, in 1590, all the powers of darkness were in league to prevent the completion of his matrimonial union with the princess of that state. Whilst a favouring gale forwarded the rest of the fleet, the royal pair were vexed with storms, and the ship that carried the queen sprang a leak. Nor was the mischief confined to royalty, for the loss of a passage-boat between Leith and Kinghorn was attributed to the war of

elements raised on this occasion. Here is a specimen of one of these conjurations :

"Agnes Sampson, Jonnet Campbell, Johnne Fean, Geilie Duncane, and Meg Dyn, baptesit ane catt in the wobster's* hous, in the maner following : First, twa of thame held ane fingar in the ane syd of the chimnay cruik ; and ane vther held ane vther fingar in the vther syde, the twa nebbist† of the fingaris meting togidder. Than they patt the catt thryis throw the linkis of the cruik, and passet it thryis vnder the chimnay. Thaireftir at Beigie Todis hous, thay knitt to the soure feit of the catt soure jountis‡ of men : quhilk being done, the said Jonet fetchit it to Leith ; and about midnight, she, and twa Luikhop,§ and twa wyfeis callit Stobeis, came to the peir heid, and saying thir wordis, 'see that thair be na desait amang ws,' and thay caist the catt in the see, sa far as thay mycht, quhilk swam owre and cam againe : and thay that war in the panis, caist in an vther catt in the see at xi houris, efter quhilk, be thair sorcerie and inchantmentis, the boit perischit betuix Leith and Kinghorne."||

We also find in an old pamphlet (1591) "*Newes from Scotland, &c. &c. &c.*", the following version of an enchantment on the same occasion :

"Moreover she confessed that she took a cat and christened it, &c. &c., and that in the night following, the said cat was conveyed into the midst of the sea by all these witches sayling in their riddles, or cives,¶ and so left the said cat right before the towne of Leith in Scotland. This doone, there did arise such a tempest at sea, as a greater hath not been seen, &c."—"Againe, it is confessed that the said christened cat was the cause of the Kinges Majestie's shippe, at his comming forthe of Denmarke, had a contrarie winde to the rest of the shippes then being in his companie, which thing was most straunge and true, as the Kinges Majestie acknowledgeth, for when the rest of the shippes had a fair and good winde, then was the winde contrarie, and altogether against his Majestie, &c."

Nor was this 'an unconivial expedition ; for "they together went to sea, each one in a riddle or cive, and went in the same very substantially with flaggons of wine, making merrie, and drinking by the way in the same riddles or cives."

In 1594 we find a convocation of sorcerers assembled at Seaton Thorn christening a cat, and making the poor beast an oblation to Satan ; and this also stated in a criminal trial.**

Isobell Griersoun†† had, it seems, a grudge against Adam Clark, and to feed it fat, she "in the liknes of her awin catt, accompanied with ane grit number of vther cattis, in ane devillishe maner enterit within the hous quhair thay maid ane grit and feirful noyis and truble, quhairby the said Adam, then lying in his bed, with his wyfe and seruand, apprehendit sic ane grit feir that thay wer liklie to gang mad." Another witch lady was seen making her escape by "ane hole in the ruife," and another stated that she was among "the cattis that onbesett him." In short, it was the favourite shape in which the witches played their pranks.

"Under the cradle I did creep
By day, and when the child was asleep
At night, I suck'd the breath and rose
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

* Weaver's.

† Extremities.

‡ Joints.

§ Two persons of that name.

|| Trial of Agnes Sampson, 1590.

¶ "In a sieve I'll thither sail."—*MACHIV.*

** Trial of Beigie Tod, May, 1608.

†† Tried in 1607.

Even in our own times we have seen a good old nurse drive a cat out of the room with much significance of manner, that it might not "suck the child's breath;" nor is such caution to be wondered at, when it was the fashionable form for the witches to appear in at their sabbath. It is recorded of Fontenelle, that he confessed to having been brought up in the belief, that all the cats deserted their dwellings on the Eve of St. John, to hie them to the infernal assembly.

But, as far as our islands were concerned, such gross superstitions and disgraceful trials as we have noticed, were not confined to Scotland. The following depositions of Matthew Hopkins, Gent., appear in an old tract (1645) intituled, "A true and exact relation of the severall informations, examinations, and confessions of the late witches, arraigned and executed in the county of *Essex*. Who were arraigned and condemned at the late sessions, holden at *Chelmsford* before the Right Honorable Robert, Earle of *Warwicke*, and severall of his majesties justices of peace, the 29 of *July*, 1645. Wherein the several murthers and devillish witchcrafts, committed on the bodies of men, women, and children, and divers cattell, are fully discovered. Published by Authority."

The informations appear to have been taken before "Sir Harbottell Grimston, Knight and Baronet, one of the Members of the Honourable House of Commons: and Sir Thomas Bowes, Knight, another of his majesties justices of peace for the county."

The first informant is "John Rivet, of Mannintree, Tayler; who, on the 21st March, 1645, deposes that about Christmas last, his wife was taken sick and lame, with such violent fits that he verily conceived her sickness was something more than merely natural; whereupon about a fortnight since, he went to a cunning woman, the wife of one Hovye, at Hadleigh in Suffolk, who told him that his wife was cursed by two women who were his near neighbours, the one dwelling a little above his house, and the other beneath his house (which stood on the side of a hill), whereupon he believed his said wife was bewitched by one Elizabeth Clarke, alias Bedingsfield, that dwelt above his house for that the said Elizabeths mother and some other of her kinsfolke did suffer death for witchcraft and murther."

The tailor having laid this very satisfactory and sure foundation on the 21st, Hopkins the witchfinder, who lived by his nefarious trade, and had doubtless either got scent of the case or had been apprized of it by the Manningtree sages, makes his appearance on the 25th. The scoundrel's deposition would suffer by more curtailment than is absolutely necessary, and therefore we give it, as far as we can in his own words.

"This informant saith, that the said Elizabeth Clarke (suspected for a witch as aforesaid) being by the appointment of the said justices watched certaine nights, for the better discovery of her wicked practises, this informant came into the roome where the said Elizabeth was watched as aforesaid, the last night, being the 24th of this instant March, but intended not to have stayed long there. But the said Elizabeth forthwith told this informant and one Master Sterne there present, if they would stay and do the said Elizabeth no hurt, shee would call one of her white impes and play with it in her lap; but this informant told her, they would not allow of it; and that staying there a while longer, the said Elizabeth confessed"—(Here follows an alleged

confession, the particulars of which we must omit; suffice it that the prince of darkness is not made to possess the most refined taste, though it is stated that he appeared "in the shape of a proper gentleman with a laced band.") The deposition then goes on: "And within a quarter of an houre after there appeared an impe like to a dog, which was white, with some sandy spots, and seemed to be very fat and plumpe, with very short legges, who forthwith vanished away: and the said Elizabeth said the name of that impe was *Jarmara*: and immediately there appeared another impe, which shee called *Vinegar Tom*, in the shape of a greyhound with long legges: and the said Elizabeth then said that the next impe should be a black impe, and should come for the said Master *Sterne*, which appeared, but presently vanished: and the last that appeared was in the shape of a polcat, but the head somewhat bigger. And the said Elizabeth then told this informant that she had five impes of her owne, and two of the impes of the old Beldam *Weste* (meaning one *Anne Weste*, widow) who is now also suspected to be guilty of witchcraft: and said sometimes the impes of the old beldam sucked on the said Elizabeth; and sometimes her impes sucked on the old beldam *Weste*. And the said Elizabeth further told this informant that Satan would never let her rest, or be quiet, untill she did consent to the killing of the hogges of one *Mr. Edwards* of *Mammintree* aforesaid, and the horse of one *Robert Tayler* of the same towne: and this informant further saith, that going from the house of the said *Mr. Edwards* to his own house about nine or ten of the clock that night, with his greyhound with him, he saw the greyhound suddenly give a jumpe, and ran as shee had been in full course after an hare; and that when this informant made haste to see what his greyhound so eagerly pursued, he espied a white thing about the bignesse of a kitlyn, and the greyhound standing aloofe from it; and that by and by the said white impe or kitlyn daunced about the said greyhound, and by all likelihood bit off a piece of the flesh of the shoulder of the greyhound; for the greyhound came shrieking and crying to this informant with a piece of flesh torne from her shoulder. And this informant further saith, that coming into his own yard that night he espied a black thing, proportioned like a cat, lonely it was thrice as big, sitting on a strawberry-bed, and fixing the eyes on this informant; and when he went towards it, it leaped over the pale towards this informant, as he thought, but ran quite through the yard, with his greyhound after it to a great gate, which was under-sett with a paire of tumbrell strings, and did throw the said gate wide open, and then vanished; and the said greyhound returned againe to this informant, shaking and trembling exceedingly."

Mr. Matthew Hopkins having delivered himself of this dainty far-rago, "Mr. John Sterne, Gent.," on the same day confirms him of course; spicing his own account, however, a little more highly with "Impes." "And the said Elizabeth desired this informant, and the rest that were in the roome with her to sit downe, and said she would show this informant and the rest some of her impes: and within half an houre there appeared a white thing in the likeness of a cat, but not altogether so big: and being asked if she would not be afraid of her impes, the said Elizabeth answered; 'What, doe yee thinke I am afraid of my children?' And that she called the name of that white impe *Hoult*."

&c: &c.

Then follow five other informations, also upon oath, to the same tune, and the confession of the poor overworn old woman herself, giddy for lack of sleep—and upon this evidence she was executed at Chelmsford.

Hopkins, having made his footing good, witch prosecutions, of course, abounded in the county. The conviction of Elizabeth Clarke was made the stepping-stone for that of Anne Leech, who was also executed at Chelmsford as was Hellen Clark. His depositions do not indeed appear in the two last-mentioned cases, which were heard before the justices in April, of the same year; but he was, doubtless, busy on the spot, aiding and abetting; indeed, we find him in that same month giving his information upon oath in the case of Rebecca West, against whom a true bill was found by the grand jury; though she escaped capital punishment on her trial, being “acquitted of life and death.” Anne Weste was not so fortunate, for she was executed at Manningtree, on the first of August in that year.

Our readers, if we have any, must be sick at heart of these melancholy and disgusting details; but before we close the painful catalogue, we must draw their attention to one more case; for it strongly shows how completely the mania for witch-finding had pervaded all ranks, reaching even that holy profession, the duty of whose members it is to preach peace on earth, and good-will towards men. We have, indeed, the information of “John Edes, Clerke,” in the cases of Rebecca and Anne West, or Weste; but in those cases there was much more evidence, such as it was. In the following one, the Rev. Joseph Long appears to be the principal and almost the only witness.

“The Information of Joseph Long, Minister of Clacton, in the county of Essex, taken before the said just., April 29, 1645.”

“This informant saith, that Anne, the wife of John Cooper, of Clacton aforesaid, being accused for a witch, confessed unto this informant, that she the said Anne was guilty of the sin of witchcraft; and that she hath had three black impes * * * * called by the names of *Wynowe*, *Jeso*, and *Panu*. And this informant saith, that the said Anne told him, that once she cursed a colt of one William Cottingams, of Clacton aforesaid, and the said colt broke his neck presently after going out of a gate; and the said Anne further confessed unto this informant, that she the said Anne offered to give unto her daughter, Sarah Cooper, an impe in the likeness of a gray kite, to suck on the said Sarah; which impe’s name, the said Anne called *Tomboy*; and told the said Sarah, there was a cat for her; and this informant saith, that the said Anne confessed unto him, that she the said Anne, about ten years since, falling out with Johan, the wife of Gregory Rous, of Clacton aforesaid; the said Anne Cooper sent one of her impes to kill the daughter of the said Gregory and Johan, named Mary. And this informant saith, that to his own knowledge, about the same time, the said child was strangely taken sick, and languishing, within a short time died.”

The deposition of this clergyman seems to have been nearly all sufficient of itself, for the only other information given in this case is that of Roger Hempson, taken before the said justices on the same day; this compendious piece of evidence runs thus:

“This informant doth confirm the information of the said Joseph Longe, and concurs in every particular.”

The unhappy woman against whom this miserable stuff was recorded, was also executed at Manningtree, on the 1st of August, in the same

year. And this is trial by jury—that palladium of our liberties, in the shape of twelve men, who may doom a fellow-creature to death without the slightest tangible individual responsibility, as far as this world is concerned;—men whose consciences are not unfrequently dependant on their fears, and sometimes under the dominion of their stomachs. It has happened more than once, in cases affecting property, at least, that the gentleman with the biscuits and the flask has had it all his own way, and carried the unprovided, hungry, and hollow eleven into the box, starved into consent.

In 1661 we find the Demon Drummer of Tedworth, among other varied pranks, in the house of Master John Mompesson, purring, one night, in the children's bed like a cat, “and at that time the clothes and children were lift up from the bed, and six men could not keep them down.”

The lingering but expiring belief in this wretched sort of witchcraft is admirably touched by Addison* in his account of Moll White and her Cat, which, according to Sir Roger de Coverley, “lay under as bad report as Moll White herself; for besides that Moll was said often to accompany her in the same shape, the cat was reported to have spoken twice or thrice in her life, and to have played several pranks above the capacity of an ordinary cat.” The worthy knight's chaplain is made to act a very different part from the odious character assumed by the minister of Clacton, for Mr. Spectator tells us that he had found upon inquiry, that Sir Roger was several times staggered with the reports that had been brought him concerning this old woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the sessions, had not his chaplain with much ado persuaded him to the contrary.

We willingly quit this dark part of our subject, and return to honest every-day household cats; observing only, at parting, that if any modern Canidia should wish to concoct a charm, the brain of a black cat, the blacker the better, is a special ingredient.

The animal mechanism of this lion of the mice is admirably adapted to the work that the creature has to do. The apparatus by which the claws are retracted, and sheathed within the folds of the integuments, so that they may be unworn by ordinary progression, and always ready for use, is a most beautiful consentaneous arrangement of bone, elastic ligament and tendon. When the claws of a cat are thus retracted, nothing is softer than

“The velvet of her paws;”

Nothing can be more noiseless than the silent tread with which she steals along on these *pattes de velours*; but the concealed weapons are ready to start on the instant into sharp and lacerating action—quick as the lancets of a cupping instrument in the hands of the most skilful operator. How she crouches, as if she would almost conceal herself in the ground when she settles herself for her spring—with what slashing force does she throw herself on her nimble four-footed prey—with what agility does she leap into the air, and strike down her feathered game! Her moveable spine enables her to turn in an almost inconceivably small compass; and with the aid of the powerful muscles of the posterior extremities and her clutching claws, she is up a tree in an instant. Her powerful canine teeth—her

* In the year 1711.

scissor-like back teeth, for they can hardly be called molars, and her rough tongue, with its horny retroverted papillæ, are all fashioned to assist in the destruction and dissection of her prey; that is, when she has satiated herself with the enjoyment of its agonies of terror, and fruitless, though desperate efforts to escape.

Some have found it difficult to account for the cause of the cat's proficiency in the art of ingeniously tormenting: a scene of this sort is a horrible sight to any one of good feeling; but it is not at all clear, that the cat, though she evidently takes great delight in the sport, perpetrates the act as a mere gratification of wanton cruelty. On the contrary, it seems that she resorts to this agonizing amusement as an exercise to sharpen her powers, or to keep, as it were, her hand in. A kitten, three parts grown, is very much given to this pastime. The mouse, in its paroxysms of terror, leaps aloft: the cat secures the victim with a bound. She then remains quite quiet, giving the panting trembler time to recover, and, presently, the poor mouse attempts to steal off gently. She suffers him to go on—he quickens his pace—he is near the door—you feel almost certain that he is safe: bounce she pitches on the wretch, and has him secure. In this way the mouse is made to exhaust all his powers of strength and ingenuity in his anxious endeavours to escape; whilst the cat, like a cunning fencer, is exercising herself to foresee and counteract every attempt. Sometimes a cat with kittens, will slightly cripple two or three young rats which she keeps under surveillance, occasionally turning out one for the sport and practice of herself and family. But a cat knows better than to pursue this system with a bird which she has knocked down with a *coup de patte*: no; she kills the winged prey at once.

Familiar as this animal is to every eye, it seems to be the opprobrium of painters. With one or two brilliant exceptions, of which Edwin Landseer is the chief, artists generally fail in representing a house cat. So, when it is brought upon the stage, how seldom does the actor understand his part? When a cat is in the bills announcing a pantomime, we are not often absent, and most catawampous failures has it been our lot to see. But in this branch of art, also, a genius occasionally appears.

Upon one occasion a Tartar enchanter had been for some time on the stage, magnificently clad, and with the lower part of his person dazzlingly enveloped in something like a Brobdignag card-purse: not only did he not get a hand, but his insufferable dulness began to endanger the piece. Coughs became extremely prevalent, and an awful sibilation from the pit

“Rose like an exhalation;”

when to him entered a cat about the size of a leopard, but admirably dressed, walked up to a tree, and raising himself on his hind-legs against it, began clawing, as cats do, to keep their talons in trim. This immediately brought down the house; one of the greatest philosophers of the day who was present, exclaiming, “That’s an observer!” and leading the rounds of applause like the trunk-maker of old. We know how difficult it is to get human artists to enter into the conception of this extremely difficult part; but when the actor succeeds, the success is perfect. Could any one or any thing excel *Jenny Vertpré* in the “Femme Chatte?”

A docile doggie, sewed up in cats' skins has sometimes been substituted; but do what you may, he *will* be a doggie still. It was a four-footed actor of this description that performed the cat in that pretty pantomime—pantomimes were pantomimes then—"Harlequin Whittington." When the rats ran about "to eat all up" to the great consternation of King Longobarobonyo, and the infinite delight of the holyday children, both small and great, down the captain of the ship put Whittington's cat. The cat did his duty, and was always cruelly severe upon one particular scamperer, evidently not formed of paste-board, and made to feel "he was no actor there:" so far so good, excepting that the principal performer was rather of the least for a pantomimic cat; and moreover pursued his prey more in the canine than the feline style. Still he got applause, and all went well, save with the poor real rat, who appeared for that night only. But when the victorious cat was brought forward to the floats in the arms of the captain, surrounded by the admiring king and queen, and their whole court, panting from the recent deed, and with a real red elongation of tongue hanging out of his mouth, all the terrier was confessed.

In these days, when the schoolmaster is not only abroad, but knocketh at the nursery door, to disenchant the nurslings, and reduce their tales to the simplicity of unromantic matter of fact, we dare not conceal the appalling fact that doubts have been cast upon the authenticity of the almost sacred story of "Whittington and his Cat."

"Cat?" say the learned. "Bah! Cat it might have been, but it was no mouser. Do we not know that *catta* signified a vessel? Does not the profound Bailey, in his edition of Facciolatus and Forcellinus acknowledged get his when under that word *catta* he says, "*Videtur genus esse navigii, quod et Angli nos dicimus, A CAT?*" Did not Philip once build a great ship—and how was it named? "*Tandem,*" says the erudite Aldrovandus, "*CATUS erat navis genus; legimus enim in annalibus Flandriæ a Philippo Burgundione grandem navim Cati nomine ædificatam fuisse, quæ valli instar esse videbatur; nec præter rationem cum Catæ naves apud Gellium etiam legantur.*" We hope here be truths. Whittington's cat, then, was merely the lucky freight of one of these vessels, which well husbanded, and fortunately and skilfully increased, raised the venturer to the lofty eminence on which is placed the chair whence the Lord Mayor of London looks down upon all sublunary things made to be eaten and imbibed. And we allow you this out of our great mercy; for, if you show any signs of discontent, it shall go hard but we shall damage the theory that London has any exclusive right to the story at all. Have no other countries in Europe such a tale? Is there no such story current in Asia somewhat generally, and in Persia very particularly? When you have answered these questions, and mayhap a few more, we will condescend further."

Still, as it would be as difficult for the learned of the present day, say what they will, to convince a thorough-bred cockney that Whittington's cat was not a *bonâ fide* mouser, as it was for the learned of a former day to convince Uncle Toby that there was no consanguinity betwixt the Duchess of Suffolk and her son, we would advise them not to waste their lore upon ears unalterably charmed by the music of Bow bells chiming so merrily

"Turn again Whittington."

In the preface to the famous ballad of "Sir Richard Whittington's advancement" we find it stated* as certain that there was such a man, a citizen of London, by trade a mercer, one who left public edifices and charitable works behind him sufficient to transmit his name to posterity. He founded a house of prayer, with an allowance for a master, fellows, choristers, clerks, &c., and an almshouse for thirteen poor men, called Whittington College. He rebuilt the wretched and loathsome prison standing in his time at the west gate of the city, and called it Newgate. The better half of St. Bartholomew's Hospital was built by him, and the fine library in Grey-friars, afterwards called Christ's Hospital, as well as great part of the east end of Guildhall, with a chapel and a library, in which the records of the city might be kept.

The same authority adds that he was chosen sheriff in the seventeenth year of the reign of King Richard II., William Stondon, grocer, being then mayor of London. He was knighted, and in the twenty-first year of the same reign was chosen mayor—an office which he held thrice, his second mayoralty being in the eighth year of Henry IV.'s reign, and his third in the seventh year of Henry V., to whom he is said to have advanced a very considerable sum towards carrying on the war in France. His generous conduct to the conqueror of Agincourt is thus noticed in the ballad.

" More his fame to advance,
Thousands he lent the king,
To maintain war in France,
Glory from thence to bring.

" And after, at a feast
Which he the king did make,
He burnt the bonds all in jest,
And would no money take.

" Ten thousand pounds he gave
To his prince willingly;
And would no penny have
For this kind courtesy."

We shall now let the writer of the preface speak for himself:

" He marry'd Alice, the daughter of Hugh and Molde Fitzwarren: at whose house, traditions say, Whittington liv'd a servant, when he got his immense riches, by venturing his cat in one of his master's ships. However, if we may give credit to his own will, he was a knight's son; and more obliged to an English king and prince than to any African monarch, for his riches. For when he founded Whittington College, and left a maintenance for so many people, as above related; they were, as Stow records it (for this maintenance), bound to pray for the good estate of Richard Whittington and Alice his wife, their founders; and for Sir William Whittington and Dame Joan his wife; and for Hugh Fitzwarren and Dame Molde his wife; the fathers and mothers of the said Richard Whittington and Alice his wife: for King Richard II. and Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, special lords and promoters of the said Richard Whittington, etc."

Howel in his *Londinopolis*,† speaks of Richard Whittington as having been chosen for the mayoralty *four* times. The ballad and the preface above quoted give him that office only thrice.

* A.D. 1727.

† A.D. 1657.]

"For to the city's praise,
Sir Richard Whittington,
Came to be in his days,
Thrice Mayor of London."

Generous, charitable, and exemplary as was his life, it does not appear that his bones were left undisturbed: for the same Howel says that he was "thrice buried."

In the chapter "Of Vintry Ward" the last-mentioned author thus writes:—"Then is the fair parish church of Saint Michael, called Paternoster church, in the Royal-street. This church was new builded, and made a colledge of S. Spirit and S. Mary, founded by Richard Whittington, mercer, four times mayor, for a master, four fellows, masters of arts, clerks, conducts, chorists, etc.; and an alms-house, called God's House or Hospital, for thirteen poor men, one of them to be tutor, and to have sixteen pence the week, the other twelve, each of them to have fourteen pence the week for ever, with other necessary provision, an hutch with three locks, with a common seal, etc. The licence for this foundation was granted by King Henry IV. the eleventh of his reign, and in the twelfth of the same king's reign, the mayor and the communalty of London, granted to Richard Whittington a vacant piece of ground thereon, to build his colledge in the Royall; all which was confirmed by Henry VI. the third of his reign, to John Coventry, Jenkin Carpenter, and William Grove, executors to Richard Whittington. This foundation was again confirmed by Parliament, the tenth of Henry VI., and was suppressed by the statute of Edward VI. The alms-houses with the poor men do remain, and are paid by the mercers."

"This Richard Whittington was (in the church) three times buried; first, by his executors, under a fair monument; then in the reign of Edward VI. the parson of that church, thinking some great riches (as he said) to be buried with him, caused his monument to be broken, his body to be spoiled of his leaden sheet, and again the second time to be buried; and in the reign of Queen Mary, the parishioners were forced to take him up, and lap him in lead, as afore, to bury him the third time, and to place his monument, or the like, over him again, which remaineth still, and so he rested."

At all events, as long as London is London, Whittington will be always associated with his cat; and no bad associate either, notwithstanding the vile character given of the slandered quadruped by Buffon and others for caprice, treachery, and in short, every bad quality that would make a companion odious.

Now, though we grant as a general proposition that cats are attached more to the place than the person, we at the same time are free to confess our belief that they are capable of the most steady personal attachment. There are

"Some that are mad, if they behold a cat,"

and the antipathy is so strong that they are ready to faint if one be in the room with them. The gallant Highland chieftain alluded to by Sir Walter Scott, had "been seen to change into all the colours of his own plaid" on such an occasion. Such persons cannot be friendly to cats. But though these animals are too often treated with contumely and cruelty, the instinct of attachment is so strong, that they will still keep

about the place, notwithstanding the bad treatment they have endured. Though proverbially loth to wet their feet, they have been known after being carried to a far country in bags, in the hope of banishing them, to swim rivers in their irresistible anxiety to return to their home.*

Others, again will tell you, "I was disposed to be kind to that cat; but whilst I was caressing it the ill-natured beast turned on me, and bit and scratched me." No pleasant operation, certainly, under any circumstances, but becoming a fearful attack when it is recollected that the bite of a cat has been known to communicate the horrible hydrophobia, as fatally as that of the dog. Now in such cases, unless the animal be diseased, or, at least, in nine out of ten, it will be found either that puss's temper has been ruined by previous provocations, or that the party attacked does not know how to play with a cat—he does not understand the animal; what he calls play is teasing, and is resented. But when a cat has been kindly dealt with, and its master or mistress is really fond of it, few animals are more attached. Such cats have been seen to follow their patrons about like dogs, escort them to the door, when permitted to go no farther, and abide patiently on the mat listening for the much-desired return from morning till evening. On the entrance of their friend, no dog could express a more lively affection, a more hearty welcome. We need only allude to the story of the favourite cat that would *not* be parted from its dying master—was with difficulty driven from the chamber of death—and even after the body was

"Compounded with the dust, whereto 'twas kin,"
would return again and again to the grave, though repeatedly chased from the churchyard, and there lie, braving cold and hunger for hours.

To be sure, puss is, as Pennant says, "a piteous, squalling, jarring lover;" nor need we wonder that the distinguished northern functionary

"Unmov'd, unmelted by the piteous *music*"

of a cat-parliament held under his window, fired his blunderbuss upon the amazed wretches—not, however, till he had quieted his legal conscience by reading the Riot Act.

The days of puss's gestation are fifty-six, or thereabout; and as she produces two or three litters in a year, and some five or six at a birth, there is no fear that the cat population will decrease, notwithstanding the unsparing means used to keep it down. The young do not see till about the ninth day.

The varieties are almost infinite: among them, the long silken-haired Angora, the Persian, the bluish Chartreuse, the tortoiseshell, and the typical tabby, are the most prominent. There is also a tailless variety, which most probably owes its existence to its unfortunate ancestors having been deprived of that handsome appendage by accident. To Spain, it is said, we are indebted for the tortoiseshell variety; and a male of this colour, or rather assemblage of colours, being rare, even

* Female cats are naturally kindly animals; and so strongly imbued with the love of offspring, that, at the season of maternity, all feelings seem to be merged in that passion. They have been known to suckle leverets and mice, and young rats have been seen sharing the full tide of maternal affection with a kitten. In the latter case the cat showed the young rats the same attentions in caressing them, and dressing them as she did to her kitten.

now, fetches a high price.* We have seen one of these unhappy varieties chained to his little kennel, at the door of a dealer in beasts and birds, looking as important, and withal as sorrowful, as any wild beast of them all could look in such a shackled situation. And here we are almost tempted to give a hint to the President and Council of the Zoological Society of London, on the subject of the sin of keeping cats in cages. They certainly were once guilty of such incarceration; but we hope, that they have repented, and let their prisoners out. At all events the bereavement† which they have recently had to lament disarms all censure; and for the incarcerated cats, if incarcerated they still be, we can breathe no better wish than a speedy deliverance from their gaol, even if it be to embark with the grim ferryman on their transportation to the Feline Elysium.

“ There shall the worthies of the whisker'd race,
Elysian mice o'er floors of sapphire chace,
'Midst beds of aromatic marum stray,
Or raptur'd rove beside the milky way.”

* A friend, not less noted for his scientific labours, than his fund of anecdote, tells us that some twenty-five, or (by'r Lady) thirty years ago, a tortoiseshell Tom-cat was exhibited in Piccadilly, where the Liverpool Museum was afterwards shown, and where dowagers and spinsters thronged to his levee, as was recorded in the caricatures of the day. “ One hundred guineas,” says our philosophical friend of many tales, “ was the price asked; and I saw many a longing, lingering, coronetted coach at the door of the exhibition-room.”

† After a gestation of fourteen months and twenty days, the first giraffe ever born in Europe, came into the world at one o'clock, on Wednesday, the 19th of June, in the present year, at the gardens of the Zoological Society of London, in the Regent's-park. It was a male, strong and hearty, and stood on its outstretched legs two hours after its birth.

It was a most beautiful creature, and almost a perfect miniature of the full-grown animal, standing about six feet high, the principal difference being in the smallness of the white divisions that separated the great spots. The horns, too, were relatively smaller; and the frontal protuberance was not developed. Not in the least shy, it came up to be caressed; and its full, large, lucid eye, with its long silken lashes, was lovely.

The mother was not unkind to her offspring, but she would not let it come near her to receive nourishment. Persisting in this prohibition, she lost the power of affording it: still the vigorous young animal throve admirably to all appearance, upon cow's milk, and there was every reason to hope that it would be brought up well by hand.

On Friday morning, the 27th, at six o'clock, it was frisking about the large box, or rather spacious apartment, in which it was confined with its mother; and at half-past ten was dead. On the *post mortem* examination, the first three stomachs were found in a healthy state; but the fourth was slightly inflamed, and the rest of the alimentary canal presented a similar condition. The inference to be drawn from this seems to be that its food disagreed with it. Not the slightest blame can attach to any one from this untoward event. The conduct of the keepers, both before and after the birth was exemplary; and we have only to hope that if Zaida should present the society with another baby giraffe, that she will be able and willing properly to fulfil the duties of a mother.



THE GUEST THAT WON'T GO.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

THERE are evils that are purely imaginary, experienced but in dreams; and there are real nuisances, endured by some of us, that are only matters of philosophical speculation, or Christian-like merriment—to others. But the misery which is the subject of this revelation is common to all men—to all within the confines of civilization—for savage life, perchance, knoweth not of the refined barbarity. Before we begin, we feel the torture we are about to inflict. We look first for the sympathy of each particular reader; and having secured that, be it our grateful and humane task to put his generous bosom to the rack. The promises of your wits, when they engage to tell a story that will make you die of laughter, are so rarely kept, that no coroner was ever heard to complain of the practice; but we shall be more faithful in the redemption of our pledge to fill the reader's mind with agonizing recollections, and render him, for one hour at least, unspeakably wretched. No attraction that intense suffering can supply will be wanting to the horrid sketch which is to be drawn. It must move, as we have said, all men alike; every householder above or below the ten-pound limit; nor may any other inhabitant of any tenement soever defy the calamity to be described—as he defies the ravages of a fire—by virtue of being only a lodger.

To make this assertion good, we have but to ask favour for the assumption that every Zimmermanian has his solitude broken in upon sometimes—say, just as he is sitting down to dinner. Grant then that every man, however restricted his means of hospitality, has his visiter upon particular occasions; and now grant but one thing more, that he has also his visiter when there is no occasion at all. He has then, his unbidden guest—he has his **DROPPER-IN**! Having the Dropper-in, he has—is it any thing short of a matter of course, a thing of certainty, an inevitable consequence? we do *not* pause for a reply;—he has the After-dinner visiter—the Evening-killer—the Long-stopper—the Sitter-up—the late, lingering, stationary Guest—the Immovable—the Man that never goes! It is of him, with many a mortal shudder, that we would speak. *He* is our hero.

How often, reader, have you encountered him! “The very doorsill is worn with his footstep.” The bell-wire trembles at his touch; your knocker knows him, and its griffin-face seems to grin horribly a ghastly smile at his approach. But the smile that awaits him within is genial and not ghastly. He generally assumes the shape of a very old acquaintance—he pays you the compliment of a call unasked; he has chosen you of all housekeepers at home, as the friend by whose help he is to fill up his vacant evening; he has preferred your simple supper-tray to any delicacy to be had—at his own cost—at his club; he has done you the honour to relish the familiarity of your unattractive fire-side, to a game at billiards which he might lose, or going to the opera, where he has no free admission. It is true, the compliment is excessively inconvenient and ill-timed. You might have enjoyed his friendship better had it been less flattering. Your feelings would not have been hurt, had he been more distant. You could well have dispensed with

the preference he has shown ; and could have soothed yourself during the long evening with the consciousness of having friends *absent*, who were so sincerely attached to you. His tried fidelity did not need the certificate of a call just before supper. Nevertheless the distinction has been awarded you, the homage rendered, the call made ; and although you had something rather particular to do—something you cannot without much difficulty postpone—you were interrupted the night before, and the night before that—besides, that book is not half read yet, nor is your long-announced, and anxiously-expected treatise on “*Spinal Contortions*” so much as commenced ;—in short, for some reason or other, the knock of the Dropper-in suddenly and unceremoniously knocks some pretty domestic arrangement on the head ; yet to be denied to your old acquaintance is impossible—besides, he would walk in, ensconce himself in his particular arm-chair, and stay his time out, whether you were at home or not—and therefore as you catch his voice inquiring, long after he has passed the street-door, and when he is halfway up stairs, whether he shall find you above, you prepare to meet his outstretched arm, and hand open as day, with an honest grip and a frank welcome.

That host lacks the genuine spirit of hospitality, or is a very early goer to bed, in whom the glow of this hearty feeling of welcome accorded to an old familiar, could become extinct before one in the morning. Granted, that when the supper is before us, we could wish to be spared the necessity of keeping the excellent appetite of our guest in countenance, and to be excused from participating in a repast, which is superfluous to us who dined late, and have not since felt the influence of the keen air ; granted, too, that the expediency of being up soon in the morning, so as to keep an early engagement of some importance, occurs vividly to recollection, and gives a serious shock to our sense of comfort, as we wheel chairs round after supper and settle ourselves in the most social and satisfactory position ; nay, it is possible, just possible, that a feeling of weariness occasioned by recent revels too freely enjoyed, renders us for once capable of dispensing with thy weed of glorious feature, oh, Havannah ! and of thirsting but for six drops of thy punch without parallel, oh, whiskey of Ireland ! But to be drowsy before one o'clock is an offence which the best-natured Dropper-in could not be expected to forgive ; to sigh, before one or half-past, for the going-out of Smoke, and the coming-in of Sleep, is to deserve to have your home a Yarrow unvisited for ever—to have none but solitary suppers, cigars that might be warranted town-made, and slumbers mosquito-broken. No, though unprepared for a visiter, and predisposed for bed, give your guest till half-past one. Allow him full latitude for at least his second tumbler ; oblige him not—we should have said wish him not—to light his fourth cigar until he has smoked his way leisurely up to it ; accord him full scope to indulge his regular number of cachinnatory tributes to the last new Jonathan, which he challenges you to join him in laughing at, as you are bound to do, although it was from you that he had the joke first, when you were conundrumizing for want of thought three months before. But when you have advanced thus far on your road to morning, you may, under the circumstances, be pardoned for doubting whether it is quite practicable to lengthen your days by continually stealing largely from the night. A jury of Arabs would acquit you of all offence against hospitality, if you were to wish, yea, heartily—that your visiter

were any where but in your arm-chair, and just in the act of seizing the poker (having known you seven years) with malice aforethought towards every coal that does not emit its flame; producing a blaze that promises to be brilliant an hour hence and longer—one that you would have justly deemed glorious, on the moderate side of midnight.

“Hospitality,” said Charles Lamb, “should run fine to the last.” We are sure to remember the beautiful maxim, and reading in our friends contented face, and also in his comfortable position, which he has just changed to accommodate himself to the blaze he has created, an intention to stop, we shift our attitude too, and commit ourselves with all the resignation we can to the cheering influences of the fire. Add to these, the charm of our companion’s conversation; for we are far from having yet had the last of his jokes; there are anecdotes still untold which he has probably not related to us on any similar occasion since last year; besides, he has not yet touched upon the question of education; he has the doctrine of Mesmerism still in reserve; thus, there is no reason whatever to apprehend a dearth of amusing topics. So on we go—time travelling not so slowly after all, till the conscientious clock boldly strikes two. It is our lot to rejoice in the possession of a particularly loud-ticking eight-day clock—a private-life prodigy after the pattern of the Horse-guards, a domestic edition of St. Paul’s. No dropper-in, whether born deaf or not, can help hearing it strike. Well, it now, as we have said, strikes *two*. Alas! it strikes but one of us notwithstanding. Our sitter is stirred from his chair by no such warning. The two clear, sharp strokes move him no more when in a friend’s house, than would a postman’s knock at the door under similar circumstances: he knows that it does not concern him. What is it to him how time goes—he doesn’t. The intimation only suggests to him the expediency of inquiry as to the provision of hot water for his next tumbler of punch—for he knows that servants have such a horrid habit of stealing off to bed if they can, and letting fires below go out before the guest up stairs. He expresses therefore the friendliest anxiety respecting the kettle, and at the same time repeats his experiment with the poker upon the black head of the solitary coal that happens not to be blushing bright red at his prodigious want of conscience and marvellous effrontery. Having arranged the fire, he glances round at the coal-scuttle as at a thing that will be wanted presently, and then, with a declaration to the effect that “now come in the sweets of the night,” lights his seventh cigar.

No host, so situated, should go so far as to wish his uninvited visiter dead, but how should one help wishing him departed. It requires all one’s experience of his many excellent qualities to sustain us at this trying moment. Had he a few merits less—were he less hospitable himself—had one known him for any period under a dozen years—he would infallibly receive notice to quit, in the shape of some broad hint, that should tell its tale more strikingly than the disregarded clock. But we force ourselves back into complacency by dint of counting up the many feathers in his cap—as numerous as the puffs of smoke he sends forth. We assign to him a virtue, real or fictitious, for every whiff, and thus balance matters and become reconciled; comforting ourselves moreover with the consciousness that *we* have one excellence, that outweighs in its perfection and boundlessness, all that he can boast

—we have PATIENCE! We keep thinking what a capital fellow he is, in his way—and also how much he is in *ours*. We acknowledge that he has several of the essentials of a boon companion—much that should render him an ever-welcome visiter; but we feel too that he lacks one quality that should belong even to the most delightful guest; as the poet says, or might have said,

“He wants that greatest art, the art *to go*.”

Meantime, there he sits, with as little capacity to stir (for it does not at this advanced hour appear to be a case of volition) as the lady in “Comus.” There he sits—

“Sits like your grandsire carved in alabaster,”

and crowned with smoke-wreaths. We gaze at him, through the mist, with a serious feeling that deepens presently into awe. There still he sits, visibly and breathingly embodying the spirit of the relentless threat, “I’ll never leave you.” Beside our hearth, in the old chair wherein we have a thousand times nestled and dozed after dinner, he sits still, like one who had there taken up his everlasting rest. A heaviness creeps over us, too subtle, close and clinging to be struggled with; and in another minute we are dreaming—dreaming, perhaps, that we see King George III. in Cockspur-street, put on the cocked hat he has hitherto held in his hand, and trot up Pall-mall, at a pace which implied that he had staid too long on his pedestal. Startled, we open the aching eyes that have scarcely been closed six seconds. Dreams always go by contraries. The bronze of our Dropper-in is more obdurate than the statue’s. *He* has not taken his hat—he is embedded in his seat, as though he never meant to trot more. The legs of the chair seem not more a part of it, than his own. Its cushioned arms have grown to his, and become indivisible. What is to be done? We involuntarily answer audibly our inward question, by a particularly protracted yawn. This luckily has the effect of arousing our remorseless guest from the cozy and unceremonious reverie into which his spirits had subsided. He waves away some of the intervening smoke, stares at us through the partially cleared space, and with inimitable nonchalance exclaims, “You seem sleepy!” Sleepy! it would be gross affectation to deny it. We own the soft impeachment—referring our indulgent friend, for an excuse, to the four o’clock revels of the past fortnight, and apologizing for a wish to get to bed *rather* earlier than usual. “I see, I see,” he observes feelingly; “in fact I’m not over-lively myself. I’ll just,” adds he, considerately, and glancing round at the coal-scuttle, “I’ll just sprinkle the fire with a little fresh dust, and then I’ll be off.” No sooner said than done, and no sooner done than down he sits, with the air—unconscious as he is of having assumed it, but therefore the more dreadful to contemplate—with the air of a visiter who has just dropped in to spend a long evening with us.

While the shock occasioned by this new movement, or rather this new and more desperate resolution to be stationary, is still strong upon us, the clock—never did it seem to strike so loud before—strikes three. Knowledge under some circumstances leads to crime as surely as ignorance does. We know the clock to be right to a second—but it is impossible to suppress the desire to *lie* in self-defence, and we de-

liberately indulge ourselves with the emphatic assertion, "that clock is always too slow." Lies are generally thrown away; this promises to be successful, for the enemy intimates that he must get his hat. But does he attempt to stir? Oh! no. "Stand not upon the order of your going, but go *at once*," is the adjuration of Lady Macbeth. But such visitors as our dropper-in, like that remarkably large American oyster, which required three persons to swallow whole, have too profound a tendency to stay, to go *at once*. It takes such visitors at least three times to go.

It is a host's first duty to attend upon his guests. The Dropper-in in a moment of enthusiasm, when he was quite off his guard, *did* make mention of his hat. This of course is the very last thing that we should be eager to supply at the first call. Nevertheless the allusion to it has escaped, the advantage must be taken, and the hat is produced, gloves included. The production of the latter is perhaps imprudent, for ten minutes are expended in flirting with them, fingering, and drawing them on. But all "reluctant amorous delay" must have an end; no excuse to kill time, extends to eternity; and the Dropper-in does make his exit at last—shaking hands with you at twenty minutes past three, with a "good night! I see you are tired. We are both invalids. *I won't keep you up!*"

All but ourselves are in bed. We therefore light him out, bolt the door, and put the chain up. Meditating a spring into bed, we are at the top of the second flight of stairs in an instant; but there we are stopped, and summoned downwards by a knock—not very loud, but administered by a considerate hand, willing to wake every body in the house, but reluctant to disturb the people next door, or the sick gentleman over the way. It is our friend returned—he had forgotten his cane.

A very dangerous and dread-awakening species of the Long-stopper is he who drops in soon after dinner and can't stay a minute. There is always a chance that the friend who frankly owns he has come to have out an hour's gossip with you, may go at the end of three; but of the early departure of him who can't possibly stop an instant, there's no hope. If your visiter has a particularly pressing engagement elsewhere, he is sure to stay with you. If he won't take a seat at once, it's all over with you for the evening. If he keeps his hat in his hand, you may ring for your nightcap. He stands, perchance, lolling over the back of a chair for one hour and upwards, filling up a pause every ten minutes with a wilful, lying, hypocritical, "Well, I must go," till down he sits, tossing his hat over to the other side of the apartment, with the look, voice, action, and entire manner of a man who is not at all in a hurry, but feels himself quite at home, and is anxious that you should not put yourself out of the way the least in the world on his account. There is something that amounts to the appalling in this specimen of the tribe. He has no superior in the whole race of familiar sander-breakers. Let him once get his foot near your fireside, and he will tantalize you all the night long—not so much by staying, as by hints of the necessity of going, conjuring up a succession of sad hopes, and mocking you with a hundred visionary departures—himself a fixture—part of the furniture of the room all the time. Of all public orators, save us from him who intimates at the outset that he has risen for the

purpose of "making a few brief observations." We don't mind a long speech much—but spare us a few brief observations, for experience teaches us that there is no end to them. So with the guest with whom time is precious—who has not a moment to stay—who dare not even sit down, because he has an affair of pressing importance on his hands!

It is a thousand chances to one but that a visiter of this class devotes so much of the time he spends with you, as is not occupied by faithless promises to be off, and exclamations touching the impossibility of staying, to the delivery of grave, wise, moral snatches of lectures on the viciousness of sitting up late and giving up too much time to company. The reader hereof—whatever his condition—can doubtless bear testimony to the liability. He must have been, on scores of occasions—and but for gentle sleep he might have heard more—a listening witness to the plaintive apprehension and affectionate concern of an acquaintance, who, from bright sunset to black midnight, has advised him of the enormity of late hours, and the expediency of putting an end to the open-house system without hesitation or delay. Is there any limit to contradiction in human character? There are people who sit up more than half the night, descanting on the folly of not going to bed soon. They wonder how you contrive to keep awake night after night. They couldn't do it, not they. Never were they so sure of any thing as that late hours are ruinous to health—and they never yet found that the pocket picked up any grain of treasure by the practice of keeping its mouth so wide open. They are convinced that in the end it will be found destructive both to the liver and the purse. But they really must be going, and beg you to excuse them. However, go they do not, until they have apologized by the hour for the freedom with which they have opened their minds—a freedom which they assure you is the result only of a disinterested and ungovernable friendship. They would not take advantage of good-nature, as others do; they understand too well what is due to hospitality; they'd scorn to use any friend so—in their opinion, its turning the finest affections of the heart into a mere convenience! And thus on they dawdle through the drowsy mazes of declamation, making night hideous with their harangues, and provoking you to keep before your half-shut eyes no image of any conceivable thing but the obstinate animal apostrophized in the song—the donkey that wouldn't go. The longer a night-companion of the order of Stoppers is allowed to talk, the deeper he discovers his regard for you to be. If he had some esteem for you when he dropped in at nine, he is ready to swear eternal friendship at half-past two. The mere acquaintance of the evening, becomes Damon and Pythias "rolled into one" soon after midnight. He is sure to impress one conviction on your mind—that you have known him a very considerable period of time; but the fifteen years of your acquaintance with him, dwindles to a span compared with the time seemingly consumed by him in relating the history of friendship. In fact, his affection is interminable—it has no limit—time cannot wither—night cannot chill it—it neither goes out with the fire nor runs down with the clock. "He loves and loves for ever;" and, to make assurance of the fact double sure, he sits and sits for ever, descanting on the delight of having a friend whose every sentiment, every feeling, corresponds with his own, and with whom it is as impossible to experience fatigue, as it is to communicate it. If he

would but change his tune to "He loves and he rides away!" but of that the hope is even yet distant. If he would but follow the example of the trio of lovers slain in the old ballad—

"There never were three lovers sure.
Who sooner did depart."

But the ballad is too old ever to have been heard of by him. He takes neither hint nor hat. His tongue runs, but his legs refuse to accompany it. No story, no incident, has sufficient pathos to move him. He stirs not, though an engine dashes by to a capital fire on his road home. Like a monthly nurse, or the French watch that is brought over for you as a great favour, he never knows when to go.

At last, if we are what is called in luck, he recollects that he dropped in some hours before, and was morally and physically unable to stay five seconds. Accordingly, between three and four in the morning, he winds up the tedious and protracted chapter upon friendship, with an appeal to our liberality—a claim upon our indulgence—an assurance that he cannot possibly stay longer, and (which is superfluous) that he would if he could; adding, after a moment's reflection, "but that you know;" a reminder which is followed by the parting announcement, harmonizing miraculously with the announcement volunteered on entering, "In fact, I haven't a moment to stay—I've an engagement that I can't put off." Even then he is not gone; for like the other bore, he is very apt to return in a few minutes. In this case, the snuff-box has been left behind.

The Dropper-in who has a dropper-in to dispose of, is the most desperate of the tribe—the friend who brings *his* friend with him—and who, in order to put the stranger at once on a footing of intimacy, and to incite him to feel thoroughly at ease, proceeds to make the house his own, indulging in friendly pranks and domestic familiarities not dreamt of in ordinary intercourse. In a case of this sort, we are sure to hear a faint and diffident expression of surprise—with a touch of regret—at finding us alone; backed by the intimation, "Well, I made myself quite certain that Robinson, at least, would be here." And then our friend, stealing a glance at his watch, remarks in a side-note to *his* friend, "But it's early yet—somebody is sure to drop in;" at which *his* friend falls back in his chair and smiles complacently, with an air which says very intelligibly, that whether any body else drops in or not, he feels comfortable enough, and has no idea of perpetrating any thing so vulgar as a hasty departure. After a moderate lapse of time, the knocker of the door being still undisturbed, we learn, through the medium of a declaration in very plain English, that our guests—that is to say, our friend and his friend, came with a confident expectation of finding some pleasant company, and passing a pleasant evening. Their disappointment becomes too palpable, and they look as if we had sent them a formal invitation to dinner, and then sat them down to cold veal.

We find that considerable reliance had been placed upon the piano, and some particular song is still expected from some member of the family; and at any rate, they had calculated upon finding somebody to make up a rubber—a rubber, without which they should positively go to bed wretched. This accomplished—partly in politeness, partly

in self-defence—by the aid of another dropper-in, our friend's friend becomes ours ; or, to speak more strictly our partner. Not our friend, for he revokes, loses the game, apologizes for being absent, and does *not* hear our inward but fervent ejaculation, "I wish you *were*." The cards are, of course, in sheer contempt of yawns and other obstacles, dealt round with persevering regularity until a quarter to six, when, the last pretext for staying being "faded and gone," our friend's friend (the moderate creature!) gently applies his elbow to that of his introducer, and doubtfully—as though half afraid of giving offence by an early movement—intimates that it is time to go. Hereupon, at one touch of the elbow,

("One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,")

our friend is awakened to a sense of his usual prudent habits, and of his present trespass. "Yes, yes," he mutters assentingly but drowsily, like one who confounds going, with going to bed. "Yes, yes, go! to be sure. What are we staying for? Upon my life I ought to have gone *an hour ago!*" *Exeunt*, at a quarter to six!

Is there any principle in morality like the principle of moderation? "I ought to have gone an hour ago," in other words, at a quarter to *five* in the morning! How rigid is our self-denial—how uncompromising our views of improvement!—how grand the excess we would lop off—how sweeping the change we would institute—how narrow the limit of enjoyment we would fix! "I ought to have gone an hour ago!" That's the way to reform one's habits, and become reconciled to one-self. Strike off the odd shillings in the heavy account, and let the pounds stand. The camel's back breaks under the burden of the last feather—throw off a feather's weight of vice, and persuade yourself that you are vicious no longer. Scorn gluttony, and take turtle only twice. Shrink from the degrading distinction of being a four-bottle man—drink three and a half and live soberly. Never run into excesses—but go home in good time, at a quarter to five in the morning—instead of six.

One of the greatest hardships we can suffer from the habits of the remorseless Dropper-in arises out of this very consciousness on his part of the necessity of moderation. He is sure, quite sure, to father the excess he has committed, upon us, the principal victim to it. That is to say, the blame is made to lie at the door of the innocent host, and not of the unconscionable guest. The practice, we are bound to admit, is common to all the tribe. They all go away, and visit the sins of the predetermined late-stayer upon the sitter-up against his will. They walk about next day execrating us—for they have a racking headach, perhaps, and they got it in our company. They look half asleep, jaded, faded, and queer as a bit of Cruikshank; and they account for all this by stating where they were last night; adding, "You know their hours! It's disgusting! Pleasant people enough, but there's no such thing as getting away. Coffee at sunrise, when the rest of the world's in bed! No, no, I'm tired of it. A little of that sort of thing is very well—or once in a way—but it's a bore, always. Hang it, I'm no early-pillow-boy myself—I hate running off to bed before one's time—but *they* carry the fun a little too far. There's no help for it but staying away altogether. I shan't go any more." These are the pleasant

things that are sure to be said of every victim to immovable visitors; and we warn every such victim that he may esteem himself fortunate if they omit to add certain charitable insinuations—that they think he looks wretchedly ill—that he is evidently killing his wife by his irregularities, and is supposed to have been brought by dissipation into rather embarrassed circumstances!

We say nothing of the more legitimate visits upon a larger scale, paid in town and in country, upon due invitation given and accepted—visits which, meant only to be two days long, are sometimes drawn out into two weeks—as a week's length grows into a month's. The infliction is far less severe in these cases. By the very principle upon which such visits are paid, the host can avail himself of many resources, and effect an escape in many ways. But from the daily or nightly Dropper-in there is no escape, and the less protracted suffering he occasions is infinitely more tormenting and intolerable. Save us from our friends, then, when they make us doubt that man “never continueth in one stay”—when they reverse in practice the old maxim, by rising with the lamb, and going to bed with the lark—passing the interval with us as often as they can catch us at home. But why do they catch us there? Simply because we haven't the face *not* to face them when they call. There are times when none of us would be found at home by any friend, if it were not for the fear of being found out.

L. B.

A SUMMER IN BAVARIA.—NO. V.*

BY THE HON. EDMUND PHIPPS.

Lakes of Bavaria—Königsee—Berthesgarten—Sporting sovereign—Beautiful boatwoman—Portrait painter at fault—Ice chapel—Dangers of the lake—Story of a Tyrolese boatwoman—Lakes of Chiemsee and Achensee—How to bring a wily landlord to good humour—Königsee fashionable visitants—Close of the summer in Bavaria.

KÖNIGSEE, at the extreme corner of Bavaria, like the richest jewel at the top of a monarch's crown, is not only the most beautiful of all the Bavarian lakes, but may even be said in picturesque outline to exceed any other lake of similar extent, whether in Switzerland or the Tyrol. It is situated at the farthest point of a small tract of country, which juts into Austria like a peninsula into the sea, and it may be approached without the disagreeable ceremony of crossing Austria and again crossing the Bavarian frontiers. To those, however, who prefer keeping within Bavaria there is a direct and very beautiful road to Berthesgarten, which is only an hour's drive from the lake.

There did we take up our quarters at an excellent inn, and the village itself is interesting from containing in its neighbourhood the favourite sporting residence of the King of Bavaria, who comes here as regularly at the proper period, as the English sportsman who seeks his shooting-box on the moors, with the return of the 12th of August. We were here enabled to wait in comfort till the arrival of a very fine day

* Concluded from No. ccxxiii., page 395.

(by no means a common occurrence in this climate) permitted us to start with some prospect of enjoying its beauty.

The road to Königsee gives a good foretaste of the grandeur of scenery that is to succeed, as it winds among mountains of Alpine magnitude, while the foreground furnishes the richest variety of wood and verdure. The first sight of the Königsee is very striking, as it has exactly the appearance of a very small lake, from its taking a very sudden bend between high rocks; and this it was that made it so beautiful, as one of that size is rarely seen so completely surrounded by such gigantic mountains as here close it in. There was something also in the dark green colour given to the water by these rocks, and the stillness of the whole scene, which distinguished it from the numerous large lakes which, under the influence of sunshine and breezes "break into dimples and laugh in the sun."

We were told that the lake was considered very dangerous, which may certainly so far be the case, that if any sudden storm were to arise, the precipitous cliffs, with their sides perpendicular to the water's edge, would render it impossible to land. To-day, however, it was apparently in a very confirmed, though perhaps treacherous, state of calmness, and as with horns and "*Udelns*" and wild cries, we waked the slumbering echoes in our progress up the lake, it seemed as if we had a friend in every hill-side, ready to help us if need were.

On our asking for a boat at the cottage where they are kept, one of the men there inquired of a woman who was playing with a child whether she could go with it. As she turned round and displayed a countenance radiant with beauty and intelligence, we all longed for a favourable answer, and very soon, after giving up the child to a maid belonging to the house, she led the way down to the place of embarkation. It had often happened to us, when engaged in expeditions of this kind, on Swiss or Tyrolese lakes, to be rowed about by women, but never by one of such striking appearance. Her face was so handsome, that in trying to find out a likeness for her, the names of all the most celebrated beauties in London were mentioned in turn by the different members of our party. J—, who had been employing his pencil in every object worthy of note in the course of his tour, whether ruins and rocks, or marketwomen and postilions, pulled out his pencil to draw our lady of the lakes, but when she was told what was going to happen, she expressed her dissent very strongly, and said she would not sit still and then he would not be able, and pulled out a basket of pears, and stuffed half of one into her mouth, and began munching it, doing this in order to spoil her beauty, if it had been possible. J—, however, persevered, notwithstanding this uncoquettish mode of resistance, but she was evidently annoyed at it, and did not recover her good humour all the time.

When we got to the head of the lake, which was throughout full of beauties, we prepared to ascend to what they call the Eiscapell Iced chapel, though what it was we did not exactly know. We soon, however, met some English friends (whom we had seen before at Salzburg) returning home from the chapel, and they gave such an account of the difficulty of the ascent for a lady, and that when accomplished there was nothing to see but a sort of snowdrift, with a hollow place worked out under it, that we determined not to proceed any further in that di-

rection. As J— and the greater portion of the party preferred extending their walk, we separated from them, and resolved to return with those who had saved us from our fruitless expedition to the Iced chapel. When we got to the lake-side, we found that the coy beauty was going back with us, instead of waiting to go with the J.'s; whether it was as she said, that she did not like to be home so late, or that she wished to avoid having her portrait again taken, I cannot say.

As she said that she had already been to the lake-head and back before, that day, I, and another English gentleman, took our turn at the oar, in the course of the time occupied by our return to the other end of the lake. The boatwoman then went forward and talked with a young lady of our party, who, having been some time in Germany, could hold a conversation with her. She was quite a character; and as she sighed when we talked to her of the quiet peace of her own little valley, seemed to show us that even these high mountains, excluding as they did every thing else, could not shut out the cares of the world. And yet she said that she had no desire to be any where else. Her dress was very becoming, being a good deal in the Tyrolese style—a dark gown, forming a strong contrast to the snow-white stockings, which set off her well-turned ankle; and the only pieces of finery being a necklace of beads, wound many times round her neck, and a gold band that decorated her high-peaked hat. Her hair, of a raven black, was parted smoothly across her forehead, and hung in short curls at the back of her neck. As we had remarked a sort of wild-flowers which she had in her hat, she, on our departure, took them all out and distributed them with a graceful courtesy; taking great care, however, only to give them to the ladies. The young lady, however, handed one of them over to G—; and when he told her to say to the fair Tyrolese, that he should wear it that night, as a remembrance of his visit to her lovely lake, and of all the beauty he had seen there, she shook her head and stamped with her feet, saying “No, no, not that, not that.” “*Das nicht, das nicht.*”

There was something so interesting in all that we had seen of Gertrude B * * * (for such was the name of the fair boatwoman), that on our return to Berthesgarten, we made many inquiries about her; and the landlord of our hotel (who, like most of his class in this part of the country) was the richest, most important, and best educated man in the neighbourhood, supplied us with the particulars of her simple, yet romantic history.

Her mother had died when Gertrude was but a child, and her father having soon after fallen in the memorable struggle which was carried on by a small band of Tyrolese heroes, against the overwhelming forces of the French, when they sought to enforce the subjection of the Tyrol and Bavaria, she was left, on the return of more peaceful times, sole possessor of the cottage in which we saw her, and of the boats used for fishing or passage on the Königsee. From her youth accustomed to an independent course of life, and to manly exercises, she was used to take the oar at the head of the boat, when there was a large party, to give the time to the rest of the crew, and sometimes for the solitary traveller, to conduct it by herself to the different creeks and cascades which were objects of attraction.

She had continued this course of life for several years, and had

reached the age of nineteen without much of event ; when, one morning in June, and before the regular season of summer tourists had begun to visit the lake, a stranger, in whose dress and air her practised eye at once detected an Englishman, approached her cottage. He travelled with his knapsack, and on foot ; but there was something in his appearance which convinced her that he was dictated by choice or convenience, rather than necessity. He was provided with all materials for sketching, and the liberal arrangements which he at once entered into for his lodgings in a neighbouring cottage, confirmed the idea she had conceived of his riches. He at once engaged her boat for the period in which he intended to employ himself in sketching the various beauties of the lake.

Gertrude had been quick enough and accurate enough in her conceptions of his station and circumstances ; but a further acquaintance, in the two or three first excursions that they made, furnished her with much matter for wonder. He had informed her that he was an Englishman, and a colonel in the army ; and yet he was in both these characters different to what she had before experienced. In the first place, most of his countrymen with whom she had met, seemed rather to hurry through than enjoy the scenery of her dearly-loved lake,—had run up to each of the different waterfalls or points of view, as if they feared it would have disappeared before they reached it, and rushed back to the boat after a cursory glance, as if the sight had been a painful one ; then their attempts to speak to her—a sort of mixture of French, of which she had never learnt a syllable, by a word or two of German, marvellously ill-pronounced. The stranger, on the contrary, seemed to linger and feast on each scene, which it had become her delight to show to him, and which he transferred, as if by magic, to his sketch-book ; while ever as he drew, his conversation was poured forth on topics suited to her capacity and habits, in the purest German, which as opposed to the Tyrolese *patois*, was associated in her mind with refinement and rank.

Again, as she viewed him as an officer in the army, what a contrast to the only specimens she was aware of having met with ! Bavarians or Austrians clad in uniforms, with enormous mustaches, bronzed complexions, and stiff bearing ! As she looked at the fair skin, smooth lip, and easy, though dignified carriage of the stranger, she could hardly believe that he belonged to the same profession.

When her surpassing beauty is considered, to which the winning simplicity of a Tyrolese girl, and the interest with which she seemed to watch him, must have added a double charm—it did not seem wonderful that on both sides, feelings of mutual attraction should have existed.

In a country where female virtue before marriage is not much regarded, and with two persons, the one without a relation in the world, the other far away from his kindred and country, the result might have been anticipated.

The stranger moved from his lodgings, to remain there as she firmly believed, for the rest of their lives, or to leave it together should they leave at all.

If he did not so far deceive her by words, the extent to which he accommodated his ways to her ways, and the discourses he held with her on their future plans, served to countenance a prospect which he,

perhaps, never entertained. The early independence of control which had been her lot, and the deference with which she was used to be approached by the youths of her valley, had given her an imperious manner, and impatience of all control, which sat so naturally on her, and assorted so becomingly with her style of beauty and figure, that the Englishman submitted himself to it most implicitly, and giving himself up, as it were, to the romance and the inspiring character of what he called his adventure, humoured all her fancies, while insensibly some of the polish and refinement of his manner communicated itself to her.

Such was the state of things when the summer being now past, and the tourists who had been committed to the charge of her assistants being sensibly diminished in number, the Englishman began to look with horror at the idea of a winter passed in a Tyrolese cottage, and the engagements and amusements he had arranged for the winter recurred to his recollection.

When he communicated to Gertrude the necessity he was under of proceeding to Vienna, the imperious "*Ich auch ohne mich richt!*" ("I'll go also! Not without me,") with which she announced her resolution of accompanying him, seemed to settle that matter without his having the power or even wish to resist her.

They set out for Vienna. By a sort of presentiment, it would seem, Gertrude directed every thing to be kept at her cottage in its usual state, though she had no reason to suppose she should ever return. What the feeling may have been with which the Englishman regarded his beautiful Tyrolese when he thus found himself mixing with her in civilized society, can never be accurately ascertained, as the only source of information on all these matters, was Gertrude herself, who communicated most of these particulars to the innkeeper's wife from whom they were of course soon known to our informant. It would seem, however, that the excitement and amusement of showing to her so many objects of wonder and admiration, for one who had passed her life in a remote valley, served to keep up the warmth of manner, the kindness of tone, and appearance of undiminished interest in her, which it was at first his delight to remark. The admiration, too, which her novel style of beauty excited, no doubt gratified his vanity.

Sadder times and unwelcome changes were, however, approaching! Gertrude, under the expectation of soon becoming a mother, was obliged to remain more quietly within the house, and looked in vain for that devoted attention which a woman looks for at such moments from her lover.

He seemed to have entered on a new line of amusements, now that he was necessarily deprived of her company, and soon succeeded other symptoms which threatened a still more complete disturbance to their happiness. His obedience to her slightest wish, and the extent to which he submitted himself to her imperious tone, had appeared habitual to him. Soon, however, she found that while her most commanding tone could not ensure compliance, even a flood of tears, which had before ever produced the effect of establishing her empire on a surer basis, was now only the signal for a long absence from her side. "*Un pouvoir impunément bravé touche à sa fin.*" Her heart sank within her at these repeated symptoms of change, and the strength of her health and spirits prevented her being able to regain her lost ground.

It would be a sad task to trace the numerous little annoyances which made up the sum of her misery ; she began, however, to see that her position with respect to him produced a slighting manner in those who addressed her, of which the progress she had made in refinement, rendered her more sensible. It was about this time, too, that she became more fully aware of the disgrace which the Englishman had brought upon her, and the manner in which it was regarded by those amongst whom she was now placed.

Her infant which was born prematurely, and in the depth of winter, seemed, nevertheless, to thrive well, and to this object did she devote all her cares ; while, instead of being as is generally the case in wedded life, a bond of union between her and the father, the coldness with which the Englishman regarded this her treasure, tended more completely to estrange him from her affections.

During the solitary hours she passed in her chamber after her confinement, she formed a plan in which every days' additional experience confirmed her, viz., to put an end to the continual tortures of disappointment at her lover's conduct, by returning to her own dearly-loved lake. Towards it, amidst all the horrors of winter did her heart yearn, and she felt, as she afterwards said, as if her only chance for peace was there. She dared not ask for a passport, yet without it, she could not hope to travel except on foot. Still she was undaunted, and bearing her child in her arms, on a bright cold morning towards the end of February, she started on her perilous undertaking ; perilous indeed, at such a season, for both of them. However, the constitution of the mountaineer vindicated its character, and her sturdy infant seemed only to gain additional strength as it approached the mountains, amid which it was to pass the rest of its life.

Once towards the end of her journey, on a wild stormy day, her strength began to fail her, when, in the midst of the war of the elements, a chamois darted down the mountain-side close to her path. It seemed, as she said, as if there to welcome her return, and brought back to her mind, a host of old recollections. She accomplished her journey, and returned as nearly as possible to her old employments ; two years had since passed without her hearing any thing of the English colonel, and she seemed to have recovered her former peace of mind, except when attempts such as those of our friends, to draw her picture or compliment her beauty drew forth from her a passing burst of indignation.

Poor thing ! when we had listened to her story, we regretted bitterly that we should have caused her even a momentary pang.

Of Chiemsee, all that can be said, is that it is the most extensive of the Bavarian lakes, and that like any other large piece of water it looks very well on a fine day. In this latter point we were not lucky, and after the Königsee with its graceful boatwoman, it seemed tame and uninteresting.

There is, however, a little knot of lakes with which we closed our touring season, well worthy of mention as it comprehends Achensee and Tegernsee.

In our road to the first of these, at a village, where we were obliged to pass the night, a little incident occurred, which shows how easily these Tyrolese innkeepers are incensed and restored to good humour. They are almost as jealous as the Americans about being commanded

with any air of authority, and seemed to think that the obligation is mutual overnight, though the bill is paid in the morning. Our servant having displeased the landlord by the tone of his orders, he grew sulky, and managed to make us thoroughly uncomfortable. Before my travelling companions appeared the next morning, I was employed in the kitchen in writing my memoranda of the evening before. The attention of our surly landlord seemed much attracted at the whole proceeding, but when I produced a row of bright steel pens on a card, he could not restrain his mingled curiosity and admiration. He asked me what they were made of, and concluding, I suppose, that I was in the "steel pen line," he said he should like to have one of them.

I, of course, presented him with one.

"What does it cost, mein Herr?" said he.

"I really don't remember," I replied.

"Nay! but what am I to give you?"

"Oh, I make you a present of it—I don't sell pens."

Upon which he remarked, "Ah, the English are so generous!"

Upon this, all his good-humour returned, and when my companion came in, he found the surly host of the night before, busy explaining to me our route on an old post-map of his own.

By his advice, we saw the lake of Achensee to the greatest advantage, as instead of taking to the passage-boat, as we had intended, we kept to the narrow road which skirts its banks. In some places so completely precipitous are the rocks that overhang the water, that the road is made a sort of platform fixed to the solid rock, and guarded by a strong railing to the exact breadth that permits the passage of a carriage. To those who are nervous about travelling thus in mid-air, between rock and water, the passage-boat would of course be preferable; but we felt no apprehension, though sundry little pictures nailed up by the roadside, representing such fearful accidents, as carriages backing over the rails, and their passengers falling into the water, might appal the nervous, by showing that such things have been.

One of the most striking things in this lake, particularly as seen from above, is the very deep blue of the waters, which, as it was remarked on two different visits to it, must be characteristic. From hence to Tegernsee is but a two hours' drive by a mountain-road, that either follows the course of brawling streams or dips into shady glens to emerge again on the heights.

Tegernsee is the most frequented, I had almost said fashionable, of the Bavarian lakes, as its near neighbourhood to Munich renders it so easy of access, while the concourse of great people, including princes and ministers fails not to attract those who think *that* the highest recommendation. It is by no means deficient in romantic scenery; on the contrary, the mixture of cultivated land, rich wood, and gay villas, in the foreground makes a very pleasing contrast to the Alpine mountains in the distance. Here did we linger for several days; sometimes driving along its banks, visiting, in the comfortable boats here kept, the remote bays, and sometimes climbing to the top of the hill called the *parapluie*, or to any of the accessible points of view. At length, however, the shortened days, the sharp wind from the mountains, and the increased quantity of snow with which their peaks were covered, announced that we had at length reached the close of our Summer in Bavaria.

E.

A STORY FOR THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY N. P. WILLIS, ESQ.

CHAP. I.

"If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
 Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
 If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
 Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?
 He is the half part of a blessed man,
 Left to be finished by such a she;
 And she a fair divided excellence,
 Whose fulness of perfection lies in him."

It is a conceded point, I believe, that an author may choose his readers. The devout are separately addressed, so are the political, so are the scientific, so are the rich and poor, so are the learned and unlearned. *I address myself to the beautiful.* Stop here, *plain* reader! The tale is not for you! Stop here, uncomely critic! The language is not addressed to your comprehension. The treatise on divinity or law is phrased to the capacity of the divine or the jurist. Let none but the beautiful think to read this story understandingly.

Did it ever occur to you, fairest lady (for now I know whose eyes brighten this dull page with their light), that the genius of Shakspeare is oftener a divining-rod whose dip tells the skilful where golden thoughts lie hid, than a crucible in which the gold is fairly separated from the dross—oftener the hitherward leader of a constellation half lost in the receding heaven, than a single star whose place and colour are known to the schoolboy and shepherd? You will remember the Pucelle's splendid but bitter similitude:

"Glory is like a circle in the water,
 Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
 Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought."

• And *you* will know how much more truly it may be said of *pleasure*! I have called up a sigh, but when you have pressed down those sweeping lashes with your white hand, and imprisoned the sad thought for an instant, I will cheat you of it again with my story.

At one of the earliest balls of the London season of 18—, there stood by the statue of Diana, in — House, a lady who, in her day, had been a woman of superb beauty; and by her side, caressing unconsciously the exquisitely-chiselled foot of the goddess, a younger lady leaned on the pedestal, and with eagerness, repressed by the finger laid occasionally on her arm, watched the movements of a peculiarly graceful dancer in the Mazurka.

"He is very handsome!" said Lady Mavis, the elder of the two, in a tone more of soliloquy than remark.

"More noble than handsome," replied her daughter; "but it would be difficult to find a fault in his person."

"Does his countenance please you?" asked the mother.

The fair girl looked up, with a slight colour mounting in her cheek, and, after an instant's hesitation, answered, "Yes, altogether."

If I had a life to live in England, another in France or Italy, and a third in America, and one eminent gift were offered me for each, how think you, bright lady, I would choose? I answer, from much study of

these lands, "*Riches* for France and Italy, *talent* for America, but *beauty* for England." I have named you their master-keys, believe me! Rank, riches, and talent, may each fail to give position in England; but beauty, never! It is admired and criticised in other countries—it is worshipped there. The nobility of the continent marry either for blood or wealth; the *eligibility* of America most frequently for esprit or style; the high-born of England almost invariably for beauty. In what other language is known even the phrase, *aristocratic beauty*? The "British Peerage" is probably unmatched in history as a catalogue of fair women and comely men.

Of two of the most ancient Roman Catholic families in England, the survivors were Sir Everard Trulian, and his son Everard; Lady Elinor Mavis, and her daughter Elinor. Their estates lay together in Cheshire, and Sir Everard and the deceased baronet, on the birth of the girl, had mutually fallen into the idea that their children should marry, and without any definite understanding, began each to shape his measures for its accomplishment.

Sir George Mavis died without having opened his lips on the subject, leaving his daughter ten years of age; and Lady Trulian having died in giving birth to her son, the subject was first breathed between the widower and the new-made widow. They agreed entirely, even in the worldly-wise suggestion of Sir Everard, that the children were best parted till of an age to marry, and best kept in ignorance of their destiny for each other. Lady Mavis accordingly went abroad to place her daughter in a foreign convent, and Sir Everard watched over his son and two estates at home. Seven years had thus elapsed, and Lady Mavis and her daughter returned to England—the latter grown to a most lovely woman, while her destined husband, called the handsomest youth of his time, had done little in his life, except to perfect himself in every manly accomplishment, and sate himself with pleasure. Lady Mavis had, perhaps, the easier task; but her duty had been best fulfilled. She had failed in nothing but in keeping the secret. Her daughter knew for whom she was destined, and the few words of conversation we have recited above, will have shown sufficiently her feelings on the subject.

The fashionables of England come fairly enough by the pastoral taste for which they are somewhat remarkable. They see the sun rise as often as the shepherd. The balconies of — House had been filled with seats and flowers, and tented over with sails to give room, within for the dancers: but, as a yellow beam, straight from the rising sun, shot through one of the seams of the eastern window, Lord — sent round his servants to strike the canvass, and the whole party (except here and there a *ci-devant*, who fled to her carriage in terror, at the idea of daylight), crowded to the balconies and gardens where they lounged and strolled more with the merriment of persons assembled for a *déjeuner champêtre*, than a night-worn company, whom morning had surprised in the ball-room.

"*Vive le fraîcheur Anglais!*" said Sir Everard, as he slipped his arm into his son's; and leaving a party of ladies, who were spoiling their gloves with picking wet roses, led him off to a retired alley of the garden.

What the baronet had designed to say, fair lady, must be left en-

tirely to your imagination. His son took the parole by informing him that he had sent for post-horses, and in an hour or two should be on his way to Constantinople, by the way of Vienna and the Danube.

"I am weary, my dear, sir," said Everard, "with the dull facility of every thing. I wish to heaven I had been born with a hump or a club foot—something to be struggled against—to be successful in spite of—"

"Spoilt boy!" said the father, musingly.

"Not by you, sir! Your kindness and your praises excite and gratify me. I have a right to them, and they seem natural and sweet. But it is disgusting to be flattered by every lady. It is wearisome and stale to the last degree, to please always without effort."

"I wish some who complain of adverse fortune, could hear you," said Sir Everard; "but come to the point. What new success has made the cup run over?"

"You will think me a coxcomb, sir; but I will tell you. I was in the garden getting a breath of fresh air after a long Mazurka, and, by chance, looked in at one of the windows opening on the terrace. There stood, leaning against it, my dear father, a woman of a style of most unusual beauty. I saw her face in profile; but the reserve, the calmness, the almost coldness of its lofty outline, gave me a thrill I am not used to. I went and inquired her out, and who do you think it was? Elinor Mavis, by heaven! My old playmate, sir!—just home from her French convent, and we had not even heard of her arrival."

"Well?"

"Well, sir, I asked to be presented, for I was a little awed by her statue-like presence, and hesitated to claim acquaintance."

"And she received you coldly?"

"No, sir!"

"Too cordially then?"

"Not at all!"

"How then?"

"Why—with the—the same silly, pleased, blushing embarrassment, half delight and half reserve, with which every simpering girl receives the bow of an elder brother and a *bon-parti*!"

"But, my dear boy, this is folly. Elinor Mavis is your old playmate, and of course delighted to see you. What more amiable or natural? You are a child!"

"Can I bring you any thing from Constantinople?" asked the son abruptly.

Sir Everard made no reply, and with his eyes on the ground, continued his walk to the extremity of the alley, where they were met by the servant, who had been despatched an hour before for the travelling chariot and its belongings; and after a few more words, principally of arrangements for forwarding passports and bills of exchange, the spoiled favourite bade adieu to his only living relative, and was whirled off on his way to Dover.

CHAP. II.

"Is not this step of Lady Mavis's rather sudden, my dear?" asked Mrs. Winifred Trevor, taking off her spectacles, and laying the letter on her lap.

There was no answer. Pale as a statue sat Elinor Mavis, looking out upon the blue expanse of the Mediterranean. Her lips, pressed closely together, wore a look of something more angry than sorrow, yet her large heavily-fringed eyes seemed touched with a softer feeling, and stood full of tears.

At the earnest prayer of Mrs. Trevor, Elinor had been permitted to accompany this dearest friend of her mother on a journey for health, to the shores of the Mediterranean. They had been three days only at Nice, when a courier arrived, bringing a letter with the unexpected intelligence that Sir Everard Trulian was on the eve of marriage with Lady Mavis. The failure of the long-proposed match between their children was mentioned, a necessity for connecting the estates slightly alluded to, and a hope was expressed that, considering the long and intimate friendship and mutual esteem of Lady Mavis and Sir Everard, Elinor would not be surprised at their union. In the postscript, Lady Mavis suggested to Mrs. Trevor that, as Elinor would probably be pleased under these circumstances, to join *her brother*, it would be worth while to write to the different consulates of the Levant, and request Everard to meet and return with them.

"My love, speak to me!" said Mrs. Trevor, after waiting in vain for an answer. "You are not pleased with this marriage!"

"I did not think," said Elinor, looking out on the sea as if she was still unconscious of another's presence; "I did not think it had been so bitter to forego revenge."

"Revenge! my dear!" exclaimed the old lady, laying her hand upon the fair girl's shoulder in astonishment.

"Oh! Mrs. Trevor—are you here? I thought myself alone. You heard what I said just now. Well, I will tell you, for you are kind and will pity me. Everard Trulian slighted me. He flung me off when my heart, with the frank and full openness of childish days, rushed out to him. He was disgusted with the betrayal of a love kept warm from childhood, the deepest, the truest, the most unchanging that woman ever felt. And for that—if by this cruel tie he were not made my brother—for *that*, dear Mrs. Trevor, I would have found a way—I feel I *could* have found a way to wring his heart. There, you have the reason of these tears. I have told you all. My dear friend, forgive me and pity me."

The passionate girl laid her forehead upon the stone casement of the window, and replied to the caresses and vain consolations of the kind old lady with silent tears. This outbreak past, however, Elinor Mavis was not a woman to be conquered by her own feelings, and it was with almost a gay smile, and a tone nearly as merry as ever, that the next morning she made preparations to accompany the improved invalid further to the south. By easy journeys they reached Genoa, and after a few days of rest, kept on to Florence. And now, kind lady, if you will allow me to take up the hero of my story, we will leave Mrs. Trevor and her charge on their travels in Italy, and glide with your bright imagination past the Golden Horn of Constantinople.

CHAP. III.

LIKE sunshine let down on the darkened grass, when the south wind sways aside the shadowing branch, fairest lady—like Heaven's light, I

say, falls the glance of your lustrous eye again on my Story for the Beautiful. It should be well writ. There should be inspiration in knowing that the forehead bent over these words is of alabaster fairness; that the lips which stir unconsciously with the measure of this very sentence, are of rose-like brightness, and curved like the twice-bent bow of the god of love. We kindle our words by the listener's fire. The preacher does it—the player, too. Yet, there is a divinity in beauty, from which though the gazer may borrow, it is as the humble priest lights his small lamp at the vestal altar—the fire might consume the phoenix, but the lamp burns faint and dim.

It was one of those days, of which there are many on the Bosphorus, but which come but rarely on the cold rivers of our land; when the sun and the balm of the air affect the human frame as they affect the grass and flowers. Have you never felt, dear lady, as if the light and fragrance of a day in spring were feeding the growth and beauty of both soul and body,—as if by some delicious alchymy, the mortal and immortal inhalation drew in the breath and radiance of flowers and sunshine, and converted them to a double element of life. We have affinities with all the works of Providence. Some of us resemble stones—some of us flowers; but the vegetable instinct (if I may so express it without disturbing your serene lips with a smile), is strong upon us when nature puts on her fairest. I have envied the calm flowers ere now, stirring gently in the soft summer air, while they were fed and embellished unconsciously with dew and light.

On such a day, early in the oriental autumn, a caique lay motionless and unseen within the water-gate of one of the balconied summer-houses on the Bosphorus. In its stern, lay upon an eastern carpet, the handsomest young Englishman who had ever blessed the eyes of the lattice-peeping maids of Constantinople, while with their hands upon their oars, sat four athletic caikjis, waiting for the command to shoot forth their swift bark into the daylight.

Suddenly the plash of oars was heard faintly coming along the shore by Buyukdere, and in a minute after, swift as a lance sped past the lightest and frailest bark known on the Bosphorus. The Englishman leaned far over the gunwale of his caique, dipped his hand in the ripple of the wake, as if it had left perfume on the water it had severed, and watched it over the gilt bars of the gate till it had rounded the point of the Turkish village above; then, with a word to a Greek slave, who sat coiled in the prow (passed by him in rapid Turkish to the caikjis), out shot the slender boat into the daylight, and with one steady and athletic pull was sent far on its pursuit against the stream.

Mr. Everard Trulian had been some weeks in Constantinople, without occupation of more interest than a daily pull in his caique up the magnificent strait which brings the tribute of the Black Sea to the seraglio of the sultan. A few days before that which you have just been at the trouble of fancying so delicious, dear lady, he had suddenly run against a caique of six oars, containing a lady and a slave. The slave had given a scream of fear, but the lady, unmoved in her reclining position, had steadily bent upon Everard a pair of eyes so full of beaming intelligence and softness, that out of his eyes and heart, the remembrance would no more come than the light out of his eyes, or the blood out of his heart. Whether it was the calm courage and self-possession of the

lady, or whether it was, that in her eastern eyes, stained as they were with the dark tinctures of the harem; there was a thought, an intellect, far beyond the voluptuous softness of the orient, he scarce stayed to ask himself; but ever since he had watched for that six-oared caique on the Bosphorus, and every day of that rainless summer-time, he had passed and repassed it, getting the same fixed and unwinking look, and with every succeeding one (though between the fold of the *yashmak* he could see nothing but forehead and eyes) falling "a thousand fathom" deeper in love.

If I were writing this tale for any eye than that of the beautiful, fair lady, I would tell, step by step, the progress of our hero's love and wooing. But to you, I might as well draw out on paper the lines of your translucent hand. Your imagination has outrun my loitering pen, and you have fancied already their meeting, their interchange of hopes and flowers, vows and promises, plans, smiles, tears, and forebodings. The lady represented herself as the daughter of an Egyptian Bey, who, refusing to join in the revolt of Ibrahim, had come to reside near his master, the sultan, and she had been taught by a French captive and slave, the prettiest Arab-Parisian accent, that ever astonished the sweetened breezes of the east. Her father fell back on his pillowed divan and slept soundly (she said) after sunset, and in the terraced garden on the hill-side, behind their summer palace, she sat upon her silken cushion (with her slave stationed at a fountain near by, whose murmur just confused the sound of their voices), and near her slippered and half-bared feet, reclined Everard, night after night, till he had renewed his vows by almost every star in the sky. Yet, though he had pressed many a kiss on that alabaster instep, arched like a throne of gracefulness and pride, she had, with the modesty taught in the east, resolutely covered her mouth with the thin folds of the *yashmak*, and her masses of dark hair, her glowing eyes, and calm forehead, were all the moonlight revealed of what he still knew was beauty untranscended.

There was but one peculiarity in this wooing, dear lady, which you will not have imagined; though Everard made love like an angel in French, the fair Maroula (so she called herself), loved better to listen to him for hours, while he poured out his passion in native English. She said in the prettiest phrase coinable by an oriental, that the earnestness of his native tongue made up in expression what she lost by not comprehending a syllable. And so in the choice English of May-Fair, he told her in innumerable ways, and by repeating of long passages from Byron and Tom Moore, much more, probably, than he would have said in French; and though a listener would have thought it droll perhaps to hear an Englishman making love in pure Saxon to an Egyptian, the listening Maroula was as delightedly serious as the statue of Memnon when the sun sings out of its bosom, and looked as if she comprehended it all.

Love never stands still. "Onward!" is the never-silent cry of the lover's heart, and modesty and high intelligence, Everard Trulian well saw, had drawn distinctly across his path of passion, the inviolable line only overstepped in matrimony.

"Why not wed her?" was promptly answered. Maroula was high-born, of matchless beauty, and however she had acquired it, admirable education. He pushed his suit imploringly, and was accepted, to his

surprise, with a condition. He, rich, handsome, aristocratical, accomplished, irresistible,—could not pretend to the hand of an Egyptian girl, but upon the fulfilment of an exaction of her pride.

She took him by the hand, and leaving her slippers upon the silken cushion, walked barefooted over the green sward, to a small stream that ran glittering in the moonlight, over a smooth rock between the terraces of the garden. Placing her right foot in the stream, she drew her trouser of striped silk above the ankle, and resting her weight upon the foot, bade him kneel and see the moonlight follow the water under that bridge of alabaster.

“You have told me,” she said, “that in your own land you are high-born—of a proud race. I doubt it not. But my father is of a tribe who judge, *by the arch of the instep*, how many generations have passed since a family bore burdens like slaves. *If water will run under your foot*, my father will believe you are not the son of a slave, and my hand will follow where my heart is gone!”

Slipped in the costume of the east, Everard hesitatingly bared his foot, and placed it across the stream. Down dropped Maroula on her knee, and in another instant, without a word, fled like an affrighted fawn across the garden. And with the blood burning like lava in his forehead, the proud son of Sir Everard stood watching the parted stream as, turned entirely from its narrow bed, it divided upon his foot, and in two curving streams recovered its moonlit channel.

And now good night, fair lady, and if you would hear the rest of this rambling story, your fair eyes must seek the teller again.

CHAP. IV.

If you have ever, like myself, fancied in your childish dream, that Heaven must be a place with interminable flights of stairs, you would scarce land at Malta, from a wearisome ship, and glance up a mountain-side, all studded with palaces, balconies, stone steps, and flitting and veiled women, without feeling that this fair city, if not the Heaven you had dreamed of, might make a very pleasant stopping-place on one's way thither.

The rocks of Malta seem to have been created in architecture. The taste and gorgeousness of the whole city of Valetta, bear the lavish and consistent impress which we find in the shapes of trees and the colour of flowers—not here and there a fair tree or a lovely flower, but a world of fair trees and flowers of wonderful loveliness.

Malta so seems to you a part of an architectural universe, and you glance in thought at the Knights of St. John, as having wrought at it as the angels did at mountain and river in the six days of creation.

As melancholy a gentleman as you would meet in your travels, was Mr. Everard Trulian, as he climbed the successive flights of stairs leading from the water-side to the principal square of Valetta. For the first time since he had left Constantinople, he felt forced to drive from his thoughts the image of the beloved Egyptian, and remember that he had come to meet—a relative. Miss Mavis, he presumed, was by this time his sister; for though he had not heard that the marriage between his father and Lady Mavis had taken place, the letters which had contained the request that he would immediately join Mrs. Trevor and

Miss Mavis at Malta, had also stated that the bridal would probably take place in the week following.

It was not till he had taken a bath and his breakfast very deliberately at the hotel, that Mr. Trulian rang and inquired if Mrs. Trevor was in the house. He followed his card in a cool half-hour, and was welcomed by the kind old lady very cordially and alone. Little as he had anticipated pleasure or sympathy from the interview, he had been so long away from those who spoke his own language, and knew and loved him as the son of the house of Trulian, that his heart melted to Mrs. Trevor's inquisitive kindness, and he found himself in less than an hour surprised into a confidence which he would not have believed he could have made to any person on earth. He told her the story of his passion, described with a glowing face the absurd and cruel test by which his claims to high birth had been tried and found wanting, and described with a suppressed anguish that moved the heart of his attentive listener, the week of frantic and vain search he had made for Maroula after the sudden parting in the garden.

"But how is it possible," said Mrs. Trevor, as she loosed the curtains to shut out the pitiless brightness of a Maltese sun; "how is it possible that a family so well known as must be that of a Bey, could vanish in a night without a trace."

"I did every thing, my dear Mrs. Trevor! I bribed, and entreated, and forced my way into the gates in open day. They were gone. I thought it might be but for a short time, to evade my importunities, and I returned at all hours for a week. No one but a jabbering Nubian was left at last; and though he was easily induced by gold to give me free liberty to wander through the gardens and the house, he either knew or could explain nothing. There is no police in the east. The privacy of a house that has been occupied by a woman is sacred, and I was foiled utterly. It was necessary that I should meet you here in this month; but I am convinced that I should have discovered no more by remaining at Constantinople. I have lost her, my dear madam, and with her all interest in life."

Mrs. Trevor, during this outbreak of grief and disappointment, sat uneasily on her chair; and to a person less absorbed in his own thoughts than Everard, would have betrayed a state of embarrassment somewhat beyond the demand of a friendly sympathy. She took his hand, at last, with a look of the deepest concern.

"My dear Everard!" she said, "I trust that this passion of yours is no deeper than many you have felt and forgotten. You have seen more beautiful and more accomplished —"

"Madam!" interrupted Everard, rising suddenly to his feet, and with the next thought, again putting his hand into hers—"forgive me, dear Mrs. Trevor, if I seem rude and violent. You cannot understand how this love has possessed me. Do not say it is romantic, and loved for its romance. The voice, the eyes, the thousand graces of that beautiful girl, enchanting as they were, were nothing to the qualities of her mind, shown through every syllable she spoke. She was all that is playful, delicate, winning, and tender. I shall never love again, and I know too well that I never loved before. That girl, dear friend, was the destiny of my heart."

"Stay, for mercy's sake, do not say it!" exclaimed Mrs. Trevor,

suddenly walking away from him in the greatest agitation. "I did not think this would be so serious. We have done wrong, very wrong, Everard."

"Madam!"

"Forgive us! forgive us!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands together, and drawing with a sudden effort a curtain, opening out upon a deep balcony darkened with shrubs and flowers, she disclosed the prostrate form of Maroula.

With a single bound Everard sprang into the balcony, and imprinting a long and passionate kiss upon her insensible forehead, bore her out to a small garden beyond, where, above a grove of orange-trees, bearing both fruit and flower, rose the jet of a concealed fountain. The next instant the close yashmak was torn by Mrs. Trevor from the face and bosom of the senseless girl, and while she bathed her pallid lips, Everard slowly and agonizingly retraced, in the Egyptian Maroula, the clearly-chiselled features, though but once seen, of the slighted Elinor Mavis. She had accomplished her perilous revenge, but she had played her part too well!

Dearest lady, in your bright and vivid imagination, you will again have outrun my loitering story, and drawn with your darkest pencil of fancy the painful hours of explanation and reproach between two who had so mutually travestied and entangled their own web of happiness. A sadder party of travellers than Mrs. Trevor and Sir Everard's children, never wound their slow way over Alps and Apennines to England.

Not like brother and sister—no, not at all like brother and sister—but like lovers doomed to love on, though love be sinful and hopeless—silent, I say, and almost cold in their formal kindness to each other, they drove without the delay of an hour, on their arrival, to Mavis Court.

The sere leaves of autumn were rustling on the trees, but as they approached the home of Elinor, there was a change. Glimpses through the park, showed trees laced with ribbons, music prevailed by broken echoes over the sound of the wheels, and as they neared the gate, out marched a troop of the old tenants of Sir George, and with an English cheer, the daughter was welcomed home again to her paternal halls.

Elinor let down the window as the carriage stopped for the gate to open, and asked the steward, whom she saw directing some further manifestations of welcome, what might mean all this rejoicing.

"Did you not know, my dear young mistress, that this is the day for the wedding?"

There, lady—I have brought you near enough to the close of your story—yours, I say, because you have imagined it more than I have described it. You see how it all should end, but I must just remark, what perhaps I was the only one to notice, that when Sir Everard took the bridal veil from Lady Mavis's head, and the plain gold ring from his own finger, and gave them respectively to Everard and Elinor, there was a look in his eyes that convinced *me* he would have found consolation, had the union of the Mavis and Trulian property been delegated to himself, and the still beautiful lady of Mavis Court.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF TRISTRAM DUMPS, ESQ.*

CHAP. XIII.

HAVING done all that I conceived fell within my province in the gratifying events recorded in the last chapter, I kept clear, the next morning, of the communications which were going on between the parties more intimately concerned. I felt a lively pleasure in having borne a part in what I now considered to be the happily reversed fortunes of the lovely Erminie, and of George Gilbert. For several days I experienced a sort of happiness to which I had long been a stranger; but by degrees my mind relapsed into that inert state which was a part of the insipidity of my solitary existence.

The first time I met Frank Delaroue after the altered circumstances of his friend's prospects, he was in the full flow of juvenile spirits, his countenance beaming with all the unequivocal signs of complete participation in George's happiness; but I soon perceived, after a few days, that he fell back into that new and thoughtful mood, which had invaded him of late.

One day, after a longer pause than usual in our conversation, he said, "I want, sir, to ask a favour of you, if you will be so good as to oblige me."

"What is that, my—Mr. Frank?"

"Just to obtain for me, from Mr. La Fleur, now that George is otherwise engaged, some information respecting India."

I felt that I wished Queen Elizabeth and her charter—all Leadenhall-street—directors (though I had a second cousin at the board)—nabobs—pagodas—palanquins, and every thing I had ever heard named in connexion with the Peninsula, at the bottom of the Red Sea.

"Very well," said I, in the tone of a man who makes an appointment with his dentist to have a tooth drawn, "I will not fail."

When he was gone I began to wonder, not why I had taken a fancy to the lad, for every one who knew him liked him, but how it had come to pass, that by some insensible action of the social intricacies, Mr. Francis M. Delaroue had not only become associated with the habitual thoughts of Tristram Dumps, Esq., of Invermair, in the county of Roxburgh, but that he already formed no inconsiderable link in that chain of small occurrences, which connect the daily, and therefore the most important part of life's routine.

It was on the day after this conversation that I wandered out at a very early hour into the Champs Elysées. It was a fine clear frosty morning—one of those, in which the air of the continent, always clearer than our insular atmosphere, is doubly brilliant, and to our eyes seems scarcely to belong to this lower sphere of existence—the minutest point of every building stood out boldly and clearly defined against the deep blue sky—the towers of Notre Dame, from which the great and mellow bell was booming forth the hour, shot up their taper pinnacles into the air, and the gilt dome of the "Invalides" was gleaming

aloft to the early sun. A calm withal—a stillness in the air peculiar to such a state of atmosphere—the fall of a leaf, or the flit of a passing bird, was not lost to the ear. There is something in fine weather like this, which, even from my boyish days, I have always found more conducive to melancholy than the most gloomy and adverse condition of the elements. As the distant hum of the fervent capital broke, at intervals, upon my ear, such, said I, is my life! ever to stand isolated on the precincts of this world's busy interests—alone, not only in person, but in the absence of all those ties which bind the social or domestic affections of mankind. If my poor sister Kitty had been more discreet, and had lived, volatile as her conduct ever was, and dissimilar as our dispositions were, how different would have been my destiny! Her gaiety would have tempered my gloom—the little circle of her home would have been a haven of rest to me whenever the mighty ocean of life became overcast by clouds; and if she had been blessed with children, who knows but that, amongst her little ones, the beam of some innocent eye might have called forth that magic sympathy which comes nearest to a father's interests—have given me at least one heart-tie on this side of the grave.

As I found that I was falling into one of my usual melancholy moods, I looked about for something to divert my attention, and to bring me more in unison with the cheerful character of the day. A gaudy little *vis-à-vis*, bound for Versailles, was rattling and glittering past over the hard dry road—the thin gray figure of the veteran who drove it—a remnant of the *ancien régime*—the large glazed hat, and pigtail—the bunch of lauristinus in the buttonhole, and the festive air with which he flourished his whip, as an invitation to me while he passed, seemed the very thing for my case, so holding up the forefinger of my right hand, he was at my side in a trice with a dash and caracole of his lively little horse. “*Montez, Monsieur—montez,*” said he, opening the door, and “*Pardon, Madame,*” as he moved an umbrella which lay athwart the door, on the inside. Up I jumped, and off we went in a minute. It was one of those carriages that hold only two, and face to face. The opposite seat was completely filled by a large elderly “lady” as every one, without licence of heraldry, is called in a public conveyance. She was, however, a stately, prim, tidy-looking dame; and, contrary to the custom of elderly ladies in such positions, and especially in France, did not appear at all anxious to open a conversational intercourse. On the contrary, I perceived that she was surveying me with some caution and deliberation, first looking out at one window, and then as she transported her eye across to the other, taking what is called “a good look” at my countenance and demeanour, *en passant*. At last I ventured to break silence, and with a civil, somewhat formal bow, made my first remark, which of course was, “*Il fait beau temps, Madame.*”

“Oh! aye, it's braw lightsome wather for sic an a place as this!”

It must have occurred to many, when groping their way up a staircase in the dark, to have made with great circumspection a step too much at the top, and they must remember the kind of balk when the foot flapped with such unnecessary care and vigour upon the landing-place. Something of this kind always is felt upon such recognitions as these—nor are they without their little embarrassments. No one, especially English, is fond of exhibiting without necessity a defective pro-

nunciation, or boggling phraseology to a compatriot. Such erring shots, moreover, are a kind of flip on the nose to our discontent, just when one is in that citizen-of-the-world turn of mind, in which one would willingly be thought to have a ready eye for "men and manners;" but, above all, they are not *always* agreeable to the parties thus mistaken; such was evidently the case in the present instance.

"Oh! I beg pardon, ma'am," said I, involuntarily bending forward a little, to conceal, perhaps, a slight derangement of the facial muscle."

"Eh, sirs; Heaven forbid that ever I should give folks reason to *confund* me with any o' these creatures. Margery Macdowal's Margery Macdowal, at hame or abraed."

"Your travels, ma'am, don't seem to have given a very favourable impression of oor neighbours in this country."

"Travels! wha in their senses wad travel? forbie 'tween Edinbro' and Glasco', or at maist to Aberdeen; they just fetched me here with the rest o' them. It's nae travelling o' mine. There was I the hail blessed day that's past, riving aboot the toon wi' what d'ye caa him, the hairdresser wha specks a little English, to find a wheen groats for the bairn that is sick, and wi' aa their flippery they ha neither thae nor a handfu' o' aitmeal fit to mak a crowdy on for a Hieland cataran."

I then was informed that my portly companion was part and parcel of the *ménage*, of a Scotch family, settled at Versailles. She had followed them with that quiet and unresisting antipathy to all surrounding circumstances, which would carry one of those faithful adherents of the north almost to a place of worse reputation even than Paris.

The old lady soon got into a full spirit of communication, discussing the people as well as the country she was in, with any thing but partiality.

"And then to see the awfu' creturs, sabbath after sabbath, in the same claise they wear on week days and war days."

"I confess, ma'am," I replied, "that although you and I should not, perhaps, exactly agree in the particular mode of observing that sacred day, there is something very repugnant to my feelings in seeing that *work* is not suspended; and that, independent of higher considerations, neither man nor his helpmates amongst the mute creation, enjoy that periodical refreshment and repose, which nature, as well as revelation, points out. With regard to the *amusements* of those who have only this day for recreation, a difference of opinion may exist, especially after its more serious duties have occupied a part—and, perhaps, you may look, ma'am, with less reprobation upon the Sunday diversions of those who differ from us, when you are informed that in most Roman Catholic countries of stricter discipline, all places of public amusement are closed once a week,—although upon another day,—that is, Friday; dividing, as it were, the weekly observance, and Sunday being regarded as the festive part."

This hint of mine, which I confess, was thrown out somewhat in a spirit of suggestion to those who take the strictest view of the recreations of the middle and lower classes, met with the usual fate of innovations in such matters, when the parties are not pugnacious. She first looked down to the bottom of the carriage, then up to the top,

and then her eye skirting downwards along the fringes of the lining, made an exit of its regards out of the window, without any reply.

"You have not been here long, I presume, ma'am?"

"Ower lang, ower lang—twa year and sax months come Wednesday next; and the day we cam was the saddest for me of aa the days of my life, forbie that when we buried our babie Alec."

The old lady was becoming pathetic, and I began to feel my spirits, which had rallied a little, sink again apace.

"And wad you believe it, sir, that the saddest thing o' that day was not the loss o' the bairn, though I grit twa days and twa nights anent his deeth; but it was that he should not ha decent Christian burial!"

"Indeed, ma'am! how was that?"

"It aa proceeded fra' Sandy the saxton."

I saw that an old grudge was afloat, for gathering herself up, she proceeded—

"You mun ken that the saxton in our part o' the land—I dinna knaw whether it's the same elsewhere; but with us it's the saxton that has, what they caa, the locating o' the corpse, that is the choice o' the grund for howking the grave where there's nae family vault, whilk you may be sure that poor folk, the like o' us, never had the presumption to think on. Weel, it was on a Manday the bairn deed, he sickened o' the sma' pock on Tuesday at een, an for aa that we could do (and my husband rid sax mile for the doctor), the bairn aye gat warse and warse, and grit and grit from morn to night, and from night to morn, and could find nae rest o' this side or o' that—"

"Poor thing!" I exclaimed.

"Until at last it deed—and weel I mind it was o' the Manday aboot seeven o'clock o' th' morning. Eh! sirs, what a thing it was to see the face o' the bairn that had aye been sic bonnie, as clean as a whistle, and as sweet as a rose—what a thing, I say, it was to see it aa be-pockled, and crimsoned mair like the face o' the *kirn babie** than of a bapteased Christian! and aa in sic a guise, that I, its ain mother, wad ha clean passed it by the road-side, and kenned it nie mair than if it been ain o' Meg Jowsy the beggar lass's brats."

Here the old lady wiped her eyes, and then proceeded—

"Aweel, for aa that, I did my best to ha the deeth claise as tidy, and as nice as could be. I went doon to the shop—that's Luckie Mac'callister's, doon in the toon, next door to the Oatsheaf and Thistle. I went to Luckie's, and Luckie says I, 'Have you owt that wad do for the deeth claise of a babie sic as mine, and I wad fain ha the best.'

"'Margery,' says she, 'that's aa matter o' fancy and plesure. Ye ken weel enough that grown up folk mun aa be buried in woollens by the law o' the land; but a bit bairn like yours, I'm apt to think, may be pit in with a little mair plesure and vareeity; and here's a remnant I had o' Jock, the pedlar, that I can let you ha a bargain, and as gude as if you could handle the hail wab.'

* These words are a corruption of "corn baby," a remnant, in our opinion, of the worship of Ceres. At the end of harvest, the effigy of a child is paraded about on a long pole by the shearers in procession. The face, which, in the first instance, is composed of a white napkin, receives its features from a smearing of blackberries by the best village limner.—ED.

“Weel, as I was cheapening the remnant with a heavy heart and sare een, wha should come past but my husband, gude man (he was alive then), and when I caa’d him in, he began too to grit about the bairn, and we baith sat doon on Luckie’s bench; and it’s hard to say, whilk o’ the twain had the wettest ee. Aweel, the claise were aa made, and pit on the bairn, and the corpse was laid oot, with the bit mouth-fu’ and the sup for the neebours—aa according to custom, and the way o’ our land, as well as puir folk the like o’ us could afford; and than we got a wie bit coffin, the best that Robin the joiner could make, and it was nicely painted black, and looked as weel as if it had come from Edinbro’. The corpse was to be buried at five o’ the afternoon, and the kirk clock was dinging a quarter-past four, when in comes Sandy the saxton.

“‘Sandy,’ says I, after I had given him a bite and a sup; ‘Sandy, you’ll naaturally be for pitting the bit bairn lang side his uncle Aindrew?’ (his uncle Aindrew, puir saul, had been deed the matter o’ twelve year.)

“‘That can no be,’ said Sandy.

“‘I’d like to knaw the reason why?’ says I.

“‘Becase,’ says he, the chield’s no bapteesed.’

“‘No bapteesed!’ says I, ‘wha telled you that? I trow it’s bapteesed as much as yourself; and the reason why ye dinna ken that as well as me is, that the day the minister cam, you were at Galashiels fair; and for aa that I can say, you might be at not less righteous wark.’

“‘Bapteesed!’ said he, ‘and with that he gav a loup as if he wad ha’ cleared hedge and ditch fra this and the minister’s hoose.’

“‘Where are for?’ said I.

“‘Wae’s me,’ said he, ‘I’ve howked the grave on the *north side of the kirk*.’

“Aweel, when I heard that word I set up sic a skreel, as brought my husband doon stairs almaist head foremost, and he had it wi’ Sandy, I warrant ye!

“‘The ainly thing to be done,’ said Sandy, ‘in my judgment, is to gae to the minister, and see if he’ll pit aff the burial awhile, and I’ll mak another grave.’

“‘Away wi’ ye,’ says I.

“And wi’ that he took to his heels like a daft chield, or as if Tim the bailiff had been after him.

“Weel, whan the minister heard aa the deefficulties of the case and how aa the neebours were ready, and the corpse fit to lift, he wadna hear o’ ony change, but said it was aa supersteection and nonsense; and wi’ that he cam doon to the hoose.

“‘Margery,’ says he, ‘you’ll no be o’ that folk that think sae daftly about the north side o’ the kirk?’

“‘Sir,’ says I, ‘I wadna ha the presumption to think better than my neebours.’

“‘It’s aa supersteection and vanity,’ says he; ‘nay, it’s warse than that—it’s plain witchcraft and idoolatry.’

“And wi’ that, he sat off in his speech with a preachment against witchcraft and idoolatry, and aa about the north side o’ the kirk, that lasted a clean hour by the clock in the steeple, whilk you can see fra

the window that looks oot upon our back preemises. Oh! it was a fine discourse that drav tears from every ee; and at the end on't, we had to lift the corpse,—and there the puir bairn was pit, like a heathen pagan, I maun still een say, for to this blessed day, I can never think o' the corpse wi' ony pleasure at aa."

We now, luckily for me, were arrived at our journey's end, and the gallant veteran who drove us was quickly at the door, hat in hand, to let us out. He made me a sprightly bow, but his greatest attentions were reserved for the lady whom he handed out of the vis-à-vis, with all the air and grimace of a Parisian saloon.

"*Bien arrivé, Madame—ayez soin, Madame, là—posez la pied là-dessus—doucelement—ah! bon,*" said he, as she came plump to the ground with a bundle in her hand.

She was preparing to march off without further notice of all this chivalry than, "Good day t'ye, canny man! good day t'ye," in a tone as if speaking to one who was deaf; but suddenly recollecting herself, she turned round and made me a courtesy.

CHAP. XIV.

AFTER ascertaining the plans of my Jehu and securing a conveyance back to Paris in the evening, I walked to see the palace.

There is, at all times, something very melancholy in the deserted splendour of an uninhabited royal residence—the vacant seat of state—the saloons that have so often glittered with all the attractions of youth, rank and beauty, uncarpeted and lonely—the festive halls that often have resounded to the voice of gaiety and pleasure, now silent as the grave; but this palace is particularly fraught both with recent and former recollections of departed greatness. It is in such places as these also, as in the grander scenes of nature, that one feels a sort of deepened sense of personal insignificance. The entire impression, especially when visited alone, is one of sadness and reflection; so that I did not, upon the whole, feel the tenour of my thoughts much altered for the better, while wandering through these empty halls and dismantled corridors.

If my poor sister Kitty had been more discreet, thought I;—but I will not further intrude my sombre meditation upon the reader.

After whiling away a little more time about the place, I took a hasty dinner at the inn, and then walked into the gardens of the palace. I had not been there long, when I espied under a sunny wall the companion of my morning's drive, with her convalescent charge upon her knee. She was dandling it up and down to the tune of "Over the water to Charlie," interrupted, however, every now and then by interjectional observations, seldom laudatory, upon the French people as they passed. "There's a flantin quean for you!" and, "What sort of a skipjack's that I wonder?"

Notwithstanding the long, tedious, and dismal story, about the sexton and the corpse, I was wheeling about her, like a fly round a candle, first at a distance—then drawing near—half in dread, half in desire to escape from myself, when she saved me the embarrassment of further doubt, by calling out at the top of her voice,

"Good afternoon t'ye, sir—good afternoon."

When I approached she was as blithe as a lark; having to all appearance, and probably in reality, transferred the caress and affections, which had been called forth by the recital of her tale, to the little creature now in her charge.

"There's a bonnie thing! what—hasn't it a blick o' the ee to give the gentleman? that's none o' your French folks, hinnie,—it's just ane like yoursell."

She had mentioned, in her lengthy discourse, the name of a place which had dwelt upon my ear, like one of those stray notes which fall harmonious, as if by accident, from the intricacy of a laboured discord.

The town of Galashiels was in a neighbourhood fraught with recollections of the most pleasing, but melancholy, sort to me. By way of touching the cord again, I said,

"And pray, from what part of Scotland does this little gentleman come?"

"We're aa from the neebourhood of Kelso," said she.

"That," I replied, "I may call my country, too; though I have not been at Kelso for very many years."

The magic wand of Harlequin could not have suddenly dressed me in colours brighter to her eyes than this little speech.

"Eh, sirs! to think that I have been sae lang this morning face to face with such a gentleman like that, and no t' have kenned it; a Tweed side gentleman born, if not bred. Why you maun ha been awaa a sare, sare lang time, sir (in a tone of great commiseration); was it afore the time o' Dr. Macpherson, or wha was minister?"

"I remember the worthy minister, Dr. Macpherson, very well."

"Weel now, if I might be sae bauld as to spec a little aboot the preceese time you left us! D'ye mind when the greet salmon loup was carried awaa by the flood? Nae? D'ye mind when Sir Archy Mac-Clashin trod upon the taes of the Laird of Fulpepper, and they fit a duel? Nae? D'ye mind the grand funeral of the Laird of Airsie wha was brought aa the way from Edinbro'?"

"I remember hearing of the Laird Airsie's death, but was not there at the time."

"D'ye mind when bonnie Miss Kitty Dumps went off wi' Frank Mayfield, the soldier lad?"

I was, in part, prepared for this, as I found the old dame beating about the epoch, which was one of but too much notoriety in so retired a place as Kelso was at that time.

"I do," said I, "for I was unfortunately much interested in that unhappy case."

"Soh!" said she, with the deferential air of one who wishes not to intrude a step beyond that which is already considered one too much. "And yet," added she, after a little pause, "it was no that bad match after aa as matters turned out, if the parents and friends wad but have acknowledged it. The lad was a sonsy lad (forbie that his brain was nigh turned for love of Kitty), and might ha been a sodger officer fra the first, they say, if he had na rin awaa fram his father, wha wanted to bind him 'prentice to auld Linseywoolsey the hosier, and than the lad listed of his sell; but ay things come round whiles e'en in this warld, and he was weel enough aff afore he died, as ye mayhap ken."

"I have heard nothing of him," I replied, "since my—since Mrs. Mayfield died, which event you know happened many years ago: nor, indeed, had we any communication with them after they eloped from Scotland and lived abroad."

"Aweel, then, you must know that his uncle by the mother's side, wha lived in Guernsey, left him a power o' money, forbie land, I think I have heard say; but the lad, wha had always been sae fendy and prudential, no sooner got aa this money on a sudden, then he seemed to have gane clean daft, and lost it nearly aa in a gambling hoose in this varry place afore he deed; whilk wad na ha happened if Miss Kitty had been alive."

"He is dead, then?" said I, with some feelings of interest.

"The lad (as she continued to call him, although he must have been nearly fifty) deed about twa years back; and there's the bairn Frank, bleezing aboot by his sell in that greet Babylon, and wha knows but amang aa the scarlet queans o' sic an a place. We met him by the Toolerie gardens yestreen."

"'Mr. Frank,' says I, 'I am thinking you'd do better to spend a little mair time with the like of us, than to be gallivantin aboot in this sink of ineequity.'

"But the bairn did nothing but laugh, and chuckled me under the chin.

"'And it's I,' says I, 'that says it, wha kenned baith your father and your mither.' And then he looked as solid as a lord o' the session."

"And who is the bairn, Frank?" I inquired.

"Why, bless us aa, I thought at first, you might have been baith kith and kin o' Miss Kitty, you changed sae i' the face; but I see that I ken mair about it than you aa. Why, he's *their* bairn to be sure."

"My—Mrs. Mayfield never had a child," stuttered I.

"I'd like to know, then, where it cam from? wasn't it e'en that that killed her, puir thing!—but I mind now the father scorned to tell the friends ony mair than that she was deed."

I leave those—those very few, who may have been placed in similar circumstances, to judge of my feelings upon hearing this intelligence—to attempt to describe them to such would be superfluous; to others, perhaps, vain; to learn that a child of my poor sister, Kitty, had been nineteen years in the world without our having known it—that he was now in France—in Paris—in the same town as myself; without any natural guardian or protector, for all I knew—all this, together with my own peculiar circumstances, so agitated and perplexed me, brought out such incoherent ejaculations, and confused questions, that the old woman, I perceived, became alarmed.

"A blessing on us, sir! I humbly beg your pardon, but it's aa true as I am Christian—I thought I was a pleasing of you—but my maister will tell you aa aboot it, wha kens it fra beginning to end, seeing he is the bairn's guardian; but he's no at hame the day—he took un into the toon, and he's there still, but he'll be back the morn."

(To be continued.)

LUNACY IN FRANCE.—No. V.*

BY JOHN CARNE, ESQ.

It will be remembered that the last letter of St. Ireneo spoke of his recovery from a nearly fatal illness; from its effects he still suffered, so as rarely to engage in his public addresses. The hamlet and town, the rich and poor, the high-born and beautiful, looked in vain for the admired priest and preacher of the Camalduli. His friends and brethren sought to draw him from the solitude of his cell: the enthusiasm of his spirit seemed to be checked, or something troubled it. The intelligence from Paris, much of which found a place in his mother's letters, broke at long intervals on his retreat: he had said that it was to him as a city of the dead—that he had no longer any interest in its political crimes or despair, which had agitated even the deep quiet of the monastery. But each struggle was listened to by him with interest, though he spoke less on the subject than his brethren.

There are times when the strong and the beautiful mind can no longer bear solitary and undivided thought: he wrote in the tone of one who seeks support; his Superior now allowed a more frequent correspondence.

“ Camalduli de Monte Cavona, near Florence.

“ Your last letter moved me very much: when I received it, I believed that I was dying—that I should never write any more the lines you so loved—that the spirit, whose path you foretold in childhood, would soon be silent: you would never hear its voice again on earth. But you gave me comfort: a heart pierced like yours with many sorrows is a more eloquent enditer of a letter than a fine genius or fancy.

“ You say that my hour was not yet come: that my dear companion perished before my eyes in the fisherman's hut, on the coast of Genoa—that my brothers, all save one, and most of my intimate friends, have passed away, and that the Countess—— died also.

“ Faithful unto death!—of how few brilliant and beautiful women in Paris can this be said? She was so to me, when the walls of the Camalduli separated us for ever. You said that she still looked as when I saw her for the last time on the night of my *fête*, and that she still refused every offer of marriage. Was she happy? Had her noble spirit broken the spell of the world? Oh! my mother, her love to me was very great. On that night I fled from it, and from Paris. She was very dear to you. Never would my hand have traced these words, but that she is cold in death. How poor, after this, to turn to self again! but these thoughts are fearful, and must not be.

“ You tell me in your letter that you have observed that men of high and dreamy imaginations, whose loved world is in the future—who wait patiently for its coming, are often permitted to live long; and even to realize their lonely aspirings. You quote my words, ‘ Beautiful future! I contemplate it—I converse with it—I hear its voice every hour, like that of the waves of the sea, which send their melancholy music when afar off.’ You bid me beware of that melancholy sound. My mother, I *do* beware of it, for I dread it! There are times when it becomes fearful, as if a tempest was in the air. The tears followed

* Continued from No. ci., p. 19.

each other down my cheek, and my hand trembled, while I read in my cell some parts of your letter, where you trace the secret workings of my spirit from earliest life. Oh! who like a mother can read the character, and lay open its weakness and its power, its chambers of imagery, of a son she has deeply loved.

“And is it so,—that you are persuaded my life will be a long one? I rejoiced greatly at these words. In the Austrian campaigns I met death often; and wished for his coming, in the cold, and agony of my wounds, in the Russian prison; but now life grows every year more dear to me in the Camalduli. You will hardly believe this: Life is such an exquisite blessing—memory, hope, intellect, study, the thirst of immortality, are not these enough to make me cleave to it? I cannot understand the dread of old age which so many feel: for its loneliness my present lot prepares me: no hand will wipe the tears from my eyes; but to me, when it comes, it will be a mild, a rich, a merciful period: it touches on eternity, and the voices of the dead, of those who loved me, will grow sweeter with each passing year. Some of our brethren, who are very old, who can still walk out into the forests and vales, have no joy or sympathy in what they see; but the mind had shed no glory over their past life, and what is age without it?

“You believe that we shall meet again in this world—that we are not parted for ever, though I refuse your prayer to come to Italy. Do you paint the truth when you speak thus. Can I bear to see you within these walls, face to face, to listen to your words, in which would live again the brilliant, the eloquent past—to look on that raven hair, once so beautiful, now white with sorrow. Would my cell, my fasts, my little plough and garden, be so dear afterwards? My mind was very firm; it is not so now; perhaps the suffering of the frame has left a feebleness within, or the enemy, who watches our weakest hour, has not assailed me in vain. Last Friday, when, as is our custom throughout the year, we ate on the ground, bread and water, with naked feet, a voice near me seemed to say, ‘Your place, O priest, shall be glorious.’ And if I become the Superior of the Camalduli will there be no sting there? Will the dying words of the young hermit of St. Remualdo come back to me? ‘St. Ireneo, if I have sinned, it is here.’ In my last letter I related the circumstances of his death, and the deep impression it made upon me.

“During my illness, when I hovered for weeks between life and death, that scene was present with me night and day. The cares and attention of my brethren were incessant; some of them were constantly by my bedside. I rarely spoke to them: my thoughts were with that dreary rock and its cells on the mountain-side. It seemed to me that I stood beside the miserable bed on the floor: the wind blew as then, in wild and hollow gusts. On his body, which was but a skeleton, the skin was like the driven snow; the beautiful, attenuated fingers were again clasped in mine. I had just given him extreme unction. He seemed to drink my inmost thoughts. Oh! my mother, they who thus stand beside the dying, are conscious at times of a strange sympathy and communion, in which the veil of each other’s being is lifted.

“While we spoke, our life passed before us like a pageant. I have sometimes wondered, when reading of the last hours of good and very gifted men, why their words have so little of the mental power and

genius with which they were wont to overflow. When the soul prepares for the last flight, and is about to put on her beautiful garments, why should not her last thoughts be memorable? Had you heard the friendless novice of Remualdo! I repeated to you some of the passages that fell from his lips: their spell was around me when death was nigh. Never was a solitude more terrible—a home more desolate. . . . Yet the victory was his. From his exquisite mind thought followed thought, word followed word—vigorous, beautiful, piercing, like the voice of a trumpet with a silver sound, blown by some passing spirit of the air.

“Why did he surpass me in enthusiasm, in self-devotion, at not more than half my age, was a question I often put to myself:—simply, because he cast the whole energy and trust of his being on one solitary point; for which, even in his childhood he had thirsted. Is it any wonder that he passed away as a conqueror? Are there not many who thus gain a celebrity in the world, in the church; for which, in reviewing their career, it is not easy to account, till we perceive it was the singleness of purpose, this concentration of the hope, love and prayer to that alone, that enabled them, even with moderate talents, to achieve at last a splendid success.

“It was not thus with me. The morning of my life, the period that so indelibly stamps the after career, was given to ambition, to a looking out for glory, as the mariner looks long for the day. That spring time of the heart, so exquisitely cherished by the watchfulness, the mercies, of those who love us, was passed by me ‘in a world of my own,’ to which came the love of war, and its hope, only to be miserably broken. You know not, you can never know, the struggles of my spirit to wrest itself from that glorying, that thirst, which was from childhood within it like ‘a consuming fire.’

“Write to me very soon. I want your letters now. I want them more than ever. I wish I could send you some of my flowers. Not being able now to walk out so much, I have succeeded in this poor garden, in raising some fine hyacinths and tulips: and by means of a little conservatory, with which my superior has indulged me, I have some beautiful geraniums, which are rare in this neighbourhood, and are finer than any you used to raise in your conservatory. Do you not feel its loss; though you did not give way to a single expression of grief, for your mind was always strong. I am sure it was bitter to leave the home of so many years—of so many memories; its taste and luxury must all be wanting to you now. You do not tell me in what way you live at present; what your resources are; do not conceal this. I never knew the love of money: the presents made me by the rich, who request my visits, I have always given to the monastery or the poor; in future I will hoard them, for they are sometimes valuable, and will send them to you. Perhaps you will soon need them, if not now. Do you not remember when you used to take me to the Jardin des Fleurs, early in the lovely mornings, and how the gay spectacle of the river, the palace, the bridges, and quays, used to delight me; and that I always took some little purchase home. You said many a time that you believed the love of flowers was born with me.

“IRENEO.”

While he thus wrote, he knew not how darkly the drama of life was

passing in his own home: his only brother had been some time ill of a disorder that deprived him partly of the use of his limbs. He was now a helpless cripple in his bed, with less to cheer him than his celebrated brother in the Monté Covona, whom he had never seen since the day of his departure, when he was only ten years of age. He had heard his mother dwell so often on the perfections of her lost Eustache, on the beauty of his figure and features, the charm of his voice and conversation, that time was at last left of his power: the Eustache of sixteen years ago, in the salons and the brilliant circle, on whose tales his brothers and sisters hung with terror and delight, was the image that rose before him—reading in his cell at evening, the little window looking on the forest, whose dark foliage dimmed its light: the skull and the crucifix on the table—the pale and beautiful face bent on the manuscript. He had a picture of St. Sebastian in his chamber, in the desert, pierced with arrows, in whose features he saw a resemblance to those of his brother; when reading the letters from the Camalduli, he often fixed his eyes on the dying look and smile of the martyr.

How inexpressibly dear and proud to the unfortunate, is the celebrity, the genius of one of their race, when the rest are crushed by fate.

“Take the letter, Louis, and read it to me,” Madame — would sometimes say, as she sat at night by his bedside; “for I have tried, and I cannot; the words seem to me of the colour of blood.”

Reduced now to two persons, this once gay family took up their abode in the Rue de Beaune, in two small apartments, which were furnished handsomely and tastefully with the remains of their furniture. It is wonderful with how much ease and taste a Parisian lady accommodates herself to the loss of fortune; she cannot but remember all her pleasant places of old; but she does not weep over them, or afflict herself in vain.

The piano-forte was placed close to the bed, that the invalid, who played beautifully, might amuse himself in the hours of night as well as day, for his sleep was very broken. The bed itself was rich and elegant; it had been Eustache's, and had been kept with exquisite care. Some old paintings by the great Italian masters, were hung on the walls. The lodging was mean, but its meanness was hidden by these relics of splendour and luxury.

During the night, when Louis touched the piano, his mother lay awake in the adjoining room, weeping almost unconsciously, while she listened to the airs he played; often they were the airs she had loved when her family were all around her, and their voices had joined in singing them. When we suffer, there is something unearthly in this beautiful music, in the dead hour of night; it is like the voices of the lost calling on us.

The sadness of the soul, that in an English breast often sinks into melancholy, drives forth a French one into wild excitement; and there was a passion, long kept within bounds, in the heart of Madame — of which her son, in one of his letters, warned her to beware. As her circumstances grew more narrow, she spent the greater part of the day in the chamber of Louis, who would urge her to walk out into the gardens or promenades; for he saw that her frame grew thinner, and her face more pale. And when evening came, and the candle was placed

near the bed, he often looked long and wistfully at her, as resting her arm on the table, she leaned on it thoughtfully and dreamily, without speaking for some hours, which was quite unusual with her.

The fallen fortunes of her family, or their troubles, were not on these occasions the chief food of her thoughts; that strange contrast of feelings, often observable in Frenchwomen was now at work within her; the calculations of the gaming-table occupied these intervals, and when her eye kindled, and her cheek flushed, some happy combination had struck her fancy.

Gaming, always a passion with Madame —, was soon indulged without restraint; her remaining property slowly wasted, for she was seldom fortunate, and she was obliged to retrench one little indulgence after another. Louis suspected the cause, but he dared not speak of it. At night, the mother stole from the chamber of her son to the rouge-et-noir table, with an eagerness of hope—a strange enthusiasm—still believing in some new calculation of the chances and turns of the game. Sometimes she won; and Louis was startled by the flow of words and thoughts, that then broke from her lips, and reminded him that her eye used thus to beam, and her utterance to be eloquent, when Eustache returned from his Russian captivity. This sudden success, and the confidence it kindled, had all the effect of a brilliant happiness.

One day she called at our apartments in Paris, to offer for sale some beautiful lace scarfs and veils, the remains of former times; her dress was becoming; in her manners and conversation there was nothing of a fallen state, or a troubled mind; the features were still fine at the age of sixty, and there was a serenity in the tone and look with which she spoke of the elegant articles she wished to sell. She had probably worn them at many a brilliant party—perhaps at the very ball from which Ireneo fled. The first scarf was offered at the price of sixty francs. It was the very sum with which he had set out for his retreat.

“I would not trust myself,” he wrote in his first letter, “to see you again: I went to the Abbé Augustin, superior of the Trappists; he gave me sixty francs to go to Avignon, into a seminary.”

Louis, her youngest son, recently raised from his illness, was with her; his countenance had a deadly paleness. They both spoke with enthusiasm of St. Ireneo, of their earnest desire to go to Italy to see him; but he still withheld his permission.

Madame — was a woman of strong mind and a thorough knowledge of the world; yet, with her memories, with her deep love, the hazard-table was her rich, her favourite passion. It was strange as she unfolded her articles of taste, to hear her speak of the Camalduli, of her celebrated son, and his stern resolve.

The latter knew not of the distresses and shifts to which his parent was reduced—they were hid from him. His next letter was in the close of the year '36.

“My Mother,

“You ask earnestly after my health; the heats of Paris, and the sickness prevailing there, have filled you with alarm about me. In this mountain solitude the air has been excellent the whole season; yet

I am not well. I believed that here the grasp of the world was broken, that it could not fold itself around me again.

"Two months since I received a letter from my uncle the marshal, the first he has written me here. I thought he had forgotten me, as he disapproved strongly of my retreat to a convent; but he writes with all his former attachment. He gave me my first commission in the cavalry in the army of Germany; made me a captain at eighteen, and placed me on his staff; he predicted I should be a general at five-and-twenty: had the war continued, the prediction would have been verified. In his letter he dwells on the past, on the battles in which I served under him. You know how he loved the emperor, and how I loved him also; he was in my eyes the greatest of human beings. I shall ever remember his words, his looks, the movement of his hand, when my uncle introduced me to him, his smile when he said, 'I was the youngest captain of cavalry in the army.' How vividly these things come back upon me now! I have never spoken of them in my letters, because I wished them to sleep within me. My uncle describes the *émeute* of which Paris was the scene this year, 'The fierce and heroic struggle,' as he expresses it, 'for liberty—the blood of the people poured out like water;' he is still the soldier of the empire; he hates the present family, and still expects the young Napoleon. His details of the struggle; his thrilling words and memory of the past, have moved me strangely.

"The peace of my mind is gone! My mother, can you believe that the love of war is within me again; that after sixteen years of seclusion, of fasting, meditation, preaching, prayer, the image of the emperor is dearer to me than that of the blessed Marie, or my guardian saint!

"Why did my uncle describe this *émeute* in Paris? he said that they invoked the spirit, and when shot in the streets, they murmured the name of Napoleon, not of home or wife or child. I have fasted and wept and grieved. I spent some weeks with the hermits of St. Remualdo, with fearful penances; but in vain. Lost ambition and glory, long buried, are risen again from the tomb!

"I am still visited by the fainting-fits I had some years since in the Canonica de Lodi. A few days since I was walking in the forests that surround the monastery—my favourite spot is an avenue of aged trees on the steep, beneath which is a deep glen and its torrent, here I am always alone, my brethren do not seek so solemn a scene. The day was declining, but I did not return—my thoughts were too agitated to bear the cell—I fell down at the foot of a tree, in a fit, and remained there for some hours—the night gathered over me. I was awoke to consciousness by a sound that rang through the forest—it was a trumpet!—beautifully it rose on the night, faintly at first from afar, then louder and louder—it was our own trumpet! of our regiment, that used to call us at dead of night, and at break of day, in the German campaigns. I knew it instantly, for the trumpeter, Jean Nolet, was celebrated in the whole army. My heart thrilled at the tones; I rose, but my weakness made me fall down again at the foot of the tree. Oh! in how few moments can live again the things of the past! The battles, to which that sound had called us, passed before my eyes—my uncle was there,

his head white with age—he beckoned me to follow—I struggled convulsively but could not rise—what agony it seemed to be so helpless!

“You will say that these were visions! It appeared to me that I was awake, and perfectly conscious; for I remember the faint sound of the torrent below, and the aged trees, and the cliffs above. I was able at last to rise and walk feebly to the monastery—the clock struck twelve as I entered the court—there were lights in the chapel—weak as I was, I hastened there. I was used to be alone in this chapel, in the moonlight, in the tempest, in the darkness, I have often gone there, and I loved it, because I was often happy then: there was a freshness and glory in my feelings—but now, there was deep anguish. I knelt in the aisle and tried to pray, but all I felt in the forest was with me. I went to my cell, but dared not lie down to sleep, lest that guilty thirst should fill my soul.

* * * * *

“It is night again: I had scarcely written the above, when I was summoned early in the morning to visit a lady in Florence whose intellect had been affected, by early sorrow or love. I would have declined the office, but she was of a family who have been benefactors to our monastery. I will tell you of this in my next when my mind will be more calm.

“ST. IRENEO.”

HINDOOSTANI MELODY.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

THOU art fair,—and BEAUTY hath
Always vassals in its path;
Ev’n the proud and scornful bow
To the blandness of thy brow;
Sun, and air, and bird, and flower,
Woo thy birth, and own thy power.

Roses pale beside thy cheek,
Yet their love for thee they speak,
By the double fragrance shed,
When thou passest near their bed;
Even the shy MIMOSA tree
Humbly bends its head to thee!

A pet gazelle is at thy side;—
The tiger-cub hath lost its pride
And licks thy hand, where perching sits
A bird, that shrieks and sings by fits,—
The idle mina!—at thy foot
A viper—harmless—folds thy lute!

Earth and all it hath to thee
Stoop, in glad humility;
All confess thy sovran grace,
All but DEATH! and ere the trace
Of his hard finger, mark thy brow,
LEILA! list thy lover’s vow!

THE PHANTOM SHIP.*

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C.B.

CHAP. XL.

ALTHOUGH to-morrow was to end all Amine's hopes and fears—all her short happiness—her suspense and misery—yet Amine slept until her last slumber in this world was disturbed by the unlocking and unbarring of the doors of her cell, and the appearance of the head jailer with a light. Amine started up—she had been dreaming of her husband—of happiness! She awoke to the sad reality. There stood the jailer, with a dress in his hand, which he desired she would put on. He lighted a lamp for her, and left her alone. The dress was of black serge, with white stripes.

Amine put on the dress, and threw herself down on the bed, trying if possible to recall the dream from which she had been awakened, but in vain. Two hours passed away, and the jailer again entered, and summoned her to follow him.

Perhaps one of the most appalling customs of the Inquisition is, that after accusation, whether the accused parties confess their guilt or not, they return to their dungeons, without the least idea of what may have been their sentence, and when summoned on the morning of the execution they are equally kept in ignorance.

The prisoners were all summoned by the jailers from the various dungeons, and led into a large hall, where they found their fellow-sufferers collected.

In this spacious, dimly-lighted hall, were to be seen about two hundred men, standing up as if for support against the walls, all dressed in the same black and white serge; so motionless, so terrified were they, that if it had not been for the rolling of their eyes, as they watched the jailers, who passed and repassed, you might have imagined them to be petrified. It was the agony of suspense, worse than the agony of death. After a time, a wax candle, about five feet long, was put into the hands of each prisoner, and then some were ordered to put on over their dress the *Sanbenitos*—others the *Samarias*! Those who received these dresses, with flames painted on them, gave themselves up for lost; and it was dreadful to perceive the anguish of each individual as the dresses were one by one brought forward, and with the heavy drops of perspiration on his brows, he watched with terror lest one should be presented to him. All was doubt, fear, and horror!

But the prisoners in this hall were not those who were to suffer death. Those who wore the *Sanbenitos* had to walk in the procession and receive but slight punishment; those who wore the *Samarias* had been condemned, but had been saved from the consuming fire, by an acknowledgment of their offence; the flames painted on their dresses were *reversed*, and signified that they were not to suffer; but this the unfortunate wretches did not know, and the horrors of a cruel death stared them in the face!

Another hall, similar to the one in which the men had been collected,

* Concluded from No. ccxxiii., page 412.

was occupied by female culprits. The same ceremonies were observed—the same doubt, fear, and agony were depicted upon every countenance. But there was a third chamber, smaller than the other two, and this chamber was reserved for those who had been sentenced, and who were to suffer at the stake. It was into this chamber that Amine was led, and there she found seven other prisoners dressed in the same manner as herself: two only were Europeans, the other five were negro slaves. Each of these had their confessor with them, and were earnestly listening to his exhortation. A monk approached Amine, but she waved him away with her hand: he looked at her, spat on the floor, and cursed her. The head jailer now made his appearance with the dresses for those who were in this chamber; these were Samarias, only different from the others, inasmuch as the flames were painted on them *upwards* instead of down. These dresses were of gray stuff, and loose, like a waggoner's frock; at the lower part of them, both before and behind, was painted the likeness of the wearer, that is, the face only, resting upon a burning fagot, and surrounded with flames and demons. Under the portrait was written the crime for which the party suffered. Sugar-loaf caps, with flames painted on them, were also brought and put on their heads, and the long wax candles were placed in their hands.

Amine and the others condemned being arrayed in these dresses, remained in the chambers for some hours before it was time for the procession to commence, for they had been all summoned up by the jailers at about two o'clock in the morning.

The sun rose brilliantly, much to the joy of the members of the Holy Office, who would not have had the day obscured on which they were to vindicate the honour of the church, and prove how well they acted up to the mild doctrines of the Saviour—those of charity, good-will, forbearing one another, forgiving one another. God of Heaven! And not only did those of the Holy Inquisition rejoice, but thousands and thousands more, who had flocked from all parts to witness the dreadful ceremony, and to hold a jubilee—many indeed actuated by fanaticism and superstition, but more attended from thoughtlessness and the love of pageantry. The streets and squares through which the procession was to pass were filled at an early hour. Silks, tapestries, and cloth of gold and silver were hung over the balconies, and out of the windows, in honour of the procession. Every balcony and window was thronged with ladies and cavaliers in their gayest attire, all waiting anxiously to see the wretches paraded before they suffered; but the world is fond of excitement, and where is any thing so exciting to a superstitious people as an *Auto da Fé*?

As the sun rose, the heavy bell of the cathedral tolled, and all the prisoners were led down to the Grand Hall, that the order of the procession might be arranged. At the large entrance-door, on a raised throne, sat the Grand Inquisitor, encircled by many of the most considerable nobility and gentry of Goa. By the Grand Inquisitor stood his secretary, and, as the prisoners walked past the throne, and their names were mentioned, the secretary, after each, called out the names of one of those gentlemen, who immediately stepped forward, and took his station by the prisoner. These people are termed the godfathers; their duty is to accompany and be answerable for the prisoner, who is under their charge, until the ceremony is over. It is reckoned a high honour conferred on those whom the Grand Inquisitor appoints to this office.

At last the procession commenced. First was raised on high the standard of the Dominican Order of Monks, for the Dominican Order were the founders of the Inquisition, and claimed this privilege, by prescriptive right. After the banner the monks themselves followed, in two lines. And what was the motto of their banner? "*Justitia et Misericordia!*" Then followed the culprits to the number of three hundred, each with his godfather by his side, and his large wax candle lighted in his hand. Those whose offences have been most venial walk first; all are bareheaded, and barefooted. After this portion, who wore only the dress of black and white serge, came those who carried the *Sanbenitos*; then those who wore the *Samarias*, with the flames reversed. Here there was a separation in the procession, caused by a large cross, with the carved image of Our Saviour nailed to it, the face of the image carried forward. This was intended to signify, that those in advance of the Crucifix, and upon whom the Saviour looked down, were not to suffer; and that those who were behind, and upon whom his back was turned, were cast away, to perish for ever in this world, and the next. Behind the crucifix followed the seven condemned; and, as the greatest criminal, Amine walked the last. But the procession did not close here. Behind Amine were five effigies, raised high on poles, clothed in the same dresses, painted with flames and demons. Behind each effigy was borne a coffin, containing a skeleton; the effigies were of those who had died in their dungeon, or expired under the torture, and who had been tried and condemned after their death, and sentenced to be burnt. These skeletons had been dug up, and were to suffer the same sentence as, had they still been living beings, they would have undergone. The effigies were to be tied to the stakes, and the bones were to be consumed. Then followed the members of the Inquisition; the familiars, monks, priests, and hundreds of penitents, in black dresses, which concealed their faces, all with lighted tapers in their hands.

It was two hours before the procession, which had paraded through almost every important street in Goa, arrived at the cathedral in which the further ceremonies were to be gone through. The barefooted culprits could now scarcely walk, the small sharp flints having so wounded their feet, that their tracks up the steps of the cathedral were marked with blood.

The grand altar of the cathedral was hung with black cloth, and lighted up with thousands of tapers. On one side of it was a throne for the Grand Inquisitor, on the other, a raised platform for the Viceroy of Goa, and his suite. The centre isle had benches for the prisoners, and their godfathers; the other portions of the procession falling off to the right and left, to the side aisles, and mixing for the time with the spectators. As the prisoners entered the cathedral, they were led into their seats, those least guilty sitting nearest to the altar, and those who were condemned to suffer at the stake being placed the farthest from it.

The bleeding Amine tottered to her seat, and longed for the hour which was to sever her from a Christian world. She thought not of herself, nor of what she was to suffer; she thought but of Philip; of his being safe from these merciless creatures—of the happiness of dying first, and of meeting him again in bliss.

Worn with long confinement, with suspense and anxiety, fatigued and suffering from her painful walk, and the exposure to the burning

sun, after so many months' incarceration in a dungeon, she no longer shone radiant with beauty; but still there was something even more touching in her care-worn, yet still perfect features. The object of universal gaze, she had walked with her eyes cast down, and nearly closed; but occasionally, when she did look up, the fire that flashed from them spoke the proud soul within, and many feared and wondered, while more pitied that one so young, and still so lovely, should be doomed to such an awful fate. Amine had not taken her seat in the cathedral more than a few seconds, when, overpowered by her feelings and by fatigue, she fell back in a swoon.

Did no one step forward to assist her? to raise her up, and offer her restoratives? No—not one. Hundreds would have done so, but they dared not: she was an outcast, excommunicated, abandoned, and lost; and should any one, moved by compassion for a suffering fellow-creature, have ventured to raise her up, he would have been looked upon with suspicion, and most probably have been arraigned, and have had to settle the affair of conscience with the Holy Inquisition.

After a short time, two of the officers of the Inquisition went to Amine and raised her again in her seat, and she recovered sufficiently to enable her to retain her posture.

A sermon was then preached by a Dominican monk, in which he portrayed the tender mercies, the paternal love of the Holy Office. He compared the Inquisition to the ark of Noah, out of which all the animals walked after the deluge; but with this difference, highly in favour of the Holy Office, that the animals went forth from the ark no better than they went in, whereas those who had gone into the Inquisition with all the cruelty of disposition, and with the hearts of wolves, came out as mild and patient as lambs.

The public accuser then mounted the pulpit, and read from it all the crimes of those who had been condemned, and the punishments which they were to undergo. Each prisoner, as the sentence was read, was brought forward to the pulpit by the officers, to hear their sentence, standing up, with their wax candles lighted in their hands. As soon as the sentences of all those whose lives had been spared were read, the Grand Inquisitor put on his priestly robes, and, followed by several others, took off from them the ban of excommunication (which they were supposed to have fallen under), by throwing holy water on them with a small broom.

As soon as this portion of the ceremony was over, those who were condemned to suffer, and the effigies of those who had escaped by death, were brought up one by one, and their sentences read; the winding up of the condemnation of all was in the same words, "that the Holy Inquisition found it impossible on account of the hardness of their hearts and the magnitude of their crimes, to pardon them. With great concern it handed them over to Secular Justice to undergo the penalty of the laws; exhorting the authorities at the same time to show clemency and mercy towards the unhappy wretches, and if they *must* suffer death, that at all events it might be without the *spilling of blood*." What mockery was this apparent intercession, not to shed blood, when to comply with their request, they substituted the torment and the agony of the stake!

Amine was the last who was led forward to the pulpit, which was

fixed against one of the massive columns of the centre aisle, close to the throne occupied by the grand Inquisitor. "You, Amine Vanderdecken," cried the public accuser. At this moment an unusual bustle was heard in the crowd under the pulpit, there was struggling and expostulation, and the officers raised their wands for silence and decorum; but it continued.

"You, Amine Vanderdecken, being accused—"

Another violent struggle; and from the crowd darted a young man, who rushed to where Amine was standing, and caught her in his arms.

"Philip! Philip!" screamed Amine, falling on his bosom; as he caught her, the cap of flames fell off her head and rolled along the marble pavement. "My Amine!—my wife!—my adored one!—is it thus we meet? My lord, she is innocent! Stand off, men!" continued he to the officers of the Inquisition, who would have torn them asunder. "Stand off! or your lives shall answer for it."

This threat to the officers, and the defiance of all rules, were not to be borne; the whole cathedral was in a state of commotion, and the solemnity of the ceremony was about to be compromised. The viceroy and his followers had risen from their chairs to observe what was passing, and the crowd was pressing on, when the Grand Inquisitor gave his directions, and other officers hastened to the assistance of the two who had led Amine forward, and proceeded to disengage her from Philip's arms. The struggle was severe. Philip appeared to be endued with the strength of twenty men; and it was some minutes before they could succeed in separating him, and when they had so done, his struggles were dreadful.

Amine, also, held by two of the familiars, shrieked, as she attempted once more, but in vain, to rush into her husband's arms. At last, by a tremendous effort, Philip released himself! but as soon as he was released, he sank down helpless on the pavement; the exertion had caused the bursting of a blood-vessel, and he lay without motion.

"Oh, God! Oh, God! they have killed him—monsters—murderers—let me embrace him but once more" cried Amine, frantically.

A priest now stepped forward—it was Father Mathias—with sorrow in his countenance; he desired some of the bystanders to carry out Philip Vanderdecken, and Philip, in a state of insensibility, was borne away from the sight of Amine, the blood streaming from his mouth.

Amine's sentence was read—she heard it not, her brain was bewildered. She was led back to her seat, and then it was that all her courage, all her constancy and fortitude gave way; and during the remainder of the ceremony, she filled the cathedral with her wild hysterical sobbing; all entreaties or threats being wholly lost upon her.

All was now over, except the last and most tragical scene of the drama. The culprits who had been spared were led back to the Inquisition by their godfathers, and those who had been sentenced were taken down to the banks of the river to suffer. It was on a large open space, on the left of the Custom-house, that this ceremony was to be gone through. As in the Cathedral, raised thrones were prepared for the Grand Inquisitor and the Viceroy, who, in state, headed the procession, followed by an immense concourse of people. Thirteen stakes had been set up, eight for the living, five for the dead. The executioners were sitting on, or standing by, the piles of wood and fagots,

waiting for their victims. Amine could not walk ; she was at first supported by the familiars, and then carried by them, to the stake which had been assigned for her. When they put her on her feet opposite to it, her courage appeared to revive, she walked boldly up, folded her arms, and leant against it.

The executioners now commenced their office : the chains were passed round Amine's body—the wood and fagots piled around her. The same preparations had been made with all the other culprits, and the confessors stood by the side of each victim. Amine waved her hand indignantly to those who approached her, when Father Mathias, almost breathless, made his appearance from the crowd, through which he had forced his way.

“Amine Vanderdecken—unhappy woman ! had you been counselled by me this would not have been. Now it is too late, but not too late to save your soul. Away then with this obstinacy—this hardness of heart ; call upon the blessed Saviour, that he may receive your spirit—call upon his wounds for mercy. It is the eleventh hour, but not too late. Amine,” continued the old man, with tears, “I implore, I conjure you ! At least, may this load of trouble be taken from my heart !”

“‘Unhappy woman !’ you say ?” replied she, “say rather, ‘unhappy priest :’ for Amine's sufferings will soon be over, while you must still endure the torments of the damned. Unhappy was the day when my husband rescued you from death. Still more unhappy the compassion which prompted him to offer you an asylum and a refuge. Unhappy the knowledge of you from the *first* day to the *last*. I leave you to your conscience—if conscience you retain—nor would I change this cruel death for the pangs which you in your future life will suffer. Leave me—I die in the faith of my forefathers, and scorn a creed that warrants such a scene as this !”

“Amine Vanderdecken—” cried the priest on his knees, clasping his hands in agony.

“Leave me, father.”

“There is but a minute left—for the love of God—”

“I tell you then, leave me—that minute is my own.”

Father Mathias turned away in despair, and the tears coursed down the old man's cheeks. As Amine said, his misery was extreme.

The head executioner now inquired of the confessors whether the culprits died in the *true* faith ? If answered in the affirmative, a rope was passed round their necks and twisted to the stake, so that they were strangled before the fire was kindled. All the other culprits had died in this manner ; and the head executioner inquired of Father Mathias, whether Amine had a claim to so much mercy. The old priest answered not, but shook his head.

The executioner turned away. After a moment's pause, Father Mathias followed him, and seized him by the arm, saying, in a faltering voice, “Let her not suffer long.”

The Grand Inquisitor gave the signal, and the fires were all lighted at the same moment. In compliance with the request of the priest, the executioner had thrown a quantity of wet straw upon Amine's pile, which threw up a dense smoke before it burnt into flames.

“Mother ! mother ! I come to thee !” were the last words heard from Amine's lips.

The flames soon raged furiously, ascending high above the top of the stake to which she had been chained. Gradually they sunk down; and only when the burning embers covered the ground, a few fragments of bones hanging on the chain were all that remained of the once peerless and high-minded Amine.

CHAP. XLI.

YEARS have passed away since we related Amine's sufferings and cruel death; and now once more we bring Philip Vanderdecken on the scene. And during this time, where has he been? A lunatic—at one time frantic, chained, coerced with blows; at others, mild and peaceable. Reason occasionally appeared to burst out again, as the sun on a cloudy day, and then it was again obscured. For many years there was one who watched him carefully, and lived in hope to witness his return to a sane mind; he watched in sorrow and remorse,—he died without his desires being gratified. This was Father Mathias!

The cottage at Terneuse had long fallen into ruin; for many years it waited the return of its owners, and at last the heirs-at-law claimed and recovered the substance of Philip Vanderdecken. Even the fate of Amine had passed from the recollection of most people; although her portrait, over burning coals, with her crime announced beneath it, still hangs—as is the custom in the church of the Inquisition—attracting, from its expressive beauty, the attention of the most careless passers-by.

But many, many years have rolled away—Philip's hair is white—his once-powerful frame is broken down—and he appears much older than he really is. He is now sane: but his vigour is gone. Weary of life, all he wishes for is to execute his mission—and then to welcome death.

The relic has never been taken from him: he has been discharged from the lunatic asylum, and has been provided with the means of returning to his country. Alas! he has now no country—no home—nothing in the world to induce him to remain in it. All he asks is—to do his duty and to die.

The ship was ready to sail for Europe; and Philip Vanderdecken went on board—hardly caring whither he went. To return to Terneuse was not his object; he could not bear the idea of revisiting the scene of so much happiness and so much misery. Amine's form was engraven on his heart, and he looked forward with impatience to the time when he should be summoned to join her in the land of spirits.

He had awakened as from a dream, after so many years of aberration of intellect. He was no longer the sincere Catholic that he had been; for he never thought of religion without his Amine's cruel fate being brought to his recollection. Still he clung on to the relic—he believed in that—and that only. It was his god—his creed—his every thing—the passport for himself and for his father into the next world—the means whereby he should join his Amine; and for hours would he remain holding in his hand that object so valued—gazing upon it—recalling every important event in his life, from the death of his poor mother, and his first sight of Amine, to the last dreadful scene. It was to him a journal of his existence, and on it were fixed all his hopes for the future.

"When! oh, when is it to be accomplished?" was the constant subject of his reveries. "Blessed indeed will be the day when I leave this world of hate, and seek that other in which 'the weary are at rest.'"

The vessel on board of which Philip was embarked as a passenger was the *Nostra Senora da Monte*, a brig of three hundred tons, bound for Lisbon. The captain was an old Portuguese, full of superstition, and fond of arrack—a fondness rather unusual with the people of his nation. They sailed from Goa, and Philip was standing abaft, and sadly contemplating the spire of the cathedral, in which he had last parted with his wife, when his elbow was touched, and he turned round.

"Fellow-passenger, again!" said a well-known voice—it was that of the pilot *Schrifter*.

There was no alteration in the man's appearance; he showed no marks of declining years; his one eye glared as keenly as ever.

Philip started, not only at the sight of the man, but at the reminiscences which his unexpected appearance brought to his mind. It was but for a second, and he was again calm and pensive.

"You here again, *Schrifter*?" observed Philip. "I trust your appearance forebodes the accomplishment of my task."

"Perhaps it does," replied the pilot; "we both are weary."

Philip made no reply; he did not even ask *Schrifter* in what manner he had escaped from the fort; he was indifferent about it; for he felt that the man had a charmed life.

"Many are the vessels that have been wrecked, Philip *Vanderdecken*, and many the souls summoned to their account by meeting with your father's ship, while you have been so long shut up," observed the pilot.

"May our next meeting with him be more fortunate—may it be the last!" replied Philip.

"No, no! rather may he fulfil his doom, and sail till the day of judgment," replied the pilot with emphasis.

"Vile caitiff! I have a foreboding that you will not have your detestable wish. Away!—leave me! or you shall find, that although this head is blanched by misery, this arm has still some power."

Schrifter scowled as he walked away; he appeared to have some fear of Philip, although it was not equal to his hate. He now resumed his former attempts of stirring up the ship's company against Philip, declaring that he was a *Jonas*, who would occasion the loss of the ship, and that he was connected with the *Flying Dutchman*. Philip very soon observed that he was avoided; and he resorted to counter-statements, equally injurious to *Schrifter*, whom he declared to be a demon. The appearance of *Schrifter* was so much against him, while that of Philip, on the contrary, was so prepossessing, that the people on board hardly knew what to think. They were divided: some were on the side of Philip—some on that of *Schrifter*: the captain and many others looking with equal horror upon both, and longing for the time when they could be sent out of the vessel.

The captain, as we have before observed, was very superstitious, and very fond of his bottle. In the morning he would be sober and pray; in the afternoon he would be drunk, and swear at the very saints whose protection he had invoked but a few hours before.

"May Holy Saint Antonio preserve us, and keep us from temptation!" said he, on the morning after a conversation with the passengers about the Phantom Ship. "All the saints protect us from harm!" continued he, taking off his hat reverentially, and crossing himself. "Let me but rid myself of these two dangerous men without accident, and I will offer up a hundred wax candles, of three ounces each, to the shrine of the Virgin, upon my safe anchoring off the tower of Belem." In the evening he changed his language.

"Now, if that Maldetto Saint Antonio don't help us, may he feel the coals of hell yet! damn him and his pigs too; if he has the courage to do his duty, all will be well; but he is a cowardly wretch, he cares for nobody, and will not help those who call upon him in trouble. Carambo! that for you," exclaimed the captain, looking at the small shrine of the saint at the bittacle, and snapping his fingers at the image—"that for you, you useless wretch, who never helps us in our trouble. The Pope must canonize some better saints for us, for all we have now are worn out. They could do something formerly, but now I would not give two ounces of gold for the whole calendar; as for you, you lazy old scoundrel,"—continued the captain, shaking his fist at poor Saint Antonio.

The ship had now gained off the southern coast of Africa, and was about one hundred miles from the Lagullas coast; the morning was beautiful, a slight ripple only turned over the waves, the breeze was light and steady, and the vessel was standing on a wind, at the rate of about four miles an hour.

"Blessed be the holy saints!" said the captain, who had just gained the deck; "another little slant in our favour, and we shall lay our course.—Again I say, blessed be the holy saints, and particularly our worthy patron Saint Antonio, who has taken under his peculiar protection the Nostra Senora da Monte. We have a prospect of fine weather; come, signors, let us down to breakfast, and after breakfast we will enjoy our cigarros upon the deck."

But the scene was soon changed; a bank of clouds rose up from the eastward, with a rapidity that, to the seamen's eye, was unnatural, and it soon covered the whole firmament; the sun was obscured, and all was one deep and unnatural gloom; the wind subsided, and the ocean was hushed. It was not exactly dark, but the heavens were covered with one red haze, which gave an appearance as if the world was in a state of conflagration.

In the cabin the increased darkness was first observed by Philip, who went on deck; he was followed by the captain and passengers, who were in a state of amazement. It was unnatural and incomprehensible. "Now, holy Virgin, protect us!—what can this be?" exclaimed the captain in a fright. "Holy Saint Antonio, protect us—but this is awful!"

"There! there!" shouted the sailors, pointing to the beam of the vessel. Every eye looked over the gunnel to witness what had occasioned such exclamations. Philip, Schrieter, and the captain were side by side. On the beam of the ship, not more than two cables' length distant, they beheld, slowly rising out of the water, the tapering mast-head and spars of another vessel. She rose, and rose gradually; her topmasts and topsail-yards, with the sails set, next

made their appearance ; higher and higher she rose up from the element. Her lower masts and rigging, and, lastly, her hull showed itself above the surface. Still she rose up till her ports, with her guns, and at last the whole of her floatage was above water, and there she remained close to them, with her main-yard squared, and hove-to.

"Holy Virgin !" exclaimed the captain, breathless ; "I have known ships to *go down*, but never to *come up* before. Now will I give one thousand candles, of ten ounces each, to the shrine of the Virgin to save us in this trouble. One thousand wax candles ! Hear me, blessed lady ; ten ounces each. Gentlemen," cried the captain to the passengers, who stood aghast—"why don't you promise ?—promise, I say ; *promise*, at all events."

"The Phantom Ship—the Flying Dutchman !" shrieked Schriester ; "I told you so, Philip Vanderdecken ; there is your father—He ! he !"

Philip's eyes had remained fixed on the vessel ; he perceived that they were lowering down a boat from her quarter. "It is possible," thought he, "I shall now be permitted !" and Philip put his hand into his bosom and grasped the relic.

The gloom now increased, so that the strange vessel's hull could but just be discovered through the murky atmosphere. The seamen and passengers threw themselves down on their knees, and invoked their saints. The captain ran down for a candle, to light before the image of St. Antonio, which he took out of its shrine, and kissed with much apparent affection and devotion, and then replaced.

Shortly afterwards the splash of oars was heard alongside, and a voice calling out, "I say, my good people, give us a rope from forward."

No one answered, or complied with the request. Schriester only went up to the captain, and told him that if they offered to send letters, they must not be received, or the vessel would be doomed, and all would perish.

A man now made his appearance from over the gunnel, at the gangway. "You might as well have let me had a side rope, my hearties," said he, as he stepped on deck ; "where is the captain ?"

"Here," replied the captain, trembling from head to foot. The man who accosted him appeared a weather-beaten seaman, dressed in a fur cap and canvass petticoats ; he held some letters in his hand.

"What do you want ?" at last screamed the captain.

"Yes—what do you want ?" continued Schriester—"He ! he !"

"What, you here, pilot ?" observed the man ; "well—I thought you had gone to Davy's locker, long enough ago."

"He ! he !" replied Schriester, turning away.

"Why the fact is, captain, we have had very foul weather, and we wish to send letters home ; I do believe that we shall never get round this cape."

"I can't take them," cried the captain.

"Can't take them ! well, it's very odd—but every ship refuses to take our letters ; it's very unkind—seamen should have a feeling for brother seamen, especially in distress. God knows, we wish to see our wives and families again ; and it would be a matter of comfort to them, if they only could hear from us."

"I cannot take your letters—the saints preserve us!" replied the captain.

"We have been a long while out," said the seaman, shaking his head.

"How long?" inquired the captain, not knowing what to say.

"We can't tell; our almanack was blown overboard, and we have lost our reckoning. We never have our latitude exact now, for we cannot tell the sun's declination for the right day."

"Let *me* see your letters," said Philip, advancing, and taking them out of the seaman's hands.

"They must not be touched," screamed Schriester.

"Out, monster!" replied Philip, "who dares interfere with me?"

"Doomed—doomed—doomed!" shrieked Schriester, running up and down the deck, and then breaking into a wild fit of laughter.

"Touch not the letters," said the captain, trembling as if in an ague fit.

Philip made no reply, but held his hand out for the letters.

"Here is one from our second mate, to his wife at Amsterdam, who lives on Waser Quay."

"Waser Quay has long been gone, my good friend; there is now a large dock for ships where it once was," replied Philip.

"Impossible!" replied the man. "Here is another from the boatswain to his father, who lives in the old market-place."

"The old market-place has long been pulled down, and there now stands a church upon the spot."

"Impossible!" replied the seaman. "Here is another from myself to my sweetheart, Vrow Ketser—with money to buy her a new brooch."

Philip shook his head—"I remember seeing an old lady of that name buried some thirty years ago."

"Impossible! I left her young and blooming. Here's one for the house of Slutz and Co., to whom the ship belongs."

"There's no such house now," replied Philip; "but I have heard, that many years ago there was a firm of that name."

"Impossible! you must be laughing at me. Here is a letter from our captain to his son——"

"Give it me," cried Philip, seizing the letter; he was about to break the seal, when Schriester snatched it out of his hand, and threw it over the lee gunnel.

"That's a scurvy trick for an old shipmate," observed the seaman. Schriester made no reply, but catching up the other letters which Philip had laid down on the capstan, he hurled them after the first.

The strange seaman shed tears, and walked again to the side:—"It is very hard—very unkind," observed he, as he descended; "the time may come when you may wish that your family should know your situation;" so saying, he disappeared: in a few seconds was heard the sound of the oars retreating from the ship.

"Holy St. Antonio!" exclaimed the captain, "I am lost in wonder and fright. Steward, bring me up the arrack."

The steward ran down for the bottle; being as much alarmed as his captain, he helped himself before he brought it up to his commander.

"Now," said the captain, after keeping his mouth for two minutes to the bottle, and draining it to the bottom, "what is to be done next?"

"I'll tell you," said Schrifter, going up to him. That man has there a charm hung round his neck; take it from him and throw it overboard, and your ship will be saved; if not, it will be lost, with every soul on board."

"Yes, yes, it's all right depend upon it," cried the sailors.

"Fools," replied Philip, "do you believe that wretch? Did you not hear the man who came on board recognise him, and call him shipmate? He is the party whose presence on board will prove so unfortunate."

"Yes, yes," cried the sailors, "it's all right, the man did call him shipmate."

"I tell you it's all wrong," cried Schrifter; "that is the man, let him give up the charm."

"Yes, yes; let him give up the charm," cried the sailors, and they rushed upon Philip.

Philip started back to where the captain stood. "Madmen! know ye what ye are about? It is the holy cross that I wear round my neck. Throw it overboard if you dare, and your souls are lost for ever!" and Philip took the relic from his bosom and showed it to the captain.

"No, no, men," exclaimed the captain, who was now more settled in his nerves; "that won't do—the saints protect us!"

The seamen, however, became clamorous; one portion were for throwing Schrifter overboard, the other for throwing Philip; at last the point was decided by the captain, who directed the small skiff, hanging astern, to be lowered down, and ordered both Philip and Schrifter to get into it. The seamen approved of this arrangement, as it satisfied both parties. Philip made no objection; Schrifter screamed and fought, but he was tossed into the boat. There he remained trembling in the stern-sheets, while Philip, who had seized the sculls, pulled away from the vessel in the direction of the Phantom Ship.

CHAP. XLII.

IN a few minutes the vessel which Philip and Schrifter had left, was no longer to be discerned through the thick haze: the Phantom Ship was still in sight, but at a much greater distance from them than she was before. Philip pulled hard towards her, but although hove-to, she appeared to increase her distance from the boat. For a short time he paused on his oars, to regain his breath, when Schrifter rose up and took his seat in the stern-sheets of the boat. "You may pull and pull, Philip Vanderdecken," observed Schrifter; "but you will not gain that ship—no, no, that cannot be—we may have a long cruise together, but you will be as far from your object at the end of it, as you are now at the commencement.—Why don't you throw me overboard again? You would be all the lighter—He! he!"

"I threw you overboard in a state of phrensy," replied Philip, "when you attempted to force from me my relic."

"And have I not endeavoured to make others take it from you this very day?—Have I not—He! he!"

"You have," rejoined Philip; "but I am now convinced that you are as unhappy as myself, and that in what you are doing, you are only following your destiny as I am mine. Why, and wherefore I cannot tell, but we are both engaged in the same mystery; if the success of

my endeavours, depends upon guarding the relic, the success of yours depends upon your obtaining it, and defeating my purpose by so doing. In this matter we are both agents, and you have been, as far as my mission is concerned, my most active enemy. But, Schriester, I have not forgotten, and never will, that you kindly *did advise* my poor Amine; that you prophesied to her what would be her fate, if she did not listen to your counsel; that you were no enemy of hers, although you have been, and are still mine. Although my enemy, for her sake *I forgive you*, and will not attempt to harm you."

"You do then *forgive your enemy*, Philip Vanderdecken?" replied Schriester mournfully, "for such I acknowledge myself to be."

"I do, with *all my heart, with all my soul*," replied Philip.

"Then you have conquered me, Philip Vanderdecken: you have now made me your friend, and your wishes are about to be accomplished. You would know who I am. Listen:—when your father, defying the Almighty's will, in his rage took my life, he was vouchsafed a chance of his doom being cancelled, through the merits of his son. I had also my appeal, which was for *vengeance*; it was granted that I should remain on earth, and thwart your will. That as long as we were enemies, you should not succeed; but that when you had conformed to the highest attribute of Christianity, proved on the holy cross, that of *forgiving your enemy*, your task should be fulfilled. Philip Vanderdecken, you have forgiven your enemy, and both our destinies are now accomplished."

As Schriester spoke, Philip's eyes were fixed upon him. He extended his hand to Philip—it was taken; and as it was pressed, the form of the pilot wasted as it were into the air, and Philip found himself alone.

"Father of Mercy, I thank thee," said Philip, "that my task is done, and that I again may meet my Amine!"

Philip then pulled towards the Phantom Ship, and found that she no longer appeared to leave him; on the contrary, every minute he was nearer and nearer, and at last he threw in his oars, climbed up her sides, and gained her deck.

The crew of the vessel crowded round him.

"Your captain," said Philip; "I must speak with your captain."

"Who shall I say, sir?" demanded one, who appeared to be the first mate.

"Who?" replied Philip; "tell him his son would speak to him, his son Philip Vanderdecken."

Shouts of laughter from the crew followed this answer of Philip's; and the mate as soon as they ceased, observed with a smile,

"You forget, sir, perhaps you would say his father."

"Tell him his son, if you please," replied Philip; "take no note of gray hairs."

"Well, sir, here he is coming forward," replied the mate, stepping aside and pointing to the captain.

"What is all this?" inquired the captain.

"Are you Philip Vanderdecken, the captain of this vessel?"

"I am, sir," replied the other.

"You appear not to know me! But how can you? you saw me but when I was only three years old; yet may you remember a letter which you gave to your wife."

"Ha!" replied the captain; "and who then are you?"

"Time has stopped with you, but with those who live in the world he stops not and for those who pass a life of misery, he hurries on still faster. In me, behold your son, Philip Vanderdecken, who has obeyed your wishes; and after a life of such peril and misery as few have passed, has at last fulfilled his vow, and now offers to his father the precious relic that he required to kiss."

Philip drew out the relic, and held it towards his father. As if a flash of lightning had passed through his mind, the captain of the vessel started back, clasped his hands, fell on his knees, and wept.

"My son, my son!" exclaimed he, rising and throwing himself into Philip's arms, "my eyes are opened—the Almighty knows how long they have been obscured." Embracing each other, they walked aft, away from the men, who were still crowded at the gangway.

"My son, my noble son, before the charm is broken—before we resolve, as we must, into the elements, oh! let me kneel in thanksgiving and contrition: my son, my noble son, receive a father's thanks," exclaimed Vanderdecken. Then with tears of joy and penitence he humbly addressed himself to that Being, whom he once so awfully defied.

The elder Vanderdecken knelt down: Philip did the same; still embracing each other with one arm, while they raised on high the other, and prayed.

For the last time the relic was taken from the bosom of Philip and handed to his father—and his father raised his eyes to heaven and kissed it. And as he kissed it, the long tapering upper spars of the Phantom vessel, the yards and sails that were set, fell into dust, fluttered in the air, and sank upon the wave. Then mainmast, foremast, bowsprit, every thing above the deck, crumbled into atoms, and disappeared.

Again he raised the relic to his lips, and the work of destruction continued, the heavy iron guns sank through the decks and disappeared; the crew of the vessel (who were looking on) crumbled down into skeletons, and dust, and fragments of ragged garments; and there were none left on board the vessel in the semblance of life but the father and the son.

Once more did he put the sacred emblem to his lips, and the beams and timbers separated, the decks of the vessel slowly sank, and the remnants of the hull floated upon the water; and as the father and son—the one young and vigorous, the other old and decrepit—still kneeling, still embracing, with their hands raised to heaven, sank slowly under the deep blue wave, the lurid sky was for a moment illumined by a lightning cross.

Then did the clouds which obscured the heavens roll away swift as thought—the sun again burst out in all his splendour—the rippling waves appeared to dance with joy. The screaming sea-gull again whirled in the air, and the scared albatross once more slumbered on the wing. The porpoise tumbled and tossed in his sportive play, the albicore and dolphin leaped from the sparkling sea.—All nature smiled as if it rejoiced that the charm was dissolved for ever, and that "**THE PHANTOM SHIP**" WAS NO MORE.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

THE LIFE OF HENRY GRATTAN.*

It is generally observable in the history of distinguished men, and of statesmen in particular, that the most remarkable and distinctive features of their personal character are developed during the very early years of their life—long before they attain that celebrity which awaits them. Such, at all events, was the case with Henry Grattan; and as we propose in this notice to concern ourselves with his *personal* character alone (leaving his political career to be discussed in more appropriate quarters), we shall chiefly refer to the early portion of these highly interesting and important volumes: for it is *there* that will be found the rudiments of that character which in after years obtained for its possessor the respect and admiration even of the bitterest of his political opponents.

Mr. Grattan was born July 3, 1746, in Dublin, of which city his father was Member of Parliament, and also Recorder. Mr. Grattan the elder was of tory principles in politics, and it should seem that this circumstance led subsequently to very unhappy differences between father and son. It was, doubtless, to the Marlay family, from which Mr. Grattan descended on his mother's side, that he owed the political bias which led to his subsequent celebrity; and his uncle, Colonel Marlay, of Celridge Abbey, was always looked up to by him as an adviser and friend, and some of the most important features of his public career were coloured by his connexion with this gentleman. The young Henry Grattan received the first rudiments of his education at Mr. Ball's school, in Great Ship-street, Dublin; and the firm and proud spirit which belonged to him in after life, was first evinced at this school, where he refused to remain, in consequence of having been unjustly and harshly treated by the master. He afterwards attended the school of Mr. Young, in Abbey-street, in the same city, where he proved himself a boy of high spirit, and commanded the general respect of his schoolfellows—some of whom were afterwards among the most celebrated men of their day in Ireland. In 1763 Mr. Grattan entered Dublin College, where he became acquainted with many of those individuals with whom his political career was subsequently connected. Here, too, he formed a friendship, which greatly contributed to colour his future life, and has given to these volumes a personal interest that will, in the estimation of many readers, outweigh that which belongs to the political portion of them. The long and highly interesting correspondence between Mr. Broome, the friend here alluded to, and Mr. Grattan, which occupies a large portion of the first volume, is filled with touches of individual character on the part of the latter, which clearly, and often affectingly and eloquently, shadow forth those peculiar qualities, both of mind and heart, to which may be traced all the subsequent conduct to which Mr. Grattan's name will owe its enduring celebrity.

* *Memoirs of the Life and Times of the Right Hon. Henry Grattan.* By his Son, Henry Grattan, Esq., M.P. Vols. I. & II.

At a very early period of his life, Mr. Grattan's mind took a melancholy tone—partly, no doubt, from that constitutional temperament which is ever allied to the contemplative cast of character, but chiefly from the unhappy difference with his father, who, at his death, deprived him of every portion of his patrimony that the law allowed him to alienate, including the maternal mansion, which had been in the family for several generations. This melancholy tendency of mind communicates many extremely interesting passages to the letters written to his friend Broome, during the term of his studies at Dublin College. The tone of his mind, at this period, is very touchingly exhibited in the following opening passage of a letter to Broome :

“There was a time when I felt with every book I read and every line I wrote. There was sometimes a pain, but more frequently a rapture, in that exquisite sensibility. But alas ! that time is no more. We hardly find objects to engage us when we lose our relish for them—hardly find expression to convey our sentiment when that sentiment freezes. Thus it is we are ever precluded from perfect happiness ; relish and opportunity never go together, and it is the punishment of man either to mourn the want of the latter, or to be insensible to it. However, this feeling, that sleeps upon other occasions, awakens when I write to you. I can read the most beautiful authors, behold the most delightful landscape, without emotion ; but I cannot write to you without a warmth of sentiment.”

Though he was but a youth of twenty when he wrote this, and evidently wrote it under great depression of mind, there is none of that querulous and complaining tone which so often pervades the expression of similar feelings, even in minds of the highest and purest cast : on the contrary, there is evidence of the presence of that calm and thoughtful wisdom—that disposition to see things in their true light, and estimate them at their true value—which were conspicuous in the subsequent career of the writer, and tended greatly to influence that career. We find, by another letter written about this time (1764) that the youthful student had already addressed himself to the muses.

“The compositions you demand of me are incorrect and illegible. My muse is, at best, but a slattern, and stumbles frequently in her passage. She visits me but seldom, and *her productions are rather the effort of her mind than the nature of it.*”

Though not very clearly expressed, there is in this last phrase a fine perception of the pervading quality of almost all youthful compositions, which are the result rather of an internal impulsion to be doing—a thirst for action—than of any overfulness of the mind, or of any strong desire to display its qualities and acquirements.

In 1767 we find Mr. Grattan established in London, as a student of the Middle Temple ; and here again it is that we mark the inherent tendency of his mind towards pursuits of that exalting and purifying nature which can alone lead to high and ennobling results. Instead of finding the youthful student leading that life of miserable nothingness, where it is not one of still more miserable mischief, which is the usual course of youthful law-students, and especially of Irish ones, during their career at our Inns of Court, we find that (in the words of his biographer) “The galleries of the House of Commons, and the bar of the Lords, had for him greater attractions than the pleasures of the me-

tropolis; and to them he devoted his evenings in listening, his nights in recollecting, and his days in copying the great orators of the time. Lord Chatham was his chief attraction; the splendour, the original boldness of style, the impassioned bursts of oratory, and the dramatic delivery, made great impression on Mr. Grattan; and he then drew (that is to say at the age of 21) the celebrated character of that individual which has been so often alluded to."

During this year he lost a tenderly-beloved sister, and the shock drove him to the solitude of a country life; but even there, and under the pervading influence of his recent loss, his passion for politics was still the prevailing one of his mind. Connected with this period, we have a characteristic anecdote showing at once the absorbing nature of his studies, and the singular manner in which he pursued them.

"His landlady imagined not only that he was an eccentric character, but that he was deranged; and she complained to one of his friends that the gentleman used to walk up and down in her garden most of the night, speaking to himself, and though alone, he was addressing some one on all occasions by the name of 'Mr. Speaker;' that it was impossible he could be in his senses, and she begged they would take him away; and that if they did she would forgive him all the rent that was due."

We have another capital anecdote connected with these habits and this period. It is related by his friend Mr. Day, who was at the time residing with him in a house in Windsor Forest.

"One morning he amused us at breakfast with an adventure of the night before in the forest. In one of those midnight rambles he stopped at a gibbet, and commenced apostrophizing the chains in his usual animated strain, when he suddenly felt a tap on the shoulder, and on turning about was accosted by an unknown person—'How the devil did you get down?' To which the rambler calmly replied, 'Sir, I suppose you have an interest in that question.'"

In 1772 Mr. Grattan was called to the Irish Bar, and began to *force* his attention to a profession which was any thing but suited to the cast and character of his mind. A fact touching his first fee is highly characteristic of his mingled generosity and sense of justice. He was retained in an important will case which he lost, when he insisted on returning half the fee, amounting to fifty guineas.

At this period, Mr. Grattan became associated with nearly all the most distinguished men on that side of Irish politics which he advocated; and among the most influential of these was Lord Charlemont, with whom he formed a steady friendship, which a short time afterwards led to his introduction into Parliament. He was returned for the borough of Charlemont, and took his seat on the 11th of December, 1775; and so little disposed was he to lose any time in addressing "Mr. Speaker" face to face, that on the 15th of the same month, he made his first speech, which was an entirely unprepared one, being spoken in reply. It appears that Mr. Grattan's first essay in Parliament, though necessarily unprepared and unpremeditated, excited marked attention. The following are the words of a contemporary:

"Mr. Grattan spoke—not a studied speech, but in reply—the spontaneous flow of natural eloquence. Though so young a man he spoke without hesitation," &c.

Henceforth the career of Grattan becomes one essentially public and political; and here accordingly we shall leave him—merely observing, that from the day he entered Parliament to that of his death, whatever

may have been, or may still be, the differences of opinion as to the nature, character, and value of his political conduct, his personal character, never failed to command the respect and admiration of all classes, and even of his opponents, of every shade of political opinion.

With regard to the portion of these records which refer to the period subsequent to Mr. Grattan's entrance into Parliament, we need only say of them that, in addition to every thing which could be known to his most intimate associates touching the private character of the man, we have a series of correspondence, both public and private (the former derived from official sources) which present a History of Ireland up to the important period of 1782; when, on the motion of Mr. Grattan, the Declaration of Rights was passed in the Irish House of Commons, and subsequently sanctioned by the British legislature. Here the work breaks off; the remaining portion of the subject being destined for two more volumes.

In conclusion, we have only to add that the work is written with temper, and judgment; that the correspondence included in it is of the very highest public importance, and private interest; and that the whole presents a desireable addition to the historical and biographical literature of the day.

THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF REASONING.*

It has been well said that "words are things;" and one of the main objects and results of this clever and (in its way) valuable treatise is, to prove them to be "things" of such vast and vital importance, that the very existence of metaphysics as a science depends on their due use and application. Another of the leading features of Sir Graves Haughton's volume is the proof it affords (if such were wanting) that, hitherto, *words* have been used rather to lead and *mislead*, than to guide and guard—rather as tools and instruments to build up a structure of falsehood and folly, and their natural and necessary results, crime and misery, than as tests to detect these, and arms to defeat their fatal influence on mankind.

We fear the ingenious author of this treatise is right in his conjecture, as to the present not being a favourable moment for the success of an undertaking of this nature. But he is undoubtedly equally right in not accepting *that* as a reason why he should withhold his thoughts and reasonings from the world:—for if they be founded in truth and nature—as they in many respects unquestionably are—they will sooner or later do their office, and the sooner they commence it the better. The fear in question, however,—or rather the certainty—is a reason, even if there were no other, why *we* should not make the volume a subject for lengthened dissertation in our pages. All we shall therefore

* Prodomus; or, an Inquiry into the First Principles of Reasoning. By Sir Graves Chamney Haughton, &c.

do is, to commend it earnestly to the attention of our inquiring and philosophic readers, as a work that will amply repay their study, and as including much that is original, and not a little that is important and true.

ADVENTURES DURING THE LATE WAR*

THIS is one—and a very curious and interesting one—of a class of works which must ever command a large share of popularity, while men and women continue to feel that sympathy with the hopes and fears, the joys and sufferings, of one another, which is the leading distinction of our *human* nature over that of all other sentient beings. Captain O'Brien's work relates, in the unadorned and unaffected language of a British sailor, a series of as "perilous accidents by flood and field," as daring exploits, as strange adventures, as bitter sufferings, and as gallant an endurance of them, as ever illustrated the career of an English sailor; and if the present delivery of his "round unvarnished tale" does not touch the heart of that "gentle Desdemona," the reading public, as effectually as that of the Moor did of old, she is made of less penetrable stuff than she was wont to be. The writer of these exciting and interesting volumes need make no apology, for we entertain no fear on account of the absence from his work of those "literary" pretensions, which, if they were present, would in fact detract from the permanent value no less than from the immediate interest of their pages. The first desideratum in a work of this nature is, truth; and the second, and scarcely less important one is, an air and aspect of truth. The *vrai* is doubly meritorious in cases of this nature when it is also the *vraisemblable*. In fact, the simplicity of Captain O'Brien's narrative, the homeliness of many of its details, and the homely garb in which they are clothed, are guarantees of their authenticity: the reader feels this character at every step; every fact and feeling that is related comes home, as it were, to the business and bosom of the reader, as if it were a personal concern of his own, and events which passed on the other side of the world twenty years ago, become present to us and as if of yesterday. The most extraordinary and exciting of the "adventures" of Captain O'Brien are his three several escapes from a French prison,—two of which ended in his recapture just as his enterprise and endurance were on the point of meeting their reward, after months of almost unexampled privation and suffering. In the third attempt he was successful. The minute details of all these escapes are given, with a force and simplicity which nothing but the truth could generate; and the result is, the rough materials—the better for their roughness—of half a score melodramas, as many farces, a tragedy or two, and tales out of number, "founded on fact;" and we commend the volumes to the craft accordingly.

The staple of the volumes, as we have said, consists of details of the author's various escapes from prison, his recapture and re-incarceration

* My Adventures during the late War. By D. H. O'Brien, Esq., R.N. 2 vols.

under added privations and precautions, and his ultimate escape under more difficult and perilous circumstances than ever. The remainder of the work comprises the author's professional "adventures" as a British sailor from the year 1808, till the end of the war; and (what is not the least entertaining and characteristic portion of the work) an account of his peaceful visit, twenty years afterwards, to some of the scenes and localities which had witnessed his early sufferings and adventures. The work contains several plates and vignettes, and is altogether a most entertaining and characteristic production.

NEW DRAMAS.*

Who shall say that the British Drama is extinct among us, or that the study and practice of it are neglected or abandoned, when we have before us (the result of one month's publication) no less than five regular five-act dramas; four of them by authors of distinguished reputation; each of them possessing merits, various in kind, and of high degree; and every one of them written expressly for the stage! It is true several of these Dramas have (like those of Sir Lytton Bulwer which have recently met with such brilliant success—"Richelieu" and "The Lady of Lyons") been avowedly called forth by the noble but expiring effort of our great tragic actor, to revive the fallen glories of the English stage. But this is only an additional proof, that whenever the call is made, or even the remote prospect of such a call presents itself, the supply is always at hand. In fact, the mine of the tragic or serious drama is as rich and deep as the heart of humanity itself; and workers of it will never be wanting when there is any legitimate hope of their labour meeting with even a moderate degree of acceptance and favour. We shall briefly notice these Dramas in the order in which they have reached us, as arranged below.

In *ALARCOS* there are many beautiful things, as we might naturally expect from such a subject in the hands of Mr. D'Israeli; but the tragedy is not itself a beautiful thing. Looked at with a view to the stage in particular (for which it was avowedly designed), it has almost as many errors as it has beauties. Let it, however, be expressly understood, that the beauties themselves are the chief errors in this point of view. There cannot be a more remarkable instance and proof of the truth of this seeming paradox, than in the case of Sir Lytton Bulwer's "*Richelieu*," from which (in the performance) almost every beautiful passage of the play has been divorced. Such is the plan pursued with the view to a revival of a taste for the English drama! Such is the plan which Mr. D'Israeli has *not* thought proper to pursue—and his tragedy is rejected! The truth is, he has followed the course of those illustrious writers who gave to the English drama the name in which it

-
- * *The Tragedy of Count Alarcos.* By the author of "*Vivian Grey*."
 - Catiline.* By J. E. Reade, Esq.
 - Blanche of Navarre.* By R. P. James.
 - The Lords of Ellingham.* By H. Spicer.
 - The Landgrave, and other Dramas.* By Miss E. L. Montagu.

still rejoices, and a departure from which has been the bane and curse of the modern stage. He has treated the subject and its incident characters according to their natural dramatic requirements and capabilities, without once thinking of modern *actors* and a modern *stage*. He has written, as he always does (whether consciously or not, no matter), "for all time;" and *therefore*, not for *our* time. And we cannot but think that though his great literary rival, Bulwer, has, with an eye to more immediate success, been "busied about many things"—the writer of "*Alarcos*" and of "*Contarini Fleming*," has "chosen the better part."

"The Count Alarcos" is founded on an old Spanish ballad, which may be found among Mr. Lockart's admirable translations, and which has also been rendered with great fidelity by Dr. Bowring. But the rude force and spirit of these original materials have been transformed, in the tragedy before us, into a fine and profoundly-considered work of art—always eschewing, however, that fatal species of art which has sprung up out of the false fastidiousness and empty foppery which have banished high and true art from the modern stage, except (as in the case of Shakspeare) where it is *tolerated* for the sake of a favourite actor or a fugitive theory. The subject of "*Alarcos*" includes a deep, but a dangerous interest: and it is on the choice of subject alone that we think the writer has erred. The Count Alarcos, at the opening of the play, has just returned from an exile which he had suffered at the instigation of the queen, for having refused her licentious advances—he being not only nearly related to the king, her husband, but secretly affianced to her daughter, the Infanta Solisa. The queen is dead, and Alarcos returns, married, but with all his former love for the Infanta strong within him, and with *hers* for him, rendered doubly strong by absence and denial. The subsequent events and passions of the play, arise almost entirely out of the concerted measures of the king, Alarcos, and Solisa herself, to get rid of the innocent and lovely wife of Alarcos, in order that she (the Infanta) may wed him! There is something so painful and even repulsive in this subject, that the ill effect of it pervades the whole tragedy; and not even the lofty and intense passion, and the deep pathos with which the chief scenes are invested, can get rid of the feeling for a single moment from the mind and heart of the reader. In all other respects, we repeat, the play is rife with general beauty, and still more full of "bright," particular" beauties, which occur (as is the wont of high genius) precisely in those places where we might least expect them.

Mr. Edmund Reade's tragedy of "*CATILINE*," next claims our attention; and it does so under the circumstances of being printed for private circulation only, and consequently of not being exactly subject to that severe critical test which is fairly applicable to all works which are submitted to the strictly public tribunal of the press. But it needs no shelter of this kind, and may proudly and justly claim a high rank in the dramatic literature of our day—a rank only second to that occupied by the *acting* dramas of Bulwer, Sheridan Knowles, &c., and second to them only as not so immediately adapted to the popular taste, or rather fashion, which has (for a time only) repudiated the *classical* in favour of the *romantic*. Nor can we admit that Mr. Reade's "*Catiline*" requires any thing more to render it at least as popular on the

stage as its equally classical predecessor "Ion" has been, but the magic touch of such a manager, actor, and critic united as he who placed "Ion" before the theatrical world. Our limits wholly forbid our entering into details respecting this, in many respects, fine tragedy. But as it is a work, the circulation of which is at present confined to the author's literary friends, we may, in this instance, fairly abandon our general rule of abstaining from extracts, and give a specimen of the style which the distinguished author of "Italy," "The Deluge," &c., has adopted in this, his first essay in the strictly dramatic form; for though Mr. Reade states in his preface that "Catiline" is put forth without the remotest view to the stage, we cannot but think that it has many and high claims to a place there, and only requires a few unimportant alterations and excisions to command such a place.

The portion of this tragedy from which we shall choose an example of its style of execution, is that, which unlike some of the other most striking features of it, belongs exclusively to the present writer, and is decidedly more original and effective than those parts which are more strictly founded upon history. We refer to the youthful passion of Cæsar for Fulvia, which the author has skilfully introduced, for the purpose of giving a personal interest to the drama, which it had otherwise wanted. In the following passages, the characters are discriminated with great truth and force, and the scene would act admirably. Fulvia has just discovered that Cæsar has allied himself with Catiline, for the destruction of Rome. Cæsar enters the apartment of Fulvia at first unseen by her :

"Caesar. What thought so rapt you, that you saw me not?

Fulvia. Have I not looked on that which would have turned
A stronger brain—Rome tottering to her fall?
Have I not heard the midnight murderers' oaths?
Have I not seen thee leagued with them? and dost thou
Ask what my thoughts are?

Cæsar. Gentlest Fulvia,
Thy fears and zeal have magnified—

Fulvia. I call
The gods—but no, no!—I am calm. I ask thee,
Is't in the common course of things for man
To quench all feeling of humanity?
To plan out murders, and to make his country
One common slaughter-house, and portion out
The blood and spoil?

Cæsar. Yet hear me, Fulvia !
Thou canst not judge the thoughts of men like these.
When a state's rotten in its head, and when
Corruption taints its trunk and every branch,
Yet Jove delays to strike, such men are chosen
His delegates, who take his office on them ;
And their stroke should be, like that of the gods,
Sudden and crushing. What did Sylla else ?
He lopped the head, and the root flourished. Now
The Hydra's grown, and we will strike more certain.

Fulvia. Immortal gods! and have I lived to hear
The man I loved—to whom all eyes were turned—
Talk of destroying Rome like Catiline's self?

Cæsar. Say, to remould, my Fulvia! not destroy.
When the deed's done—when Rome again is free—

When virtue tramples on patrician pride—
 Who then shall walk more honour'd through the streets
 Than Fulvia with her Cæsar?

Fulvia. Oh, ye gods!
 And have I loved this man? Is he so all
 Unlike what I have pictured? At thy feet—
 Look! at thy feet doth Fulvia kneel, forgetting
 All but her love—nay, thou *shalt* hear me! I
 Call thee by honour, once so dear to thee—
 Oh, be thyself! stand up thy country's guard,
 Or die with her.”

* * * * *

Finding that she cannot move him from his purpose, and fearing her own weakness, she proceeds:

“Away! I guard myself from thee
 Even as an enemy, for there is now
 Pollution in thy touch. I leave thee—I
 Dare trust myself no longer with thee, knowing
 My woman's nature—lest I make confessions
 For which I should detest myself hereafter.
 I leave thee—not for ever! Thy set day
 Of blood, the saturnals, is not yet come.
 Once more, I'll see thee, ere I am confirmed
 In what now shakes my mind to think on: then
 We'll separate, though this heart burst. I have
 My part to act—and thou shalt judge, how well. [*Exit.*”

The next drama in our list is Mr. James's “*BLANCHE OF NAVARRE.*” This is an elegantly-written production, full of stirring incident, and including many other features which adapt it admirably for stage representation. It has also another recommendation, as belonging to the romantic rather than the classical department of the art. Finally, it offers ample scope for that display of gorgeous scenery, and all the “pomp and circumstance” of regal splendour, which the caterers to the dramatic taste of the day seem to regard as indispensable to success. So that its accomplished writer may fairly expect, sooner or later, to see it occupy a conspicuous place among our acting plays.

“*THE LORDS OF ELLINGHAM*” is an historical drama, founded on the events known in English history as “*Raleigh's conspiracy.*” It is written with spirit and poetical feeling throughout, and has many scenes that would produce a strong effect in the acting; but as a whole, it has less chance of making its way to the stage than Mr. James's play; though chiefly, as we conceive, from the high reputation of the latter writer.

“*THE LANDGRAVE!*” by Miss Montagu, is partly founded on a tale by Mr. De Quincy; and the avowed object of the writer in giving the story a dramatic form, has been to fit it for stage representation. In this object, we fear, the fair writer has failed—so far, at least, as regards any hope of the drama being produced with success, at one of our national theatres; for, as we have before hinted, such success depends nowadays, less on intrinsic and legitimate desert, than on an adherence to certain conventional rules and arrangements that can scarcely be learned, or even comprehended, outside the walls of a theatre. But, in turning Mr. De Quincy's tale into a drama, Miss Montagu has added to it a large amount of interest, which could not have been connected

with 'it by any other means. There is a charm in the mere *dramatic* arrangement of a story, which nothing else can communicate ; and in all respects except that of its adaptation to an artificial taste, the task has been performed in the present instance, with judgment, feeling, and skill.

The remaining portion of the volume, comprises four brief but interesting dramatic poems, all of them having for their object, the illustration of female character.

TEMPTATION.*

THIS is one of the very few exceptions to those ephemeral novels of the day on which the one that immediately follows it acts as the water of oblivion,—wiping it out of the public memory as if it had never been. With less of what is called “talent” than many of the works of a similar nature which have preceded it during the last few years—with less of that flashy cleverness which is calculated to strike the superficial reader, or the mere searcher after momentary excitement,—it is, in fact, a first-rate production in its class, including many rare and sterling qualities, and displaying more thought, observation, and knowledge of human character—more insight into the weaknesses and strengths of the human heart, and more skill in adapting all these to a high and pure moral purpose, than any similar production that has come before us for many a day ; and if the object sought to be attained by it cannot be pursued (at all events by the popular path here chosen with a view to gain followers in it) without some degree of danger to the weaker or less wary of those followers,—this is no more than the lot of all pursuits which have for their object an end extremely difficult of attainment. This deeply-considered, and carefully-constructed fiction, seeks to prove and impress the important axiom, that *no* degree of female virtue, added to *no* amount of prudence or of moral training, can preserve a woman from the dangers springing from her own passions, under difficult and adverse circumstances ;—that the power of religious belief, and the sense of religious responsibility, can *alone* secure the desired safety, where many circumstances conspire with the weakness of the human heart, and the strength of the human passions, in threatening danger to that vital principle of the female character, on which the very existence of civilized society depends. Now to develop and demonstrate this truth by means of individual details, arising out of an individual case, and to do this in a form which shall secure that attention without which the task might as well remain unperformed, is a dangerous undertaking ; and it never was and never will be put in practice, without doing *some* mischief, and incurring the risk of doing *much*. But assuredly this is no reason for abandoning the task. The sole question in any given case must be, as it is in this—will the amount of probable good overbalance that of the evil ? That it does so in the present case, and in a tenfold degree, we

* *Temptation ; or, a Wife's Perils. A Novel. 3 vols.*

have no hesitation in replying; and that is all that the moral claims of the case demand. The surgeon who probes the wound, or excises the diseased part, not only *must* give pain, but *may* do irreparable mischief; and whether he should be trusted to perform his delicate and difficult office, depends on the amount of his individual skill and knowledge. If he is ignorant, or careless, or a bungler, woe betide the patient who falls under his hand. And precisely thus it is with the literary quacks and bunglers of our own or any other day: they cannot by any possibility touch a moral question that involves difficulty, delicacy, and consequent danger, without doing mischief,—always provided (which is happily not always the case) they have the wit to obtain *patients* on whom to practice their nostrums. But with the gifted and accomplished intellectual physician, the evil is the exception, the good the rule of his efforts:—and such is eminently the case in the beautiful and admirable tale before us. It depicts in colours, and under forms, the most touching and the most true, the “perils” of a young, pure, and lovely wife, who has in early youth been entrapped into a marriage with a man she cannot love—cannot even respect—can scarcely avoid at once fearing and despising;—yet thrown daily and hourly into the presence and society of another man, who is in all respects adapted to make her happy as a companion—who is the soul of honour and generosity—and who loves her to distraction, and consequently cannot avoid *showing* his love, and suspecting, if not perceiving hers for him. Fancy a lover placed under these “temptations,” with no better guard or guide than his “honour;” and a wife subjected to these “perils” with no stronger safeguard than her innate modesty, and her sense of cold “duty,” and still colder “propriety;” and then judge of the danger and difficulty of the task which the writer of “TEMPTATION” has set herself;—judge further of the consummate skill she has applied to it, when we state that, while avoiding nearly all the dangers which beset her, she has presented us with not only one of the finest and most effective moral lessons that was ever penned, but one of the most entertaining fictions that this era of entertaining fictions has produced.

THE LION.*

IF this novel does not exactly answer to the title it assumes, it does something much better. Indeed *had* it so answered, it would scarcely have demanded more than a few words of passing notice at our hands. “A Tale of the Coteries” must be at best an ephemeral affair, losing its interest with the ever-changing theme which gave it birth. But the novel before us has higher objects, and it to a certain extent attains them. In fact the leading subject of the story (the history of “a literary genius”), is admirably chosen, and nothing, we imagine, but the extreme difficulty of treating it could have allowed it so long to remain

* The Lion : a Tale of the Coteries. 3 vols.

untouched, except in slight essays and passing paragraphs. Moreover, the writer, whoever he may be, who has here taken it up, is evidently well qualified for the task, in many, and those the most important particulars; but in others he falls short, and in some he entirely fails. Among the latter is the conduct of the story. In fact the thread of fiction on which our author strings his scenes, characters, and reflections, is a very feeble, and what is worse, a very tangled one, and in spinning it out to the required three volume length, he has evidently grown tired, and slumbered over his task, long before it reached its completion;—so that the latter part of it in particular is full of knots and flaws, that either stop the consecutive interest abruptly, or allow it to break down altogether. This is the main defect of the work in its “Novel” character; having got over which, and the somewhat too farcical and extravagant manner in which some of the satirical scenes are worked out, and the minor and merely incidental characters depicted,—the remainder of our task is one of unmixed commendation—which, if our space allowed of much detail, would often attain a high pitch. The early part of the work in particular contains many passages that would not belie the reputation of our best writers of philosophic fiction, and they prove the author to be fully qualified, both by nature and by acquirement, to fulfil the difficult task he has set himself, of depicting the early struggles which ever attend the development of that gift, whether for good or evil, which fixes on its possessor the name of “a genius.” We must believe, however, that the present writer uses that phrase rather in its equivocal and half satirical sense, than in that which we attach to it when speaking of the highest and purest order of the human intellect: for the latter not only never *made* a man the denizen of a coterie, even though he were its head—it never yet allowed him to remain such for a single “season,” however circumstances may have momentarily forced upon him such an utterly “false position.” In short, our “Lion” of the coteries is not of the true leonine species, lord of the desert and the jungle—monarch of the primeval forest—but rather of that equivocal kind which the natives of its *habitat* are able to subdue to their will, and make the medium of running down other animals nobler than itself, if not so strong or so swift of foot. Our “genius” of the coteries, so far from being of the Shakspearian or the Miltonic order, has not even the savage grandeur of a Byron, or the reckless but proud spirit of a Burns; he is in truth little better (or worse) than a clever would-be (and if he lives *will* be) man of the world, who can think, talk, and write cleverly on any given topic, and who has just enough of the divine *afflatus* within him to make him dissatisfied with himself and all the world, without being able to better or benefit either. He has the *temperament* of genius, but not the *stamina* of it; the aspirations which point and lead to greatness, but not the powers which can alone change those aspirations into acts. His intellectual character is a sort of parody on that of Macbeth;—he is

“ Not without ambition,
But without the *goodness* should attend it.
What he would highly, that would he *easily*”—

He would fain play a great game, but will not risk a great stake. In short, our “Lion” wants to be a man of genius, a man of the world,

and a man of the coteries, at one and the same time :—a consummation as little to be attained as to be wished.

We are not able very exactly to perceive whether our author intends his sketch of Brandon as a satire or a homily : perhaps a blending of both. What is certain is that, so far as his principal character is concerned, the work may be read with no less amusement than instruction ; and if, in all the rest of the characters, and the scenes in which they are engaged, we meet but little of the latter, the former abounds, and thus brings the work within that popular category at which probably it chiefly aims ;—for it is evidently written in an off-hand, dashing, and careless manner, so as rather to bespeak than to exercise the very considerable and varied powers which the writer unquestionably possesses.

•The style of these clever volumes is evidently that of a cultivated and practised hand ; the thoughts are those of a man who has passed much of his life in thinking ; and (we must repeat) the work altogether indicates much higher powers than have been exercised in the production of it.

NOTES ON NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Anecdotes and Traditions, illustrative of early English History and Literature. Edited by W. J. Thoms, Esq., F.S.A.—This small quarto volume is one of the publications emanating from the Camden Society,—an infant institution of laudable purpose, and fair promise—a combination to effect what no individual enterprise could be expected to accomplish, viz., to rescue from neglect all that is most curious and valuable in the way of early historical and literary remains. In the present volume, Mr. Thoms has brought to the light of day many curious things deserving note for their connexion with old usage, or for their continued influence over that of our own time ; while the parallels and other explanatory aids, which his ingenuity and research have enabled him to give along with his text, will be found not a little conducive to the entertainment and profit derivable from the work.

Ianthe. By Nugent Taylor.—A poem which, though smoothly written, and not without some graceful and pleasing fancies, is so broken into fragments, and is so entirely “of imagination all compact,” that it will scarcely be intelligible beyond the limited number for whose gratification it was probably written.

The Outlaw. By R. Story.—As this is not a time to discourage poetical attempts, however they may fall short of the writer’s high design, we shall not note in detail the errors of this drama, but say that it is not without merit, and will doubtless excite considerable interest in the localities in which its scenes are laid. The story belongs to the times of chivalry, and includes several pleasing lyrical compositions.

Illustrated Edition of Gray’s Elegy.—This elegant little volume may be looked on, we imagine, rather as a tribute to the still-increasing fame of Gray, than as a speculation with a view to pecuniary profit ; and as such we receive and commend it to public favour. Its pictorial illustrations are pretty and appropriate ; but many of them fall considerably short of the high point of excellence which the art has attained in the present day. In fact, the best “illustrations” of this charming poem are, the various foreign versions of it which accompany the present edition. These, while they prove the extended fame of the poem, afford a curious and interesting study with reference to the genius of the language in which each is couched. With the exception perhaps of the Greek version, by Cooke, it is curious to observe how totally inadequate all the others are to convey a just idea of the original poem.

The Miser’s Daughter ; a Comedy ; and other Poems. By John Purchas.—This volume is distinguished by being the most bulky attempt of its kind that we remember ; we are not able to add that it is the most brilliant. Still it is very far from achieving the opposite extreme. The Rugby boy of seventeen—for such the author describes himself—has made pretty nearly as creditable a commencement to his

poetical career as did the noble bard (of the same bringing up) whose second attempt lifted him at once to the height of fame, where his subsequent efforts so justly maintained him. May the young aspirant before us "go and do likewise." In the mean time, the *quantity* of his present offering is rather against the fulfilment of our hope; since it indicates a lack of that "skill to blot" which is one of the poet's most indispensable qualities. The volume contains a five act comedy; three separate poems of considerable length and somewhat too ambitious pretensions; and a series of brevities aptly entitled *Lyra Rugbiensis*: the whole forming a collection that indicates decided talent, and strong poetic feeling,—always taking into account the age of the writer.

Self Culture. By W. E. Channing.—This valuable address was delivered last year at Boston, by its eloquent writer, as an introduction to the Franklin Lectures, and is now republished here,—doubtless with a view to the interest which the subject of Education has recently excited among us, and must continue to excite for some time to come. The subject of self culture in detail, first as to its nature and results, and secondly as to the various means adapted to its practice. Without entering into the abstract question of Education, we may confidently say that this able address can scarcely be perused without advantage by any class of readers,—from the most gifted and cultivated, to those who most need its aid.

Chronicle of the Law Officers of Ireland, &c. By C. J. Smyth, B.A.—The object of this work is useful, and it is fulfilled with care, industry, and ability. Indeed, we cannot but think that great credit is due to any individual who, like Mr. Constantine Smyth, takes the pains, at a vast expense of time and labour, to make researches on a subject which can scarcely be expected to repay that labour in any of the usual forms of profit, popularity, and public favour. The design of this work is purely professional, and (so to speak) antiquarian. It gives the name, date, reign, &c., of every great law officer of Ireland, from the accession of Henry III. up to the present time, together with a variety of collateral matter appropriate to the subject; also a brief but comprehensive and very useful Outline of the Legal History of Ireland. The volume is one which should find a place in every legal library of both countries.

A Sketch of Native Education in India. By James Bryce, D.D.—This able volume, from the pen of the late Chaplain on the Bengal establishment of the East India Company, treats in a comprehensive manner a subject of vast and almost unlimited importance and public interest to all portions of the civilized world, but especially to England—a subject on which the future condition of India mainly depends; namely, *Native Education*. That much has already been done in this vital matter, the present volume fully testifies;—but it equally shows that infinitely more remains to be done, and that while it remains undone our Indian rule is not a tithe so safe as it might be, and infinitely less of a blessing and a boon than religion, as well as policy, demands that it should be.

A Brief Survey of Physical and Fossil Geology. By F. J. Francis.—This useful little volume comprises two Lectures which have been delivered at several of the most respectable scientific institutions of the metropolis during the last year, and which are now published by the request of many of those who heard them. These Lectures do not profess to throw any new light on the deeply interesting science to which they are devoted; but they fully effect their purpose, of placing before the reader a compendious view of the present condition of the science, together with the steps which have led to that condition. In these Lectures Mr. Francis advocates, or rather he adopts, the most received theory of the day on the subject of the earth's constitution and formation—namely, that of Central Heat; but he is by no means a bigoted believer in this doctrine, nor does he insist that it has, up to the present time, been placed on a foundation approaching to demonstration. The Lectures are carefully corrected, clearly written, and will prove a valuable addition to the existing elementary works on one of the most interesting and important of the physical sciences.

The Yankee Miscellany. Nos. I. to IV. This is a humorous miscellany, of the magazine class, but not exactly taking the true magazine form, nor conforming to the magazine custom (in England at least), of using none but original matter. It is an American publication, and has all the characteristics of the literature of that nation,—being neither fastidious in its materials, nor formal in its mode of using them. It is, however, amusing in its way—full of variety—includes many characteristic pictures of American life—and (its best quality) all its papers are short—each Number, of about fifty pages, containing about thirty different articles.

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